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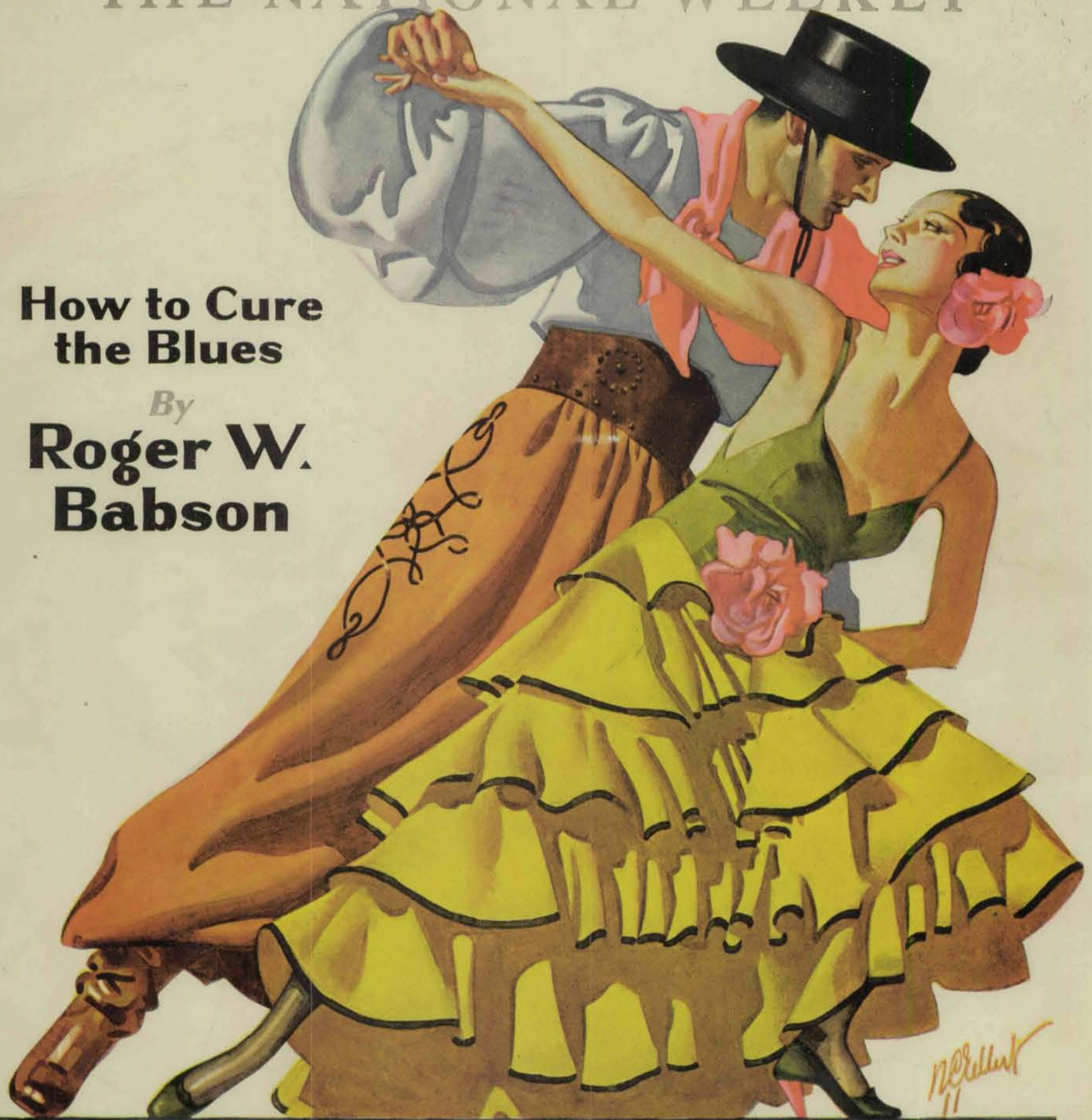
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March 28, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

**How to Cure
the Blues**

By
**Roger W.
Babson**



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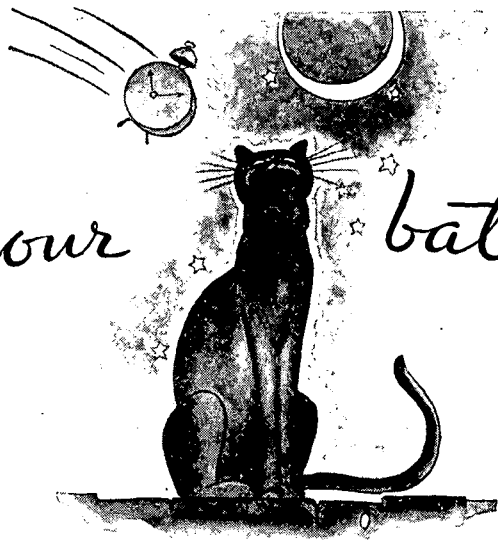
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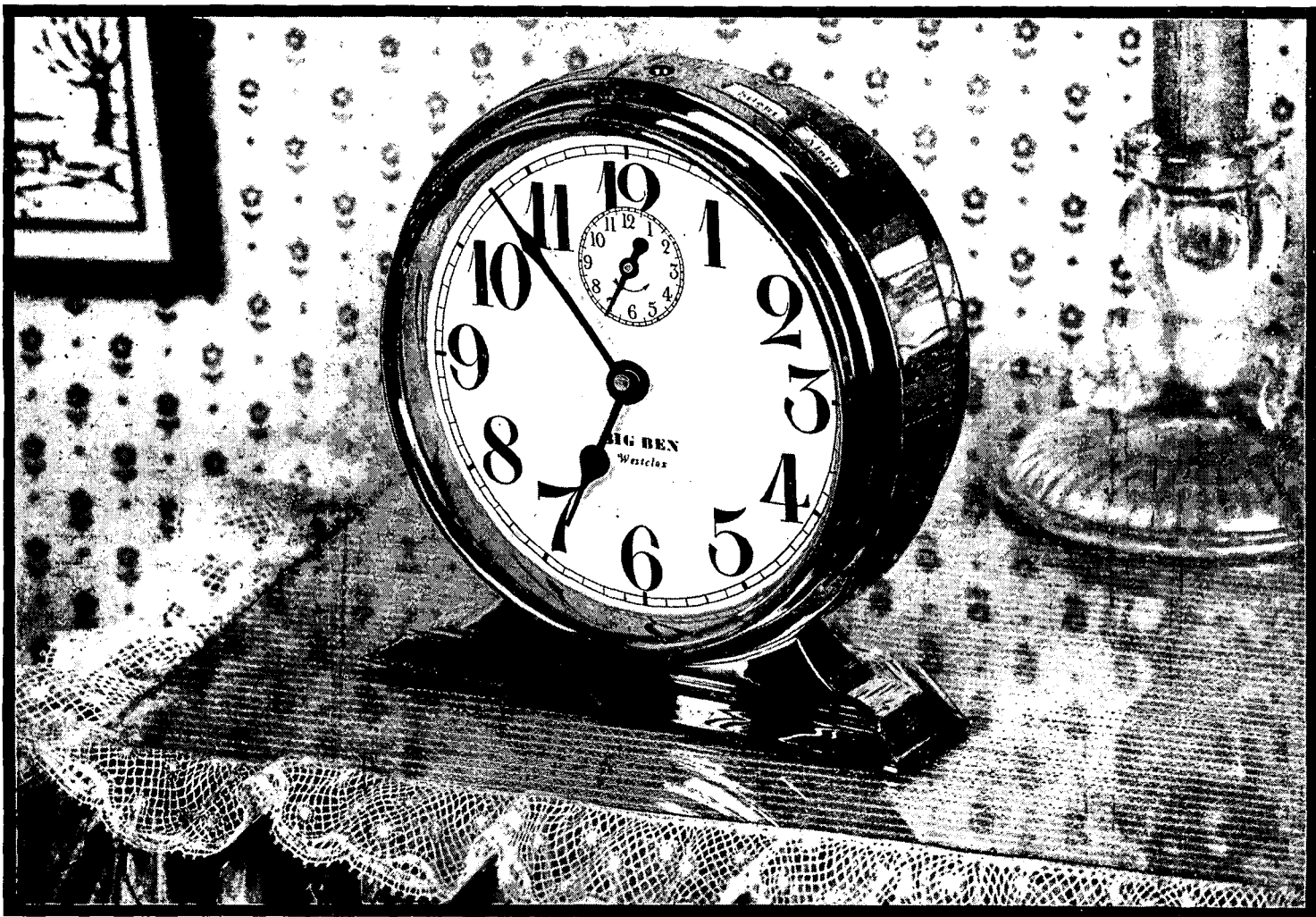


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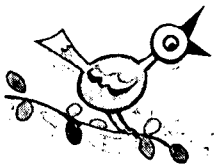
THE next time the alarm on the battered old *guesser* guesses wrong—which may be tomorrow morning—give the poor thing its long, well deserved vacation. Then get yourself a Big Ben—the clock that never

guesses, that stays on its job honestly, and gets you to your job. If you don't care to wait for that next guess tomorrow morning, there's really no reason for not getting your Big Ben today—you need one.

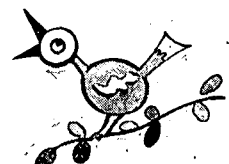


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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

March 28, 1931

Cover—R. C. Gellert

Page 7—Hugh MacNair Kahler

JUST DUMB ENOUGH: Innocence in a tricky world.

Page 10—Sax Rohmer

YU'AN HEE SEE LAUGHS, Part V: The net of intrigue spreads over Egypt.

Page 12—Roger W. Babson

HOW TO CURE THE BLUES: Our business prophet prescribes.

Page 14—Joseph Hilton Smyth

LEAVE IT TO VENUS: Astrologers at a house party.

Page 16—E. Phillips Oppenheim

THE IMPERFECT CRIME: Peter Hames takes charge.

Page 18—Alexander Woolcott

CHARLIE—AS EVER WAS: A humble but gallant gentleman.

Page 19—Frank Condon

TWO DOLLARS DOWN: A bargain between red-headed golfers.

Page 20—Rube Goldberg

THE INVENTIONS OF PROF. LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 21—Grantland Rice

FIST CLASS: Max Baer, potential champion.

Page 22—James Hopper

JOBS TO SUIT: Tailor-made occupations.

Page 23—The Short Short Story

JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS: By Courtney Ryley Cooper.

Page 24—Alan LeMay

GUNSIGHT TRAIL, Part IV: A Western romance.

Page 28—James Derieux

SAGE OF THE SOO: Chase Osborn, iron hunter.

Page 30—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? The Declarer's plan.

Page 41—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD! The news for you.

Page 64—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

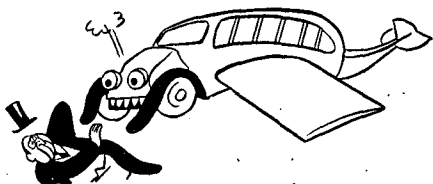
VOTES AND VIRTUE: Republican bosses—in the South.

Page 66—Editorial



Next Week

JUST one hundred years ago the De Witt Clinton, the first regularly commissioned steam locomotive, was put into operation in this country. We pause to note the centennial in connection with John T. Flynn's article "Battle by Rail." In place of joyous commemoration, Mr. Flynn tells us, the minds of railroad men at this time are filled with grave misgivings and a desire to fight. The fly in their ointment is a curious-looking creature—a composite of automobile, airplane, bus and truck—and it haunts them. At first it seemed too trivial to bother about. But now it's unmistakably serious. Railroads are no longer the means of transportation as once they were. Their competitors are daily taking more business away from them, and their patience is about exhausted. As you may have guessed, there's going to be a fight.



IN HAPPY contrast to the perplexities of railroading we introduce the cast of Richard Connell's short story, "Spring in the Heart." You have probably known men and women very much like these people, but we venture to assert that you've never read a story like this one. There's a villain in the piece, to be sure, but an impersonal one—spring. And, yes, it's a love story.

IN ALL great business very large errors are excused or even unperceived, but in definite and local matters small mistakes are punished out of all proportion."

This reflection is part of Winston Churchill's review of the part he played in the defense of Antwerp during the Great War, while he was First Lord of the Admiralty. It is only one of the crises in his arduous and meteoric career which he discusses in "If I Lived My Life Over Again."

DETECTIVE O'MALLEY, whose laconic elucidations of crimes have been recorded by William MacHarg, is faced by an especially baffling murder. There are a dozen possible perpetrators and no clues. But if you think that makes it hopeless, then you just don't know O'Malley. The story is called, after his chief assistant, "The Cat's Eyes."

"SHE Actually Came from Podunk." That was the most important thing about Annabelle Black. It explains why she was able to save the musical comedy Twinkle Twinkle from oblivion and its author from despair. Of course what she did was impossible, but there had been no one in Podunk to tell her that it was. Philip Wylie explains the whole thing to you.

ROARK BRADFORD, Harris Dickson, W. O. McGeehan and Laura Mount contribute stories and articles. Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work and the Gentleman at the Keyhole keep you abreast of the times. Sax Rohmer and Alan LeMay carry on in, to put it mildly, exciting fashion.



Any Week

ONCE again we enjoy that gratifying sense of cosmic importance which a letter with a foreign postmark always brings us. This one comes from the pen of Mr. S. V. Schoenaich of Berlin, who confesses himself to be a confirmed Collier's reader. He acquired the habit during a brief visit to this country last year, and even goes so far as to say, "It is a pity that this is not an English-speaking country, since Collier's horse sense might be quite useful to the people over here in more than one way." Be patient, Herr Schoenaich. Who knows? One of these days we may be translated into all languages, including the Scandinavian.



AS AN antidote to undue self-esteem we have a brief but pithy communication from a subscriber who urges that, if we do not like our laws, we try going to Mexico or Russia. The suggestion makes a strong appeal to our roving spirit. But on second thought we believe we'd rather stay at home and see what's going to happen here.

SOME day, when interoffice controversy lags, we would like to effect a meeting between Mr. McComas and Mr. Stalker. They both write us about the late Boies Penrose, whose biography we concluded recently in Collier's. Mr. McComas asks, "Who can say, acknowledging his faults as he himself would, that men of this type are not now sorely needed in our legislative halls?" Mr. Stalker can, and does. In his opinion the Penrose story makes one think that politics is all rotten and that the country is in the hands of crooks, gluttons and libertines. . . . Yes, yes, these gentlemen should meet.

MR. CHARLES KING contributes a thought for 1932: "Perhaps all campaign speeches should be forbidden." The idea has its merits. But, after all, isn't it only fair to let the poor man get a word in while he has a chance?

AS WE read the report of M. G. Abernathy of San Diego we can scarcely repress a blush of pride. This enterprising gentleman has instituted, for his own satisfaction, a system for ranking the contents of contemporary magazines. He works the thing out mathematically, allowing little chance for error or prejudice. Even so, Collier's comes out thirty per cent ahead.

A SLIGHT uneasiness assailed us as we laid down Mr. James Tomer's letter. He claims that he sees no occasion for mirth in the cartoon which we published on page 76 of our February 14th issue—the one picturing an eccentrically beavered gentleman entering and leaving a barber shop. Everything would have been fine if Mr. Tomer hadn't tipped his hand. He tells us he is English. We were prepared to furnish diagrams, but now we suspect that our leg is being pulled. "Please explain how, when and where I should laugh." All right, Mr. Tomer: Uproariously, immediately and in the lower right-hand corner.

The "Teen Age"



JAMES HORTON HALL

LOOK at that fine boy of yours, brought safely through childhood ailments. Now, as he enters his "teens", while he is still growing, he must build his health to guard against tuberculosis—a mortal enemy of those in run-down condition.

Adolescence is a critical age in physical development. It is a period of special strain—when growth and change are rapid—and when health and strength must be kept at the highest possible point.

Your boy may be tempted to over-tax his strength and undermine his vitality by striving to compete with older and stronger boys. Or your daughter may risk her health by too much social activity added to her school work, or by dieting in an effort to keep slender in emulation of some screen celebrity. Low vitality and under-nourishment make boys and girls especially susceptible to tuberculosis.

During the early "teens" the development of tuberculosis of the lungs is usually so slight as to cause none of those familiar symptoms of the advanced stages of the disease—loss of weight, lack of

appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough. The first symptoms in adolescence may be listlessness, overtiredness, failure to gain weight, night sweats.

But in the late "teens" or early twenties, in event of low vitality, tuberculosis germs—especially in case of re-infection or heavy infection—gain headway. The tuberculosis deathrate reaches its peak among women at about age 22 and among men at about 42. Many of these deaths can be prevented.

Perhaps during no age in life are annual physical check-ups more important and valuable than during adolescence. And should you have any reason to suspect the presence of tuberculosis, consult your doctor as to the advisability of having the tuberculin or x-ray tests to find out whether or not your boy or girl is threatened.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, to anyone who requests it, a copy of its booklet, "The Care and Prevention of Tuberculosis." Ask for Booklet 431-C.



The Metropolitan prints this message to aid in the intensive April campaign of the National, State and local Tuberculosis Organizations to safeguard boys and girls in the "teen age" against tuberculosis.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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*Use RCA Radiotrons,
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A RADIO set is no better than its tubes. Even the most expensive radio will have poor tone if you put inferior tubes into it. So leading radio manufacturers strongly advise you to use RCA Radiotrons, the tubes around which many of them *build their sets!* And over 200 big broadcasting stations tell you that they depend on RCA Radiotrons to transmit millions of dollars worth of programs each year. To get full tone beauty in the marvelous new radio you buy... or to put new life in your old radio... insist on RCA Radiotrons... look for the RCA trademark and the red and black carton.

Tune in on the new RCA Radiotron Broadcast on N. B. C. coast-to-coast network every Wednesday and Saturday night at 8:15 p.m. Eastern Standard Time.

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Jessica Dragonette of the Cities Service Hour almost whispers her beautiful voice into the microphone. Yet it comes to you powerful and brilliant. Don't let her delicate technique be spoiled by worn-out tubes! Get new RCA Radiotrons tonight!

Beware of worn-out tubes!

Even a single worn-out tube in a set of new ones will cause hum, distortion and poor tone! Remember—the eye can't tell the difference between a good tube and a worn-out tube. So tonight... take the tubes out of your set and have your radio dealer test them. A complete new set of tubes will put new life in your radio.



RCA RADIOTRONS

The heart of your radio



Finn crossed to the cookstove and twiddled his short, fat fingers. "Got some mighty good news for you boys this time," he said

Another adventure of those admirable Lebbeter twins, in which they continue, as always, to be—

Just Dumb Enough

By Hugh Mac Nair Kahler

THE Lebbeter twins, wearing precisely identical expressions of dismay, gave ear to dismal news.

Old Colonel Elwood, president of the Canastego Trust Company, spoke kindly enough, but there was impatience, too, in his thin, old-man's voice. "I'm sorry, boys, but I'm afraid it serves you right. This stuff isn't worth a dollar a carload."

He glanced at the stock certificate on his blotter.

"Even you boys ought to know better than to let a slick swindler sell you stock in a wildcat gold mine."

"We didn't buy it. Pa did. And it ain't a mine, Colonel."

Clem, as always, did the talking for both Lebbeters.

"Pa wouldn't ever've put money into a mine. He always used to say mines were mostly just holes in the ground that belong to liars. This here King Solomon Black Sand Gold Dredging Corporation ain't a hole in the ground. Look what it says up in this corner, right under the cornucopia. Says 't the auriferous black sand lays right on top of the ground, where you can see it. All you got to do is take and run it through one of these patent dredges and sieve the gold out of it, same as thrashing wheat."

Elwood chuckled sadly. "Your father was pretty long-headed, but this was one time when he was dead wrong. I guess you'd sift wheat out of that sand about as easy as gold. It's no good, boys."

Both Lebbeters regarded him in stricken silence. He pushed the certificate across the blotter, and his glance, traveling past Clem's shoulder, seemed to indicate that the interview had ended. "Yes, Dorner?"

Mr. George Dorner, of the firm of Finn and Dorner, approached the desk. Of late it had been his habit to scowl darkly whenever he saw the Lebbeters, but he was grinning now, as if what he had overheard had pleased him. Lifting the certificate for a brief, contemptuous

inspection, he went so far as to laugh.

"King Solomon Black Sand Gold Dredging Corporation, eh?" He managed to make the impressive words sound ridiculous, even to the twins.

Clem took the certificate from him, folded and pocketed it. Without speech he and Bert, pursued by the unpleasing sound of Dorner's snicker, crossed the little lobby to the door. Beyond it a harsh November wind gave them spiteful greeting. In chorus they turned up the collars of their worn mackinaw jackets.

In step, without speech, they moved on down the street. Before Sol Johantgen's clothing store they paused. In the show window a dummy figure wearing a sheepskin-lined overcoat regarded them with calm, provocative superiority. In perfect unison the twins pulled their caps down over their ears and turned away. In silence they went on to Sam Tift's store, where, according to unwritten law, it was Clem's appointed duty to fetch out their groceries while Bert unblanketed the team.

CLEM'S face was very sober when he came out with his packages.

"Sam says he just can't afford to leave Hattie Duryea's bill get any bigger," he said.

Bert, spreading a horse blanket over the spring seat, took his turn at thinking. His forehead wrinkled deeply under the strain. Presently it cleared as inspiration came to him.

"We could tell Sam to charge Hattie's order up to us."

It became Clem's turn to think. After some moments he shook his head.

"Hadn't better risk it. Great hand to talk, Sam Tift is, and if you and me go buying Hattie Duryea's groceries for her, he'll—"

Panic revealed itself in Bert's face. "That's right. Sam'd have the whole Glen talking in no time 't all!"

He took another turn at meditation while Clem stowed the parcels in the wagon bed, and presently his labor was rewarded.

"We could buy the sugar and baking-powder Hattie wanted and leave Sam think it's for us."

Clem thought it over carefully.

"No," he said, "I got our sugar and baking-powder here right now, and if I go back after more Sam'd be bound to catch on."

Bert rededicated himself to thought and was again rewarded.

"I got it, Clem! We can get what Hattie wants at Charlie Bastion's. Charlie won't know we already got our own sugar and baking-powder in the wagon."

Clem slapped his leg delightedly. He swung himself up over the wheel.

"You certainly got a good head on you, Bert. Nobody could've figured that out any slicker."

A negative movement of the head in question refused the tribute.

"Took the two of us to figure it out,"

Bert said. "Couldn't either of us have done it single-handed?"

It was always Clem who hopefully advanced the idea that one of the Lebbeters, after all, might not be so dumb as people claimed, and it was always Bert's job to refute the suggestion.

AS USUAL, this assertion silenced Clem without quite convincing him. His brilliant success in the delicately diplomatic negotiations with Charlie Bastion moved him, as he drove away, to declare again that Bert and he had handled things about as slick as anybody could have done it.

"Now don't you go getting any notion we're smart," Bert admonished him severely. "We ain't, but we're the next best thing as long as we know we're dumb. Pa always used to say—"

He paused. There was a long, gloomy silence, broken at last by Clem:

"Pa always used to say we'd make money out of that King Solomon Black Sand Gold Dredging Corporation."

It was equivalent to admitting that Pa, proved fallible in one instance, might have been wrong about other things as well, and the Lebbeters, hitherto steadfast in the conviction that Pa had always been right, faced this new, distressing doubt with exactly duplicate expressions of unhappiness.

The wind, roaring down out of the north, sliced through the ancient mackinaws, and the twins hunched their shoulders and hugged their arms a little

closer to their sides. As always, they thought in chorus.

"We ain't sure Pa was wrong about that stock," Clem said. "Old Jake Elwood don't know everything."

Bert wagged his head gloomily. In the twins' fixed scheme of divided labors it was Bert's job to see the darker side of every cloud and Clem's to look for silver linings.

"It wasn't only Elwood," Bert said. "Dorner—"

It was Clem's turn to scowl.

"Dorner don't know everything, either," he said. "Come right down to it, Bert, even you and me are smarter'n Dorner, one way, anyhow. We're dumb, all right, but we ain't dumb enough to think we know it all."

AGAIN Bert shook his head. He was prevented from continuing the argument by their arrival at the Widow Duryea's little, weatherbeaten house. The unwritten law that had required Clem to stow the groceries in the wagon constrained Bert to attend to their unloading. He climbed down over the wheel and lifted the tarpaulin. Clem, twisting on the seat, pointed out Hattie's parcels with his whip butt. Just as Bert lifted them out Hattie Duryea came around the corner of the house.

She was little, so little that even in the shapeless old red sweater she had thrown over her shoulders she seemed almost fragile. She smiled faintly at the twins, but in spite of the smile she kept on looking sorry and tired and a little scared.

The Lebbeters joined in the abashed, uneasy grin they wore in the presence of all women.

"I was afraid Tiftt wouldn't—"

Hattie paused. Her smile disappeared and her mouth went hard and tight and set. She shook her head.

"No, thanks. It's real friendly of you, but I'll get along without taking—charity."

The twins stared helplessly at her. They had found out long ago that their system of conversation was no good for lying.

"Better take 'em, anyhow," Clem urged.

Hattie shook her head again. "It's real good of you, and I'm obliged, but I just couldn't. You know how it is."

The Lebbeters did know. They knew exactly how Hattie felt because they would have felt that way themselves. You could do without a lot of things in the hills, but you couldn't do without the right to hold up your head.

Hattie didn't wait for Clem to go on talking.

"I'm real obliged, just the same."

She went back quickly to the house. The twins exchanged chop-fallen looks.

"How'd she catch on?" Clem said.

Bert shrugged his shoulders. His glance descended ruefully to the parcels in his arms. He straightened.

"That's how. She knows her credit's no good anywheres but Tiftt's and she could guess what we been up to, minute she seen these bags with Charlie Bastion's name printed all over 'em."

He stowed the packages back under the tarpaulin and climbed up to the seat. They had driven on some little distance before Clem spoke.

"We'd ought to have given Hattie the sugar and baking-powder we bought at Tiftt's."

Bert nodded gloomily.

"Would of," he said, "if we had any brains between the two of us."

It took Clem some time to find a cheerful answer, but at last he brightened.

"Well, anyhow," he said doggedly, "you certainly got to admit you were right about us being almighty dumb."

Mr. Peter Finn, senior and slightly shrewder member of the firm of Finn and Dorner, wore normally a deceptive



Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

aspect of good humor and benevolence. The misleading brightness of his plump, red face curdled, however, when Dorner, returning from the bank, made mention of the Lebbeters. Acute displeasure registered itself on Mr. Finn's wide countenance. His mouth twisted downward at one corner, and his voice, echoing the epithet that Dorner had seen fit to use, was heavily ironic.

"Lunkheads, eh? Well, it's real nice you can feel like that about those two apple-knockers after the way you let them chisel us out of four hundred perfectly good smackers on that Blaine deal."

THE speech, in ordinary circumstances, would have moved Dorner to indignant rebuttal. He held bitterly to the belief that except for Peter Finn's bungling the firm would have bought Nellie Blaine's land from the Lebbeters for a pleasantly small fraction of its value, instead of shamefully paying almost as much as it was worth. For once, however, he allowed the insult to pass unchallenged. His grin widened slowly.

"I said lunkheads, and that's what I meant. The reason that Blaine deal

went haywire is that the Lebbeters are about four times as lunkheaded as either of us figured. Listen."

Mr. Finn's pink face, as he gave ear, exhibited symptoms of amusement, but altogether failed to regain its customary bland good humor.

"Yes," he conceded, "it's a laugh, all right. Let's see you laugh about four hundred dollars' worth."

Again Dorner refused to lift the gauntlet.

"Make it six hundred," he said.

"Whadduyuh mean, six hundred?" Finn snarled.

"That's what those two clucks have got in the bank," Dorner said.

"Well?" Finn leaned forward now.

"They've got six hundred dollars," Dorner repeated, "and about six cents' worth of brains. In spite of all old Jake Elwood told 'em about King Solomon they still think there's big money in it. And I'll bet neither of 'em ever heard the good old bedtime story about the sick engineer."

There was an interval of silence. Thoughtfully, at last Finn nodded.

Dishwashing, for the Lebbeters, was easy work—so easy that they could do it properly and still spare strength for

the more arduous labor of speech. As they dealt collaboratively with their dinner dishes they resumed a discussion that had been suspended since the breakfast cups and saucers had been put away.

"We got money in the bank," Clem said.

BERT finished toweling a plate before he answered.

"Won't have, not if we start taking it out when we don't have to. Pa always used to say—" He stopped.

"We need new coats," Clem persisted.

"Get 'em soon as we collect the wood money off Dave Fraser."

"Dave won't settle before New Year's, and we need those coats right now," Clem said doggedly. "Wind went through my old mackinaw this morning without even stopping, and we're due for snow before sundown, or I miss my guess."

The weather prophecy drew Bert's eye, as usual, to the window.

"Car coming in the lane," he said. "Looks like Pete Finn's."

The brothers exchanged glances of concern.



I wired up to him to see if he could sell that stock for you. I didn't think there was much chance, but my friend wired back that he knows a man who's sucker enough to pay twenty-five cents a share for King Solomon, and the minute I got his wire I jumped in my car and drove right over here to tell you. Pretty near froze to death doing it, but—"

SLOWLY Bert's face undid itself from the contortions incidental to mental arithmetic. He was now obliged to have recourse to words but, following fixed habit, he carefully refrained from trespassing on his brother's spokesmanship. He accomplished this by the simple device of employing a lowered, confidential tone that manifestly addressed itself exclusively to Clem.

"That'd make twenty-five dollars for our hundred shares, Clem."

"Yes," Finn said, "and let me tell you it's just like finding the money in the road. You might wait a thousand years without another chance to get a nickel for that stock. It just happens that—"

Clem shifted to the other leg and looked at Bert, whose head moved half an inch to left and right.

"Guess not," Clem interpreted.

Mr. Finn's face assumed the injured aspect of one ungratefully rebuffed in noble thought and deed.

"That's nice! I take the trouble to hunt up a buyer for stock that isn't worth its weight in waste paper, and pretty near freeze, driving up here to bring you the good news, and all the thanks I get—"

He paused. Something in the duplicate expressions with which the twins regarded him made it clear that they intended doggedly to look any of his gift horses closely in the teeth. Nimbly Mr. Finn changed tactics. He spread his hands and chuckled.

"No use trying to put anything over on you boys, I see. You're too smart for me. I can get you thirty dollars."

Again Clem translated the sidewise movement of Bert's head.

"Guess not."

Visibly, Mr. Finn's good nature was preserved at the expense of some slight effort.

"Well, thirty-five, then. That's absolutely my last word. Take it or leave it."

The wordless consultation between the brothers lasted a little longer. Its decision was unchanged.

"Guess not," Clem said.

He said it again several times in the intervals between orations steadily increasing in length and fervency.

"Fifty dollars, and not another cent!"

Now, for the first time, Finn spoke with complete sincerity. He began ominously to button the fur overcoat. For some reason this process seemed to have a special interest for the Lebbeters. They watched it closely. In motion toward the door, Finn turned up the high fur collar. A swift glance passed between the brothers.

"All right. We'll sell," Clem said. Finn faced about. "Well, it's about

time you made up your mind," he snapped. "Let's see the stock."

Bert unlocked the old secretary and produced the certificate. Pa had signed his name to the transfer-form printed on the back of it. Finn, after a careless inspection, counted out five ten-dollar bills. As he rebuttoned the fur overcoat he regained his cheerfulness. He looked so pleased, in fact, as he waved a gloved hand in farewell, that when the door had closed behind him the Lebbeters exchanged dubious glances.

"Got the best of us," Bert said.

"Maybe he didn't." Clem, as always, hoped stubbornly for the best. "Maybe—"

He stopped. Bert was staring at a yellow paper that lay under the table.

"How'd that telegram get there?"

He picked it up and held it so that Clem could read it with him.

WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS PER SHARE BUY ALL YOU CAN AND DO IT QUICK JIM

There was a long silence.

"Finn must have dropped it," Clem said.

"Got the best of us, all right." Bert closed his eyes for mental arithmetic. "Give us fifty dollars for stock that's worth five hundred!"

It was a long time before Clem's dogged search found a gleam of silver lining.

"Look, Bert. Didn't Jeff Duryea buy some of that stock same time Pa did?"

Bert's head jerked up.

"I bet you Hattie's got it yet," Clem went on.

Bert slapped his thigh. "Let's go right over and find out." He paused. "Mighty smart of you to figure that out, Clem."

Loyally Clem wagged his head.

"Took the two of us," he said doggedly. "Let's go hitch up."

FROM the window of their office in the Odd Fellows' Block, Messrs. Finn and Dorner looked down complacently as the Lebbeter twins approached the entrance to the stairway that led up to the second floor.

Both partners chuckled happily and softly. Steps, slow and heavy, sounded in the hall. The Lebbeters came in.

Finn gave them a jovial welcome. Bert unbuttoned his mackinaw and fumbled in a pocket, and Clem took up his appointed task of speech.

"Guess you got a mite the best of us yesterday, Finn. After you'd gone Bert and me found a telegram on the floor. Guess you must have dropped it."

Convincingly Finn started, clapping a hand to his coat pocket and assuming an exceedingly lifelike expression of dismay. This expression became even more lifelike as Bert's fumbling hand produced the telegram and another paper—a folded paper that was unmistakably a stock certificate.

"Have to charge you five dollars a share for this here stock," Clem said. "You can afford to pay it, though, seeing how cheap you bought ours."

There was a moment of silence. Mr. Finn swallowed twice, but words appeared to be denied him.

"Have to charge you fifty dollars," Clem said, "for these here ten shares."

Speech became possible again for Mr. Finn. "Ten shares? Is—is that all you got?"

Clem nodded.

"See here." Dorner leaned forward. "Do you boys know where you can get hold of any more of this stock?"

The twins wagged their heads. Dorner chewed his underlip. "Well, we'll give you forty for what you've got there. Finn and I have to make a profit."

Clem's eye consulted Bert's.

"Fifty," he said. "You made enough profit yesterday."

(Continued on page 59)

"After us again," Bert said.

"Get us, too, one of these days."

Clem craned his neck to watch the car's slow, jolting approach over the deep, frozen ruts of the lane. The thought of Peter Finn's bewilderingly fluent speech almost made Clem wish that he could trade jobs with Bert and do the family thinking while Bert attended to the talk. Reluctantly he unlatched the door in answer to the peremptory thumping of gloved knuckles. Finn, fur-coated, rubicund, benignant, waddled in.

He crossed to the cookstove, took off his gloves and twiddled fat, short fingers in the warmth. Thus engaged, he twisted his head to speak past his high fur collar.

"Got some mighty good news for you boys, this time."

The twins looked slightly more apprehensive than before. In chorus they shifted weight from right hip to left. Clem, hopeful that the announcement required no verbal answer, spared himself the toil of utterance. Finn turned, rubbing his hands.

"Dorner tells me you've got a little stock in the King Solomon Black Sand Gold Dredging Corporation."

Hattie's smile disappeared. "No, thanks," she told them. "It's real friendly of you, but I'll get along without taking—charity"

Clem shifted back to the right hip. His eye consulted Bert, who, after due deliberation, nodded.

"Yes," Clem said, "we got some."

FINN beamed upon him. "I hear Dorner laughed at you for thinking it was worth money. Well, here's your chance to have a good laugh on Dorner. You were right about that stock and he was wrong."

Again the twins exchanged glances. Again Clem hopefully postponed the labor of speech.

"I thought it was a sour lemon, myself," Finn admitted generously, "but as soon as Dorner told me you wanted to raise a little money on it I looked around to see if I could help you out. Dorner's still a little sore about the way you boys stung us on that Blaine deal, but I'm different. If a man gets the best of me I like him all the better for it."

"I got a friend who's in the stock and bond business up in Buffalo, and

The Story Thus Far:

LED by the shadowy Yu'an Hee See, a weird and most sinister Oriental, a band of international criminals is engaged in some vast and mysterious enterprise. Trailing the gang is Inspector Dawson Haig of Scotland Yard. Following a series of thrilling experiences in London, during which one of his men has been brutally murdered, he goes to Paris, where, he learns, the plotters are holding a secret meeting.

Haig is worried. He has learned, to his horror, that the steamship Wallaroo, en route to Australia from London, is a focal center of the plot—and the girl he loves, Eileen Kearney, is aboard! . . . Yu'an Hee See's forces—Macles, a large Scotchman; "Red," a Swede; "The Wasp," an Italian; "One-Eye," a Chinaman; Franz Hartog, a German; "Uncle Tom," a Negro; Ferdy, a Portuguese; Kid Brown, a cockney fighter; and, most important of all, Aswami Pasha, known as "The Chief"—gather in a secret upstairs room at a restaurant.

Waiting, below, is Haig. . . Hartog and Kid Brown come downstairs. Haig hears the former say: "I'm sailing on the Wallaroo." He follows the two men, speaks to the cockney—asks him to call a taxi. . . But nothing can escape the mysterious, secret eyes and ears of Yu'an Hee See. While Eileen Kearney aboard the Wallaroo is making the acquaintance of a "Dr. Oestler"—a charming man, who sends and receives a great many radio messages—the Oriental (with his constant companion, a beautiful woman whom he calls "Orange Blossom") is speeding to Cairo, where, presently, ensconced in a luxurious home in the native quarter, Aswami Pasha comes to him.

The Egyptian has come by airplane. He reports. Then—"I am worried about Kid Brown!" he exclaims. Yu'an Hee See leans forward. "Why?" he whispers. "Because," comes the answer, "he exchanged words with a stranger at our meeting place in Paris."

Yu'an Hee See's eyes flame. "Repeat to me," he shrills, his voice trembling, "exactly what he reported to you, including his description of the stranger."

V

THOSE desperately drab streets which lead from the docks at Marseilles to the more habitable quarters of the city were several inches deep in an unpleasant kind of light yellow mud. The buildings were yellowish gray; the sky was of this muddy complexion also.

"Simply too unbelievably pigsty," Eileen declared, as the taxi floundered and thumped through the morass. "And I'm real sorry I started."

"That's rather mean of you, Eileen," said Rattray, smiling his slow smile. "Don't you think so, Doctor?"

Dr. Oestler, who sat upon the girl's left—the three were packed in like sardines—patted Eileen's arm soothingly, and:

"At least, Miss Kearney," he said, "it makes a small change. We shall not be ashore again until we reach Port Said. Yes? And what does it matter, this mud and the gray sky? Ha? Presently, we shall be convivial with a little cocktail—ha? And it makes a small change."

Eileen turned to him and laughed. The outstanding characteristic of the Austrian doctor, as she had discovered during their short acquaintance, was his astonishing quality of soothing. In completing her long letter to Dawson Haig, which with a short one to Matt she had posted that morning, she had expressed this impression in these terms:

"Dr. Oestler is a human sleeping draft. Although he says 'Ha?' at the end of every sentence, I believe he could soothe Stromboli at its worst."

An unpleasant sense of loneliness, almost of despair, had descended upon Eileen immediately after she had handed in these letters. It was a brave attempt to escape from it which had driven her ashore.

They presently reached the hotel at which so many people have stayed one night, turned into the little lounge on the right of the door, and sat down at a table. Immediately:

"Good Lord!" said Eileen. "There's that ghastly woman—with the chief!"

Near a pillar against which was set a glass case containing handbags, amber cigarette holders and other attractive objects which were for sale, leaning very close together across a small table, were the chief engineer of the Wallaroo and a big, dark woman—apparently half-caste—handsome in her way, but of a generously curving figure not strictly fashionable.

"GOOD old Corky," said Jack Rattray, in his slow fashion. "He's a fast worker. He's well away with the lion tamer."

"The 'lion tamer'—ha?" Dr. Oestler spoke sharply. "To me it seems Miss—Miss Ednam, ha?—is a very handsome woman. No?"

"Well," Jack Rattray drawled, watching the speaker with steady, laughing eyes, "if that's how you feel, Doctor, it's about time you had a cut-in."

At which moment:

"Look who's here!" Eileen exclaimed. Dr. Oestler and Jack Rattray stared across the lounge. Their popular fel-

low traveler, Mr. Durham, was crossing to them.

"Ha!" cried Dr. Oestler. "It is our Mr. Durham. He is leaving us; yes?"

"Yes," Rattray confirmed. "I should like to have a final with him, before I go back to the ship."

"He never even said good-by to me," Eileen complained.

But Durham had joined them now, and:

"Doctor and Mr. Rattray," he said, "I hope you will take a stirrup-cup presently. Miss Kearney—if your friends can spare you for a moment—I have a private message for you. But I shan't detain you more than two minutes."

"For me!" cried Eileen, jumping up. "How unexpectedly dramatic."

"Don't forget, Eileen," said Rattray, "if it's an offer of marriage it has to be submitted to me."

Eileen smiled—a resigned smile.

"Go on, Jack," she encouraged, "they haven't heard it!"

RATTRAY smiled his slow smile, and: "There's only one reason," he continued, addressing Durham, "why I haven't asked Eileen to marry me."

"What is this reason?" Dr. Oestler asked.

"Buyer on the left," said Eileen, pointing to the doctor.

"My missus would be so jealous!"



Illustrated by
John Richard
Flanagan

Yu'an Hee See





Laughs By Sax Rohmer

"Good old Jack!" cried Eileen. "The fourth time you've worked that one since we left London. And now, please, Mr. Durham, hold my hand and lead me to the mystery. . . ."

They left the lounge and walked upstairs to where, upon a seat in an alcove outside the dining-room, a man was waiting. A soft brown hat and a white raincoat lay beside him.

"Oh!" Eileen gasped and clutched Durham's arm.

Her face grew suddenly pale. Then



this pallor was swept by a swift color. Dawson Haig stood up.

"I haven't frightened you, Eileen? I couldn't think of any other way. . . ."

WHEN Mr. Franz Hartog came on board the Wallaroo at Marseilles to take possession of his cabin on D deck (both berths in which had been reserved in London), through a partly open door across the narrow alleyway Dawson Haig was watching.

He saw a steward carrying a green canvas suitcase, Mr. Hartog's only baggage apparently; and then the passenger followed. . . the tall, blond German who, with bloody mouth, he had seen coming down the stairs of the Restaurant Suleiman Bey!

Unseen, Dawson Haig left his hiding place and went up to the captain's room.

Captain Peterson, commander of the Wallaroo, was a conscientious but not a brilliant seaman. At the age of fifty-nine he was seven degrees south of commodore, but within his limitations he was a knowledgeable if a disappointed man.

"Sit down, Inspector," he said, a little wearily, turning round in his revolving chair; for this was not the first visit by the man from Scotland Yard.

He had been seated at his desk, which was littered with papers. Captain Peterson was badly worried about this voyage. The gold was a big responsibility in the first place, and now to his other troubles had been added this sudden appearance of an official from Scotland Yard. The officer in question, moreover, was no mere policeman, but a man of unmistakable culture.

"I was right, Captain," said Dawson Haig. "It's my man!"

The captain smiled resignedly and extended a box of cigarettes.

"It's a complete muddle to me, Inspector," he confessed. "Whatever is it all about? If this fellow is a criminal, why don't you arrest him? Take him off. I shall be glad to be rid of him."

"Thank you," said Haig, accepting a cigarette. "It isn't so simple as that. But here's the position, roughly: You

For five, ten seconds Aswami sustained the gaze of those eyes. . . . Then his own bold glance faltered—he dropped his dark lashes and turned aside

have five passengers on board the Wallaroo at the present moment whom I suspect with good reason of being members of a dangerous international gang."

"Five!" said the skipper, staring under tufted eyebrows. "Have they all come aboard here?"

"No. Four joined you in London."

"Holy smoke! What's afoot, Inspector?"

CAPTAIN PETERSON stood up. He was a big man, heavily built. He had a perfect mane of nearly-white hair, a fresh complexion and a neat gray-white mustache. In fact, as Haig had noted, he bore a marked resemblance to portraits he had seen of Mark Twain, even to the tufted eyebrows.

Dawson Haig lighted his cigarette and dropped the match into a tiny bowl on the captain's table. He returned to his chair before he replied:

"If I knew that, sir, I should know what I'm here to find out. Certain evidence came into our possession in London which seemed to point to the fact that members of a gang of dope dealers and receivers of stolen property were sailing in your ship. The exact numbers of the rooms occupied by them were discovered—"

"Got those numbers?"

"I am almost certain I have. My list, however, was made from memory. But in a certain Paris café, which we believe to be a meeting place of these people, I recently had a sight of a certain man. Today, he has joined the Wallaroo as a passenger. His room, booked in London, is one of those which I have on the list! I think it's safe to presume, Captain, that the other four suspects should be watched?"

"I entirely agree with you, Inspector. This is a very extraordinary state of affairs."

"It is," said Dawson Haig grimly. "The French authorities have just notified me that three other men—all they could trace—who were present at the restaurant I have mentioned, have all set out by different routes for the Near East."

The captain stared at the speaker in bewilderment.

"Have you been combing their haunts in England, or something? Is this a sort of general get-away?"

"I don't think so. It's more like a general assembly at some spot unknown. It's my job to find that spot, Captain: because, if I do find it, I expect to meet there the man who murdered Detective-Sergeant Norwich in Limehouse, the night before the Wallaroo sailed. . . ."

As a result of this conversation, a new passenger joined the ship only a few minutes before she left Marseilles: a certain Mr. Smith, who wore tinted spectacles. He was allotted a seat at the doctor's table next to the distinguished Austrian scientist, Dr. Oestler.

ON THE following morning one of the Chinese passengers, Mr. Len Chow of New York, presented himself at the purser's office. He had a serious complaint to lodge.

Whilst he had been absent in the bathroom someone, he asserted, had rifled his cabin. He rather thought that his

(Continued on page 54)

How to Cure the Blues

It's easy. As easy as to anticipate spring in March. The economic cycle moves with the same regularity as the seasonal one. It goes through the same assault, relief and rhythm. But in this country the economic cycle is on an upward curve: it rises higher after each successive dip. Here our famous business prophet traces the future rise for you by referring to the sequels of past depressions and shows you how you can hurry it along

By Roger W. Babson

WRITING in 1894, a prominent economist remarked:

"Now, however, we are coming into collision with facts which there can be no mistaking. From all parts of the civilized world come complaints of industrial depression; of labor condemned to involuntary idleness; of capital massed and wasting; of pecuniary distress among business men; of want and suffering and anxiety among the working classes. All the dull, deadening pain, all the keen, maddening anguish, that to great masses of men is involved in the words 'hard times,' afflict the world today. This state of things, common to communities differing so widely in situation, in political institutions, in fiscal and financial systems, in density of population and in social organization, can hardly be accounted for by local causes."

Isn't that a perfect description of what we have suffered during the last twelve months? And it was written nearly forty years ago. In days like these, therefore, it is well to read your history. The surest way to cure yourself of the depression blues is to take a good look at the major depressions from 1837 to date. Ten times in the last ninety years the country has been "ruined." But each time it has come out safely and has risen to new summits of power and prosperity. All the "hard luck" now suffered, the country has suffered many times before; and it has a 100% record for pulling through, not only unimpaired but actually improved. Look forward, therefore, to the brighter days that are surely coming, when prosperity will return, not only as good as ever, but better than ever.

An Airplane View

The quickest way to get this fact into your head and heart is to glance at the actual history of American business as shown by an airplane view of the modern period from 1890 to date. This graphic picture is proof without words that the United States can be temporarily put down, but not permanently knocked out. It is a practical demonstration that we can absolutely depend upon the law of action and reaction to bring us through the worst that can befall. Today, therefore, is not the time to let go, but to hold on. For a man to give up today is like a pneumonia patient cutting his throat after passing the crisis. Next to recklessness at the top of a boom, the most foolish thing in the world is discouragement at the bottom of a slump.

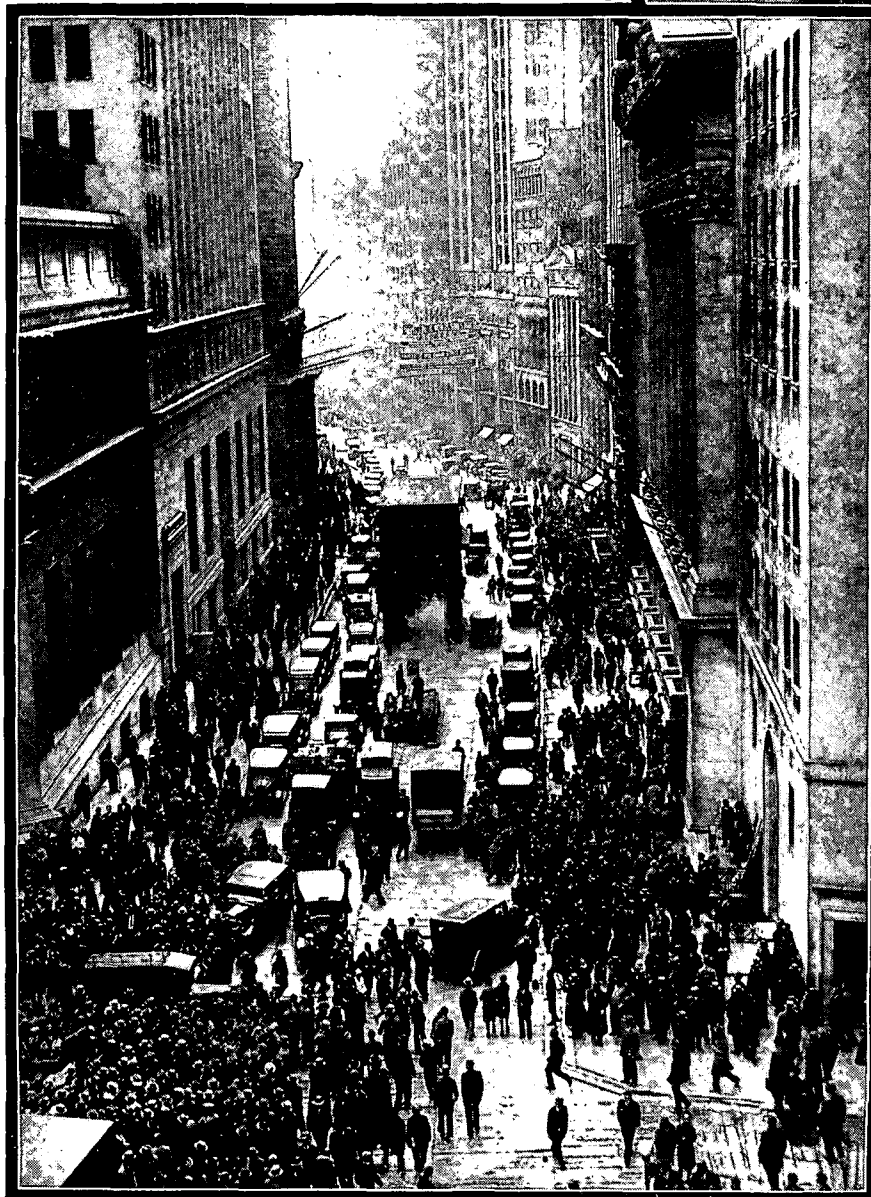
Business does not turn at steady speed, but otherwise it is like a wheel, always revolving. Few have the courage to get on at the bottom and off at the top. The multitude get on at the top and off at the bottom. But if you will get on at any point and hold on, through the ups and downs, you can make a good living.

Yes, history is repeating itself. In

1930 we had bank closings, world chaos, dividend slashing, collapsing stock markets, slipping commodity prices, bond defaults, bread lines, foreclosures, failures and unemployment. But in this whole terrifying program there is not a single new number. Each act has been rehashed from previous depressions. The whole performance is old stuff. There were bank closings, world chaos, dividend slashing, collapsing stock markets, slipping commodity prices, bond defaults, bread lines, foreclosures, failures and unemployment in 1837, 1857, 1873, 1893, 1907 and 1914.

Threadbare Drama

One would think that people would gradually get hardened to this periodic spectacle and would take it more calmly. But every time the same old show is



P. & A.

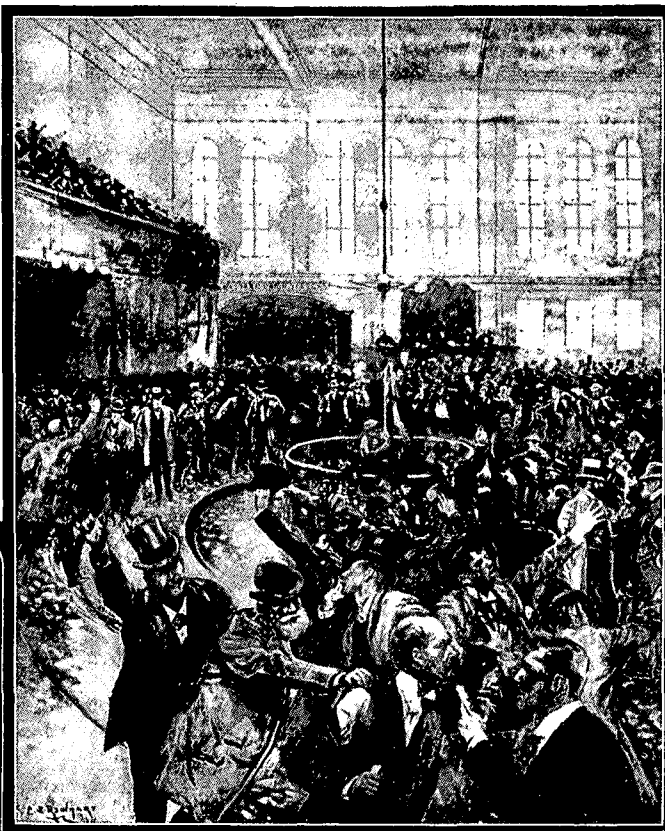
The anxious throng which collected in Wall Street on October 25, 1929

put on, the public reacts in the same old way. They shiver and groan at each familiar turn and get excited over threadbare business that has been played for a hundred years.

We can state it more strongly than that. Periods of economic depression are as ancient as the lean years of Biblical times. I have a chart of economic conditions, based upon the growth of vegetation, that goes back to 1300 B. C. This chart shows that there were periods of depression as far back as the times when prehistoric kings had to stop building temples to goddesses because times were so hard. Sisyphus forever pushes his stone up a hill of expansion only to have it roll back, never quite to the bottom but far enough to scare the public out of their holdings.

Why do people become so demoralized by these changes of the so-called business cycle and yet take seasonal

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Culver

"The Treasury's selling gold!" The Exchange floor on "Black Friday," September 24, 1869

time would be gone. To a person unacquainted with the cycle of the seasons, agricultural opportunities never would look so bright as when the fields are clothed with crops about to be harvested; never would agricultural prospects look so dreary as when the empty, snow-spotted areas are emerging in the spring. But we know that the exact reverse is true. The time to harvest is in the fall, the time to sow is in the spring.

The only sound and sensible policy is to regard fundamental business changes as we do seasonal changes. That is, know and use the principle that history repeats. It is true that changes in business conditions are irregular. Depressions are of varying length and intensity. But winters also vary in duration and severity. And when we take into account the longer period, are the irregularities of the so-called cycle much more, proportionately, than the irregularities in the seasons of a single year?

The real reason why the public does not treat the cycles as sanely as the seasons is not so much that cycles are erratic as that the memory of the public is short. The average memory is not much longer than a year. The public will pay attention to the cycles only as they are driven home by bitter personal experience, by the direct testimony of those who have experienced the changes or by an emphatic marshaling of the recorded facts.

Some of the best parallels to economic principles are found in the mechanical examples of common experience. When taking the children to the park you have doubtless stood and watched the merry-go-round revolve. At first the riders are all strangers to you, and then at each revolution you begin to recognize the familiar groups. There is the fat boy again, and after him there swings into sight the old man holding the little girl on the galloping horse, and after that the young lady and her boy friend. As the merry-go-round turns, you can almost name in advance the familiar tableau that will swing by you.

The so-called business cycle does not revolve at the uniform rate of the merry-go-round and the composition of the different groups is more varied but the basic principle is the same—the repeti-

tion of essentially similar phenomena.

You are not fooled by the circular pageant of the amusement park. You do not say: "The riders are all fat boys now," or "The riders are all old men and little girls," or "The riders are all engaged young people." No, you realize that the groups passing before your gaze are shifting and repeating and that the only permanent thing is the everlasting transition. Or the same idea can be illustrated by a motion picture film arranged as an endless belt.

Human Documents

A still more direct insight into depressions and their temporary character can be had from actual correspondence files over long stretches of time. A folder of typical letters of 1930 could be amazingly duplicated by a similar folder of typical letters written during any previous depression. Except for variations in date and names, the heart-throbs of the latest depression differ in few essential particulars from the heart-throbs of the earliest depression.

In each bunch of letters we find the same human documents: the frank confession of the man who was on margin; the sad report of the woman whose husband's business has gone to wreck; the confused clamor of the old and misinformed whose fixed income has proved to be anything but fixed; the dire problems of the fundless, the jobless and the healthless.

Phrase for phrase and word for word, you can hardly distinguish the new correspondence from the old except where the paper has yellowed and crumbled with the passing years. Time changes the texture of the paper on which the hearts are poured out but apparently changes not a bit the problems by which those hearts are twisted and torn.

One reason why depressions are similar is because they are the result of similar causes. Arthur J. Bean, financial editor of the Boston Post, published in his columns the following letter written by a New England woolen manufacturer on the eve of the depression of 1837:

I regret to learn that the money market is no easier. It will become easier and money will become plenty enough when all fail who ought to fail; and when all the crazy, speculating, reckless and headlong merchants, traders, speculators, etc., who want to become rich without industry and economy shall be made to stop in their careers. The times are out of joint and will continue so until business men are made sensible that fortunes are not to be made in a day. There is a great tendency in all classes to live beyond their means. There is in this country too much of the high-pressure principle.

During the business depression in England one hundred years ago Macaulay said:

"The present moment is one of great distress. But how small will that distress appear when we think over the history of the last forty years. If we were to prophesy that in the year 1930 a population of fifty millions, better fed, clad and lodged than the English of our time, will cover these islands; that machines, constructed on principles yet undiscovered, will be in every house; that there will be no highways but railroads, no traveling but by steam; that our debt, vast as it seems to us, will appear to our great-grandchildren a trifling encumbrance, which might easily be paid off in a year or two—many people would think us insane. We prophesy nothing; but this we say: if any person had told the Parliament which met in perplexity and terror after the crash of 1720 that in 1830 the wealth of England would surpass all their wildest

(Continued on page 60)



© Brown Bros.

Part of the crowds waiting to withdraw their money from two New York City banks during the so-called panic of 1907

changes so philosophically? It is because people can remember from one year to the next, but apparently they cannot remember from one depression to the next. There is a curious resemblance between depressions and winters. There is the splendid weather of early autumn when people are invigorated by their vacations, when harvests are being reaped, and when the whole setting seems like the pinnacle of prosperity. If people were as foolish about the seasons as they are about the cycles they would argue something like this:

"This is wonderful weather we are having this fall. I don't see why it can't last forever. I read a piece in the papers by a fellow who claims the climate has changed permanently; and I believe that we shall never have another winter." Proceeding on this idea, people would observe the attractive harvests and would greedily buy equipment and seed and spend much energy and

money in replanting crops in the fall. Occasionally, there would come a colder day; but this would be laughed off as a temporary variation. If the next day were a little warmer, they would go ahead with their farming even harder than ever. Only when winter actually broke upon them in fury and they were frozen out of their fields would people admit that there was anything in this idea of changing seasons.

The Winter of Our Discontent

Then in February, when winter was at its worst, people of this same type would decide that the snow and ice were permanent and winter was going to last forever. Even the warmer days of spring would be dismissed as temporary rallies. Only when the time for plowing and planting was long past would these people realize that the winter was over and then the opportunities of seed-

Leave it to Venus

By Joseph
Hilton Smyth

*A story of life and love
and youth. The stars tell
us you'll like it*

JUST as I was figuring on leaving for the day Flick Ransome swayed into the office and said, "I was down seeing Dad and thought I might drive you home, or to the club, or wherever you're going."

"Thanks," I said, "and aren't you the thoughtful girl?" Then she sat on the edge of the desk, and swung a pair of knees about carelessly and looked at me through a haze of cigarette smoke.

"Do me a favor, Terry?"

"Sure," I said, "how much do you need? The old man turn you down?"

"When will you stop thinking of me as a mercenary woman?" she asked. "Do you think that's nice? And, anyway, it isn't money this time."

So I put away my check book and reached for my hat.

"What's his name?"

"And I'm not looking for advice, either," Flick added, not moving any from the waist up. "I just wanted to know what you're doing tomorrow."

"Why rub it in?" I asked. "Nothing, probably, although I'd like to sell somebody a couple of million shares of something or other. The market's shot to bits. Get to the point, sister."

"I want you to come down to Fairview for the week-end."

"Thanks," I said, "but I'm on the wagon."

"Don't be nasty. It's really awfully important."

"What?"

"That you come down."

"What kind of a party is it going to be," I asked, "that I'm suddenly so important? I'm not a member of the intellectual aristocracy. I'm a stockbroker."

"I can't tell you. But won't you come, Terry, please?"

"No," I said firmly.

Flick got up and came over to where I was standing near the door.

"You wouldn't disappoint me, would you, Terry?"

"Sure," I said, "I'm hard-hearted."

She clasped her hands about my neck, and opened her gray-green eyes very wide and said, "This lipstick is abominable and smears all over everything."

So I stopped at my apartment, and packed a bag, and drove down to Fairview with her.

I'd known Flick Ransome for twenty of my twenty-eight years, and had watched her grow up from a little girl in long skirts to a big girl in short

resses. Our fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers had been members of the same firm in Boston. I liked the Ransomes, even if they were the best argument for companionate marriage I'd ever run across. And the Ransome women were all right, too. They got whatever they went after. The only trouble was the things they went after.

While we were tearing up the roads and speed laws of Massachusetts en route for Fairview or the nearest morgue, I tried to get Flick to shed some light on the coming week-end.

"What's it all about?"

"IT'S a surprise, honey," she explained, avoiding a roadster, a telegraph pole and a six-ton truck, and slowing down to fifty miles an hour. "Did you ever think of getting married, Terry?"

I said, "What?"

"Married."

"Oh," I said, "married! Sure. I've

thought about it a lot. Are you proposing to me?"

"Don't be dumb," she said. "What would I want to marry you for?"

"Search me. I look like the devil in pajamas."

Then we clipped off a fender from a passing fancy of a flivver, and twenty more miles on the speedometer, and drew up in front of the Ransomes' hacienda.

Flick had told me it was to be a quiet week-end, so I knew that there wouldn't be more than fifteen or twenty other guests. I spent half an hour sitting in the bathtub, smoking cigarettes and trying to get cool, and then put on a pair of white pants and a dinner coat and went downstairs.

In the lower hall I ran into Flick's mother, Luella, and she said how glad she was, and then we went into the living-room, where she took me around and introduced me to a lot of people I hadn't met before, and some that I had and some that I couldn't remember about.

Then everybody had another cocktail and we went in to dinner.

A woman with black hair and black eyes and a black dress and red lips sat on one side of me and Flick on the other, very busy talking to a Harvard fixture by the name of John Cabot Adams. So I turned to the somber lady, and said, "I haven't seen you here before, have I?"

"NO," she said, "this is my first summer. Isn't it going to be exciting?"

"The summer?"

"This evening."

"It begins to sound so," I said.

"I can hardly wait," she went on. "I'm thrilled to tears."

"Don't weep," I advised her, "yet. Remember, the first hundred tears are the hardest. The dinner can't last forever." And then I took another drink to make sure I was hearing all right. I wasn't accustomed to ladies who thrilled so easily.

"The Fearings," continued the som-



Illustrated by John H. Crossman



"Please be serious, Terry. It's important."

"It must be," I said; "as nearly as I know it was six o'clock."

"Morning or evening?"

"Evening," I said; "you don't know my family if you expect any of them would be awake that early in the morning."

Flick looked across me at the woman in black, and they both nodded as if something or other pleased them a lot, and then Flick said, "We were right."

"That's fine," I observed. "Now would you mind telling me just what it's all about?"

"Astrology," they both exclaimed at once, "the past, present, and future. . . ."

"The stars," said the lady in black, "don't you believe in stars?"

"Not since I visited Hollywood," I said, "but I'm willing to try again."

So the two of them sat there and kept up a continual flow of conversation about stars and planets and astrological delineations, and I drank three demitasses, and finally Mrs. Ransome rose, and we all went into the next room.

AS soon as I could I got her to one side, and said, "Luella, let loose with a little mercy. Is this a house party, or a stellar observatory at Mount Wilson?"

"You shouldn't joke about it, Terry," she told me. "It really is very important."

"I'll take your word for it," I said. "Tell me one thing, though: who was the black chassis sitting next to me?"

"I thought you knew. Kara Vania. Awfully nice, isn't she?"

"Very," I said. "But who is she?"

"She was Myrtle Johnson," Luella explained. "The one who married Sam Baker."

"I thought you said her name was Vania?"

"It is. Baker died."

"She just took them for her names." "Took them?"

"Of course. The Swami arranged it for her. He discovered that all her unhappiness was due to the fact that the letters in her name didn't harmonize. The cycles were all wrong. From now on she's going to be very successful. It's all in the name."

"I see," I said. "I begin to understand. Peggy Hopkins seems to have the same idea."

A LITTLE after ten the Fearings arrived, followed by an individual about six feet three inches tall in a yellow turban and an oily skin and somebody's best bed sheets protecting whatever he had on underneath. Then everyone stopped talking at once, and you could have heard a cocktail glass drop in the butler's pantry.

Luella Ransome went up to the Swami and said, "It was awfully good of you to come," and he bowed, and didn't say whether he thought it was good or not, but certainly gave the impression that it was.

Then he walked over to a card table that had been set up in one end of the room, and drew a big glass marble out from under his arm and arranged it on a little pedestal already there. Then he sat down and looked about expectantly.

For a minute or two no one moved, and then Kara Vania got up and started towards him. In her black dress, which was pretty long from the waist down, she looked something like an eel in an umbrella casing trying to do a tango, and finally she curled up in the chair opposite the Swami.

He looked at her, and then back at the crystal, and then at her, and then said, "Silence, please." And there was a French window open just behind me, so as silently as I could I went out of it, and onto the darkened sun porch, and stumbled over a pair of legs, and somebody said, "Damn!"

I said, "I'm sorry."

"That's all right," the voice went on, in a soft and sort of throaty tone. "No casualties. Beauty's only shin deep, anyway. Give me a cigarette and we'll call it square."

I held out a package in the darkness, and then leaned over and lighted my briquet and found my face about six inches away from what looked like a very interesting pair of eyes. So I said meekly, "May I sit down?" and sat down on the couch beside her.

I WATCHED the tip of her cigarette for a minute and then said, "I've never seen you before, either."

"You didn't this time, did you?"

"I had a feeling," I said, "that you were out here."

"I still have it," she said, "on my left shank. Aren't you supposed to be inside listening to the Swami?"

"How about yourself?"

"I never do anything I'm supposed to do. But you really should be inside, Mr. Ives."

"If you feel that way about it, all right," I said, "but I usually stay where my heart is. And most people call me Terry."

"Do they?" drawled the voice. "I don't suppose that I can keep it a secret that my name's Williams."

I said, "Does your mother call you Miss Williams?"

"She called me Betty. But you're not my mother."

"Necessity," I said, "is the mother of intentions. Do you know anything about astrology?"

"No."

"Good. Let's go down and look at the moon."

The next morning I got up early and

(Continued on page 43)

ber one, "will be here by ten o'clock." I asked, "What are those?"

She looked at me blankly for a moment and then said, "But they're bringing him!"

"Him?"

"The Swami."

"Whose Swami?"

"Why," she said, "the exalted Mystic No. 66. Whatever did you think I was talking about?"

"The moon," I suggested, "there's a full moon tonight, and . . ."

"But I am," she interrupted, "in a way, I mean, talking about the moon. The Swami says that when it's in the ascendant it's the best time to look into the future."

She put down her fork and picked up her wineglass, and I looked at her kind of puzzled for a moment, and then said, "Do you think you ought to drink any more of that just now? It's rather strong, and I'm pretty good at looking into the future myself. . . ."

"I knew it," she said. "The moment

"See if you can see this," I suggested, but he didn't. He went backwards into John Cabot Adams, who was making an entrance just then

I saw you I knew that you were one of us. You are psychic, aren't you?" "No," I said, "Harvard. But if you're really interested in the moon, there's a sand dune . . ."

But about then John Cabot Adams evidently reached the end of whatever his temporary line was, and Flick turned to me and said, "When were you born, Terry?"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "When was I born? Isn't it enough that I'm here?"

"I know the date," she said; "I meant the time. You told me once, but I wasn't sure that I remembered right. What was it?"

"Standard time," I said, "or daylight saving?"



"And she married someone by the name of Vania?"

"No. She married Harvey Devlin."

I stopped a Japanese boy passing with a tray and took two glasses, and then said, "Pardon me for appearing stupid, Luella. Then her name now is Devlin."

Luella smiled patiently. "She divorced Devlin. Don't you remember reading about it?"

"I guess so. But where's this Vania come in? Not to mention the Kara."

The Imperfect Crime

Peter Hames finds excitement in a man hunt and satisfaction in the triumph of innocence

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

A PALE-FACED, slim and not undistinguished-looking young man emerged from the office of Monsieur Dumesnil, cashier and financier omnipotent of the Sporting Club, and closed the door softly behind him. His first rapid glance up and down the heavily-carpeted passage showed him that he was in luck. The official at the top of the stairs was talking to the elevator boy, and both had their backs turned towards him. The flunky in powdered hair and black satin knee breeches who stood at the corner near the entrance to the gambling room had temporarily disappeared altogether.

There was not a living soul who could have witnessed his exit.

With his hands in his pockets, he strolled along, turned sharp to the left on the other side of the staircase, passed the elevators and opened the door of the small lavatory opposite him. Here again fortune favored him, as up to a point it usually does favor the criminal of courage. The place was empty.

The young man who had entered the lavatory divested himself of his dinner coat, hung it up, and carefully examined the sleeves. They were absolutely unstained. Then he paid meticulous attention to his shirt, and, looking in the mirror opposite, scrutinized closely the cuffs. These, too, were flawless. Only on the third finger of his right hand was a stain, and that very small.

He turned on the water, plunged in his hand, used the scrubbing brush fearlessly, and dried his fingers upon a towel, which he searched with anxious eyes for any incriminating mark before he threw it into the wire receptacle. Then he brushed his hair, more from habit than necessity, put on his dinner coat once more, and sallied out.

The elevator boy and his friend were still talking, but turned round and bowed as he passed. To have escaped attention altogether was more than he dared hope for, and he was fully prepared for their recognition. He even glanced into the bar, and nodded to the barman, but, instead of entering, he looked in at the gambling rooms, reserved a place at the high table, which did not commence play until midnight, stepped back again, and made his way along the passage towards the Nouvel Hotel. The man at the desk saluted him with a low bow. He addressed the liveried attendant who opened the door.

"NOTHING doing here yet, Charles," he yawned. "I shall have a look at the Salles Privées."

"They start later each evening, sir," the man observed. "There's a big dinner party in the Paris, too, tonight. There won't be much of a crowd here before midnight."

In the lounge of the Nouvel Hotel the young man paused for a moment. His plan of action was definite, but things had gone so much better than he had dared hope for that he was inclined to modify it. He walked out of the swing doors, down the short drive, crossed the

road, and entered the casino proper. Here he met with what was to him his first disappointment. The tables were sparsely occupied, and there was no crowd at any particular spot. He hesitated for a few seconds, then fell in line with the little queue at one of the cashiers' desks, changed a 20,000-franc chip for some of a lower denomination, repeated the proceeding at another table where business was brisk, and gambled with another five thousand at a table where some high play was going on.

He won twice, and passed on towards the Salles Privées, with bulging pockets. Arrived at his destination, he turned sharp to the left, and entered the bar. Here, he seated himself upon a stool, carefully criticized his appearance in the looking-glass opposite, and somewhat astonished the barman, to whom he was well known, by drinking a double liqueur brandy at a single gulp.

"Bad indigestion, Charles," he explained, with a pleasant smile. "Give me another ordinary one."

They chatted for a few minutes, after which the young man strolled on to the playing rooms. He marked a place at a gambling table which had not yet commenced, changed another ten thousand into chips at a crowded board, and relapsed into an easy-chair close to the table where he proposed to play. Then he drew out his cigarette case, lit a cigarette, and gave himself up to careful meditation. Step by step, he reviewed his evening.

He had dined at his usual table in the restaurant of the club, and had talked there with several acquaintances, and both *maitres d'hôtel*, of his afternoon winnings at Nice, and of the fact that he had been repaid an old gambling debt by a man whom he had met there accidentally. That was quite in order. He had left his table early, frankly announcing his intention to gamble. He had mounted the stairs of the Sporting Club cheerfully, found the place almost deserted, as it was a few minutes before the formal opening time, and entered the office of Monsieur Dumesnil unnoticed.

Monsieur Dumesnil was alone, and had the good taste not to utter even a groan when the long, marvelously tempered blade sank inch by inch through his shirt front into his heart. Ever since then things had gone a little better than planned. The weapon—the only thing he had left behind—was a home-manufactured one—the blade of which had been in his possession for many years, the home-made handle riveted on by himself. No soul had seen him enter or leave that office. His booty was practically untraceable, for his first prize had been the long list on Dumesnil's desk containing the numbers of the notes and the identifying marks of the high-priced chips.

He began to feel mar-

Clive Densham had been marched down the stairs, a gendarme on each side, under arrest





The Prince raised his shapely hand. "Bad setting," he murmured. "I bought the stones in Colombo last year"

velously cool and self-assured. A crime which no one could prove, was non-existent. He sauntered across, and took his place at the *chemin-de-fer* table, where play was just beginning. Luck followed him as it sometimes does the evildoer. His seat at the table was number two. He "bancod" the man who had opened number one for a thousand, and won. He started his own bank with five thousand, and ran it seven times.

His winnings now were considerable, and a curious species of excitement seized him. He had been wasting years of his life. Crime—cunningly devised crime—was the brave man's adjunct to success. He had been a fool ever to have walked in the shadow of poverty, ever to have neglected those gifts of which he certainly now found himself possessed.

FOR the first time in his life Peter Hames, the American painter, whose villa at La Turbie had been the scene of several more or less well-known adventures, heard Sybil Christian's voice in his ear without that responsive throb of the senses which, as a rule, marched with her coming. He had been standing on the outskirts of a little group of acquaintances, all eagerly discussing the tragedy of the evening, but he followed her without protest to one of the quiet seats of the inner room of the bar. Then he saw that she was really perturbed, and forgot his first irritation.

"Mr. Hames," she said, "this is a terrible affair."

He looked at her curiously.

"You were no special friend of Dumesnil's, were you?" he asked.

"I certainly was not," she admitted. "I disliked him very much, as I think most people did. It is of the living I am thinking; not of the dead."

His little interrogative nod was an invitation to her to proceed.

"Dumesnil is finished with," she said. "One may be sorry for him, or not, but the fact remains that he can feel no more. Someone will have to suffer, of course. That is as it should be, but do you know what I think the most terrible thing in life? Let me tell you: It is to

be wrongfully accused of a crime like that."

"Is there any fear of anything of the sort happening?"

"I think that there is."

She looked around. There was absolutely no one within hearing. A waiter was the nearest person. She summoned him, and Hames dispatched him with an order.

"One of the stupidest things in the world has happened," she confided. "Of course nearly everybody believes that the two croupiers who wanted instructions about opening the new table were the first people to enter the office and find Dumesnil dead. As a matter of fact they weren't."

"How the mischief do you know that?"

"I know because I saw someone go in before them," she replied. "Not only did I see him, but three others did."

"Are you going to tell me who it was?"

"It was Clive Densham. I saw him go in and I saw him come out, looking like death. Lady Hackett saw him too; so did Jack and Minnie Fulsford."

"This was before the croupiers went in?" Peter Hames questioned. "Three or four minutes before."

"Why didn't Clive give the alarm at once?"

Sybil groaned.

"Why does one sometimes lose one's nerve in a crisis?" she rejoined bitterly. "I can only imagine that he was terrified. Everyone knows that he hasn't a penny, that he lost everything last night, and that Dumesnil had threatened not to advance him any more money. I suppose that he was simply too terrified to give the alarm. Anyhow he is sitting there at the corner of the bar, drinking, and, although I haven't said a word, I believe Minnie Fulsford has, for I saw some of the principal officials with the *commissaire* of police a few minutes ago, looking at him and talking to one another."

"What do you want me to do?"

Peter inquired.

She looked at him gratefully.

"I HAVE spoken to Jack Fulsford and Lady Hackett, and they have agreed for the moment not to open their mouths unless someone else is accused. In the meantime, I want you to talk to Clive. Ask him why he didn't give the alarm when he found out what had happened. He'd hate confessing to me that he lost his nerve. I'm sure he'd tell you the sober truth."

"When do you want me to tackle him?"

"This instant. I am so afraid that they may get hold of him and ask him a lot of questions before he has pulled himself together. He has been drinking

steadily ever since he came out of the room, and he is certain to contradict himself."

"You don't think he did it?" Peter Hames suggested curtly.

"I could as soon believe that I had done it myself," was the emphatic rejoinder.

THEY dealt with their drinks perfunctorily, and Peter Hames went on his mission. The young man Densham, as a rule surrounded by friends and acquaintances, was seated at the far end of the bar alone. His hair was unkempt, his eyes a little bloodshot. Hames drew a stool to his side.

"Clive, I want to talk to you," he said.

The young man glanced at him and scowled.

"Leave me alone, there's a good fellow," he begged. "I am trying to get drunk by myself."

"That's just what you mustn't do," Peter Hames continued firmly. "You may have to face a little trouble at any time. It is better for you to keep your head clear, and be ready to deal with it."

The young man swung around and faced him—a good-looking lad ordinarily, but almost repulsive now when the signs of incipient intoxication were apparent.

"What the hell do you mean?" he demanded.

"It's just as well you should know," Peter Hames told him. "Several people saw you come out of Dumesnil's office before the croupiers went in. You did a damned silly thing, Clive—not giving the alarm—and you've got to decide now what's best to be done."

"Well, what is best to be done?" the young man asked. "I know I've been a fool."

"Will you put yourself in my charge for ten minutes?" Peter Hames suggested.

"Of course I will," was the prompt acquiescence.

"Very well. You're coming first to have a wash. Pull yourself together, and look quite as usual as you leave the

(Continued on page 16)

Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore

Charlie—as ever was

The return of a hero

By Alexander Woolcott

A GREAT statue is being unveiled. It is a group of three heroic figures in marble, hidden now under a canvas covering that is like a gigantic tea-cozy. At the tug of a rope, when the right moment comes, these swaddling clothes will fall away and the sculptor's work will greet the sun and sky.

For this right moment a mighty, milling multitude waits in the square. Waits while the band plays and the pennants flutter. Waits while the fat governor falls all over himself shaking hands with the more aggressively prominent and hatchet-faced club-women who come simpering into the speakers' stand. Waits while huge bouquets and floral horseshoes are duly hoisted into view. Waits while the dedicatory speeches (fortunately inaudible) are squawked into the microphone.

At last the breathless moment comes. Everyone rises. The military guard of honor goes into a catalepsy of attention. The band lets out a blare of triumph. The rope is pulled. The canvas shivers and drops to the ground. The statue emerges in its splendor. And in the lap of the central figure, on the knees of Columbia herself, a little tramp lies curled up in the comfort of a nap, a homeless waif now grossly intruded upon in his snug refuge, even as he was sleeping the sleep of the pure in heart.

In all officialdom there is consternation unutterable. But from the milling multitude—of which you and I by now are part—comes a fond roar in recognition of this bantam tramp now tipping his hat disarmingly. This *soigné* ragamuffin, who is so visibly sorry to have disturbed the nice celebration, is no stranger. Not he. We recognize his battered but cherished derby, his jaunty bamboo stick, his absurd black patch of a mustache, his monstrous

shoes and the desperate, defiant elegance of his shabby clothes. It is Charlie. Charlie—as ever was. Charlie—with the odds, as always, against him. Charlie—God bless him!

Revisiting us as a comet might. Returning after four years of loitering on the other side of the moon. Bringing to a sore and anxious world a gift of healing laughter and quickening, cleansing, inexplicable tears. A gift comparable, let us say—there is really no good analogy anywhere—to the sweet melodies that Franz Schubert left behind him when he visited this earth. Or comparable—and this is nearer—to the tale a jolly old pedagogue told to some wide-eyed children on a river's bank, one afternoon, and then put into a book which he signed Lewis Carroll.

Off and on during the next two years, in sundry towns the world around, you may come upon the new Chaplin picture which, for reasons that escape me, is called *City Lights*. It began in February of this year a spasmodic series of releases, and in the town where I happen to live, during the week after its first showing, no one talked much of anything else. A couple of our banks had closed their doors and a few of our judges were hastily leaving town, but as men met on the street the first word between them would be "Have you seen it?" And the question needed no elaboration.

It is a great brotherhood, the Chaplinites. There has been nothing in the world quite like the sheer fraternity of his following since the novels of Charles Dickens were new. When David Copperfield was first appearing a few chapters at a time, each monthly installment bound as a slim green pamphlet, there would be a considerable dropping around to any house in the neighborhood that had received one.

Now, as one neighbor to another, as I might call across the fence from my

(Continued on page 52)

Charles Chaplin has created only one character, but that character, in his preposterous, innocent gallantry, is the finest gentleman of our time

United Artists

Two Dollars Down

The author, who is a golfer, is sure that this is a very serious—nay, almost solemn—story. Please smother your chuckles!

By Frank Condon

SCENE ONE A City Hall Park

IT WAS exactly three o'clock to the very second when the police began running. The clock atop City Hall tower chimed the hour and the first policeman, a rotund fellow, commenced trotting. He was joined by brother officers, who pulled their weapons and galloped. Private citizens paused in surprise and immediately joined the chase and small boys shouted. In a few minutes the peaceful scene had become a seething riot and the crowd spread about the grounds and grew miraculously. Women squealed and strong men pushed them aside. A motor patrol clanged down the street and into the milling hundreds, its crew leaping hastily down into the crowd, which weaved about the park like an enormous spider web.

In the center of the web stood the criminal who had started the riot. Two policemen held him fast, one by each arm, and the coat of the lawbreaker was ripped at the shoulder. His hat had disappeared and it was seen his hair was fiery red in hue, a tousled, bushy, battling shock. It had the look of fighting hair, such as one would find on a Viking of old in the thick of battle. The policemen said nothing, but held grimly to the culprit until the motor patrol began backing into the crowd. As it backed, the human mass gave way before it and presently the policemen thrust the red-headed man up the steps and into the wagon. Still, the officers said nothing, but the crowd talked loudly. One citizen addressed another.

"What would he be doing a thing like that for?" he shouted. "He ought to be shot."

"Sure, he ought to be shot."

"Ought to be led out and stood up against a stone wall, dad bob him."

"We're too dang lenient these days with reds and such."

"You're dead right we are."

The motor patrol jangled off down the street, bearing the red-head and several policemen, and the crowd suddenly thinned out. Many went on home without finding out why the police had taken over a red-haired man who had lost his hat.

SCENE TWO A Police Court

THE judge, a large, serious man with gray hair, leans forward and contemplates the prisoner. Standing before him is the red-haired man, a policeman on either side. The officers are grim and scowl at the culprit.

"What is your name, young man?" the judge finally asked.

"Aleck Kimball," replied the prisoner.

"Are you an anarchist?"

"No, sir—I mean, no, Your Honor."

"Are you a red?"

"No, Your Honor."

"Have you a feeling of contempt for American soldiers?"

"No, Your Honor."

"Were you drunk?"

"I had some beer, but I wasn't what I call drunk."

"It seems incredible," mused the court. "Just what was he doing, Officer?"

Officer Murray, on the right, immediately testified in a deep voice, followed by officer Schultz, on the left. Their stories were identical.

"What have you to say to that?"

the judge asked, looking sternly over the edge of his desk.

"I guess they're right," responded the defendant.



Two policemen held him fast, one by each arm, and the coat of the lawbreaker was ripped at the shoulder

"Sixty days in jail," snapped the court. "Your offense is monstrous, and if you think you can come into this city and—"

"Your Honor," said a voice. "May I say a word?"

His Honor glanced toward the row of spectators at the rear of the court room and beheld a tall, youngish citizen who had just risen in his seat. He was nervously twiddling his hat.

"Do you know the accused man?"

"Yes, indeed, Your Honor. And I am in a position to tell a few facts about this case."

"Come forward," commanded the magistrate, who in spite of his severe air, was an open-minded official.

The spectator slowly advanced and as he halted directly before the bench all in court perceived that he, like the prisoner, had a head of bushy red hair.

"What is your name?"

"My name," said the sorrel-top spectator, "is Chris Dowden."

"Are you," asked the judge, looking at the fiery mop of hair, "related to the prisoner?"

"No, Your Honor. We are just friends."

"You have information concerning these charges?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"You may proceed to speak," directed the judge, settling back in his roomy leather chair.

SCENE THREE A Large City

NOW then, it frequently happens that two young men are friends, comrades, boon companions and pals, but how often do you find such a friendship between two young fellows, each of whom is violently red-headed? Not so often. Rarely will you observe two brick-tops running as a team, and there is a reason for this, known only to Einstein and a French professor in Nice. Anyhow, Aleck Kimball and Chris Dowden were inseparable friends and they

were likewise auburn at the top. They lived in the city in humble rooms, six blocks from each other, and held down jobs in the marts of trade. Aleck filled out yellow bills in a freight warehouse and Chris mailed the monthly statements for an electric light company, on which it said if you didn't pay this bill within ten days your lights would be doused. The jobs were good only because they were steady. The pay was a mere trifle, descending almost to a trace.

TO REACH their respective offices they rode each morning in a surface car, which jangled along and usually stopped at the entrance to the city golf course. In wonderment Aleck and Chris gazed upon knickered youths who rushed from the car at the golf yard entrance, clanking their bags and looking excited and eager.

"You suppose they get any fun out of this game?" Aleck inquired of Chris.

"Looks like they do," Chris answered.

"Must be something in it. People don't keep right on doing a thing day after day if there isn't something in it. I even notice women getting off with their golfing bags."

"You know, Aleck, I often thought I'd like to take a whack at it. They say it's pretty slick exercise."

"I been thinking the same thing," Aleck admitted, and two golfers were born on the spot. Next day they proceeded with the purchase of second-hand golfing clubs and limp bags made of canvas and easily worth a dollar. In their spare hours they took up the game that has become a nation's pastime, and will probably some day save America from revolution. To be sure, they took it up rather gingerly and dubbed around the city course, the two of them, never finding out for the first year that you cannot smite a golf ball straight unless you look at it fixedly during, preceding and following the smite.

They staggered around, having atro-



Illustrated by
H. Tempest
Graves

"In a pig's pagoda," said Aleck . . . "I'll sell it to you"

cious scores and glorying in their shame, but none the less they were interested in the game, and at the end of the first year Aleck Kimball could hit a long, straight tee shot. He could do little else, but his tee shot was not without merit. On the other hand, Chris could hit nothing at all, tee shots, iron shots or putts. He was actually worse than Aleck and Aleck was almost a perfect duffer.

"You are not better than I am," Chris complained. "It's your driver. If I had your driver, I could drive as far as you do."

"Oh," Aleck grunted. "I suppose you think I ought to give you my driver, hey? Well, that driver suits me. I think I'll keep it."

"COULDN'T we both use it?" Chris suggested.

"No!" shouted Aleck and then a street car came waddling around the corner and the athletes climbed aboard.

In the meantime, a large foreign war had been going on. Over here the American eagle sat on the side lines selling buttered pop corn and soft drinks, but eventually decided to kick in as it seemed to be a free war that anybody could join. Aleck Kimball laid aside his golf bag with a sigh of regret and picked up a gun. They took Aleck, but refused to have dealings with Chris. The army doctor said he had flat feet, weak lungs, heart murmurs and Chambers' Disease, so the war had to go forward without Chris Dowden. Bands played, the troops marched, women wept and Aleck softened up.

"Chris," he said, "so long, old boy. I'll probably never see you again. I'm going over there to France, and I'm just the kind of a guy that gets killed in a war. So long, old kid."

"Don't talk that way, Aleck," said Chris sadly. "You'll come through all right, and anyhow it won't be a long war."

"Yeh," said Aleck, "I'll just about get over there in time to step in front of a hurrying shell, and the worst of it is, there won't be any golf playing in France. My golf days are over, so what about that driver of mine, which you always craved, and for which I now have no further use?"

"Oh," cried Chris in a glad tone. "You're going to give it to me?"

"In a pig's pagoda," said Aleck, who was softened by the war, but not too softened. "I'll sell it to you."

"For how much?" demanded his comrade and they argued over price, Aleck beginning with seven dollars and coming down to four.

"Sold," said Chris. "Here is two dollars on account, and I will pay you the balance ere you leave for the front."

"Yes, and see that you do, for I will need money."

The bugles blew with renewed ferocity and Aleck presently steamed away to France to win the war. When he departed, Chris still owed him the two dollars. It was a careless oversight on Chris' part, for he should have paid the money, but neglected to do so. He tried using Aleck's driver and discovered it held no magic, being merely just another driver. It failed him miserably and in a fit of annoyance he smashed it against a sandbox, the head flying far away.

"There," he said grimly. "That fixes it."

He thrust the remains of the shaft into his battered bag and the incident was forever ended. Over in France, Aleck shot diligently at Germans, and Germans shot at Aleck, but little damage was done. Eventually they ordered him over the top, and he went with a will, whereupon the German army took Aleck by the slack of the breeches and stuck him away in a prison camp for the duration of the contest. Official reports had it that Aleck Kimball died in action, and dispatches were sent to America.

In a restaurant Chris leaned the morning paper against a sugar bowl and read the sad news.

"He's dead," Chris muttered, feeling queer. "Aleck's dead."

The enormity of the disaster fell upon him like a pall, the thought that his comrade was no more and that he would never see him again.

"And I never paid him the two bucks," Chris mourned, stricken for the first time with a feeling of infamy. "What a heel I am! My best friend dead and I didn't pay him that two bucks."

THE first great shock being over Chris Dowden moved gloomily about his daily occupations and often thought of his comrade beneath the sod of France and of the debt that remained unpaid.

Remorse rolled in upon his soul like the waves of darkness and the pangs of self-reproach stung him at night as he lay abed in sleepless discontent. The one thing he might have done he had not done and Chris remained low in his mind until one day, long afterward, a solution appeared. He walked into a florist's shop, under his arm the remains of a splintered golf driver.

"Make me a wreath," he told the flower man, "and weave it around this busted golf shaft."

"Yes, sir," said the man, who added it was a rather nice idea.

"For two dollars," said Chris. "An even two bucks."

"Done," said the florist and the next day Chris called for his wreath, made for the memory of a dead pal. He took it beneath his arm and walked with a serious mien down Adams Street to the City Hall Park, where he halted before the newly erected Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Looking solemn, he placed the floral piece upon the granite slab amid a multitude of wreaths and backed away, feeling a bit better in his mind. He had made at least a gesture.

ONE week later, on a sunny day, Chris was walking down St. Clair Street when a flattened hand struck him between the shoulder blades. He recovered his breath, turned and it was Aleck Kimball, his buddy, back from winning wars.

Chris stared hard and incredulously, at first without any words, sunk in amazement.

"Here I am, back again," Aleck shouted cheerily. "Chris, old kid, h'are you?"

"Aleck!" Chris said, still numb.

"Sure," cried Aleck. "How you been, Chris? How's everything? You look swell!"

"My gosh, I thought you were dead! It said in the paper you were killed."

"Me? Not a chance. Here I am!"

"Jumping grasshoppers, but I am glad to see you," Chris cried and they stood for a while shaking hands and staring at each other.

Aleck pounded Chris on the back and Chris pounded Aleck and they shook hands all over again.

"Come in here and celebrate a glorious day," Chris commanded and they hastened into Murphy's Wigwam, a law-abiding speakeasy, where if you were known to Murphy you could buy steam beer and eat pretzels free.

For the ensuing hour they talked rapidly, skimming over the happenings of the months that had fled, and drinking steam beer, which is a first-rate beverage, with a real dash of authority. Then Chris mentioned golf.

"That reminds me," Aleck cried, his eyes brightening. "How's my driver?"

A look of pain stole over Chris' countenance.

"No good," he replied. "I couldn't hit a ball with it."

"I told you so. Didn't I always say you couldn't hit 'em with my driver! Boy, I want that club back right away, because I'm gonna take up golf in a big manner."

"You can't have it back. I busted it against a box."

It was Aleck's turn to look pained.

"The thunder you did! What for would you do that, when you knew I wanted my club back?"

"Well, it wasn't your club. I bought it from you, didn't I?"

"Yeh, you bought it all right, but you didn't pay for it. You owe me two dollars for that club right now."

"I do not. I'm all square with you. I bought you a wreath."

"You bought me a what?"

"A wreath—flowers on a wire."

"What in blazes for?"

"I thought you were dead, that's why."

It said in the paper you were dead. I bought you a wreath, all wrapped around the busted shaft, and what is more," Chris added, looking shamefacedly at his beer, "I walked down the street and laid the wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier."

Aleck finished off his stein with a single gulp, glaring at his old pal, who looked moody and stubborn.

"Where is this monument on which you been laying wreaths?" he demanded.

"In City Hall Park," Chris said sullenly.

Making no further remarks of any kind, Mr. Aleck Kimball started for the door of Murphy's Wigwam.

"Where you going?" Chris asked.

"That's some more of your business,"

answered the returned warrior, passing rapidly from the scene. In no time at all, the police were chasing a red-haired man, who was dashing about the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, kicking wreaths, flowers and floral pieces, and in general desecrating sacred ground, swearing the meanwhile like a trooper and causing a crowd to gather.

SCENE FOUR A Police Court

THE judge looked down at the culprit, who looked guilty.

"Is this true?"

Aleck nodded.

"Well, let me advise you not to do anything like that again."

"Yes, sir," Aleck said. "I mean, no, sir."

"Case dismissed," said the judge, and Aleck glanced at Chris. As Aleck was about to leave the court room the judge stopped him.

"I assume that you have no golf driver," His Honor said in a kindly tone.

"No, Your Honor."

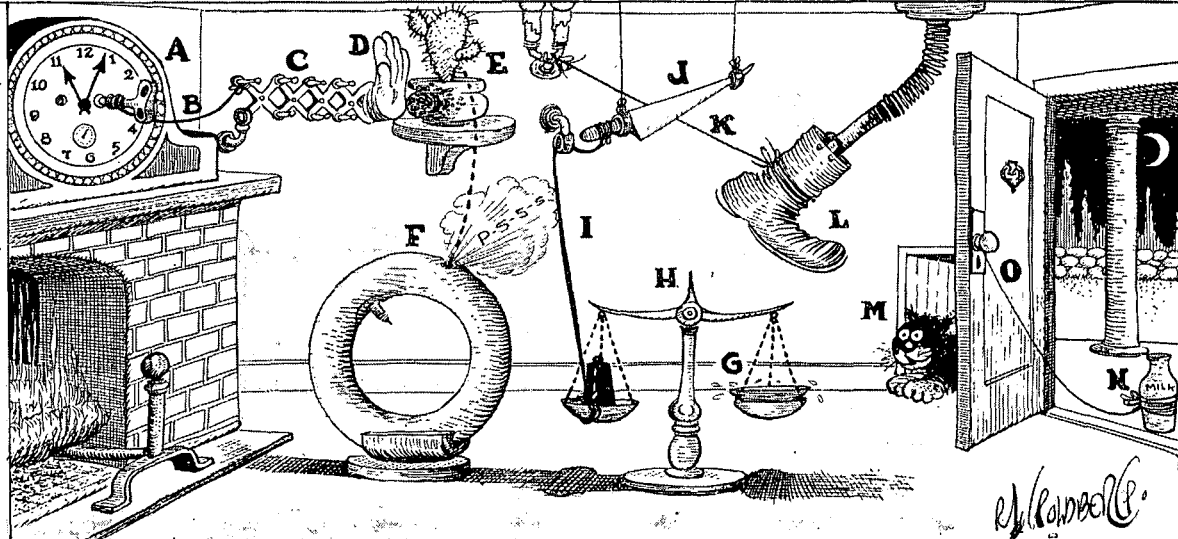
"Well, just step up here behind the bench and look in my bag," invited the magistrate. "I have four or five drivers I never use. Do you like a steel shaft?"

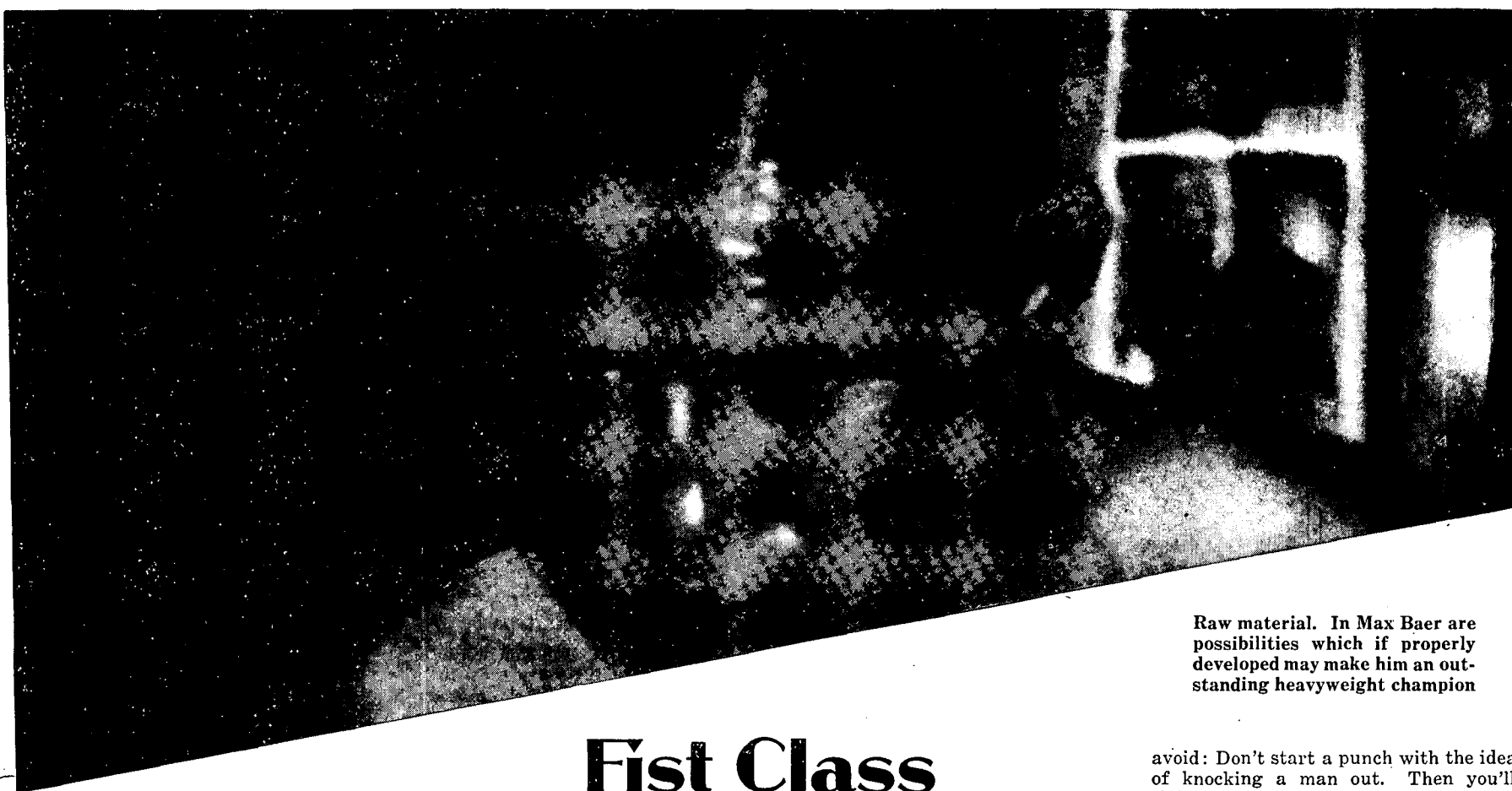
Hoisting up his large leather bag from beneath the judicial bench, the judge smiled and Aleck leaned over with interest to select for himself a good, whippy driver with which a man might clout one straight down the fairway.

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS TRIES TO PLAY THE XYLOPHONE WITH TWO STICKS OF DYNAMITE AND WHEN HE IS PICKED UP THREE MILES AWAY HE MUMBLES INCOHERENTLY ABOUT A SIMPLE IDEA FOR PUTTING THE CAT OUT AT NIGHT. AS YOU WIND CLOCK (A) IT TIGHTENS STRING (B) CAUSING IT TO EXTEND COLLAPSIBLE HATRACK (C). GLOVE (D) PUSHES CACTUS PLANT (E) FROM SHELF. CACTUS NEEDLE PUNCTURES INNER-TUBE (F) CAUSING HISsing SOUND WHICH CAT MISTAKES FOR SOMEONE CALLING. AS CAT APPROACHES SHE DISCOVERS SAUCER OF MILK (G) STANDING ON SCALE (H) AND AS SHE DRINKS, MILK WEIGHT BECOMES LIGHTER, CAUSING SCALE TO PULL CORD (I) AND DRAW KNIFE (J) ACROSS STRING (K) RELEASING BOOT (L) WHICH PUSHES CAT OUT THE DOOR. AS CAT IS PUSHED OUT SHE UPSETS MILK BOTTLE (N) WHICH ROLLS AND PULLS CORD (O) CLOSING DOOR. IF BOOT MISSES CAT, THEN PUT BOOT ON RIGHT FOOT AND KICK THE CAT OUT YOURSELF.





Raw material. In Max Baer are possibilities which if properly developed may make him an outstanding heavyweight champion

Fist Class

Max Baer, one of our most promising heavyweights, recently learned much about boxing. Mr. Rice was an interested observer at the lesson given by that famous pedagogue of punch, Jack Dempsey

By Grantland Rice

IF JACK DEMPSEY ever decides to take over a professorship in the College of Clout there will be a lot more action and a far higher rating among future heavyweight students and graduates. If you don't think so, ask young Max Baer, the Western Walloper, who recently took one of the keenest lessons from the ex-champion that any young boxer ever received. This lesson combined boxing, punching, ring philosophy and the correct mental attitude.

At the time I was up in Dempsey's room with Leonard Sachs, his business manager. Sachs and Dempsey were discussing the fun, profit, cost, trials and tribulations of a roving referee, which is now Dempsey's main job. He is booked for all the appearances he can possibly make, and because of his immense popularity he is beset by crowds wherever he appears. "I believe," he said, "I get a better chance to rest in New York than anywhere else."

Just then there entered a tall, broad-shouldered, black-haired young fellow wearing a stylish new overcoat, a smart scarf and the latest fashion in a tailor-made suit. He blew into the room like a western breeze, with Gus Wilson, the famous trainer who had worked with both Carpentier and Dempsey. His name was Max Baer, the young Western fighter who had just taken a fancy boxing lesson from Tommy Loughran the night before.

Six feet one, weighing two hundred pounds stripped, Baer still looked to be too lean and drawn, even at that weight. This shows the tremendous size of his frame.

I knew in advance why Dempsey would be more than normally interested in young Baer. Here was the type of fighter willing to take a chance, willing to wade in and swap punches, willing to take two in order to land one. I could also see Dempsey looking back through a long span of years to another young fighter who came east to meet John Lester Johnson—a young Westerner by the name of William Harrison (Jack) Dempsey, who was also willing to take a chance and swap punches with anyone around. In fact Dempsey became reminiscent about that Johnson fight in the lesson he gave Baer. He told Baer just

how he had tried to hit Johnson with a left hook, only to have the latter grab his arm and crack two of his ribs.

Dempsey has always been partial to the risking, slugging type of fighters who provide action. And he hasn't had much of a chance in late years to see many of this type, which is almost extinct. Baer was a fighter cut to the Dempsey pattern. He had shown that he was willing to wade in and wallop, using either or both hands.

"I'll show you," Dempsey said, "just how to handle a few situations. Now jab me with your left—"

The Dempsey Method

Baer, an eager pupil, tried it. Dempsey knocked the left aside with his right and lightly landed a left hook. A moment later he showed other ways to get by the opponent's left. "In my first fight here with Jack Johnson," Dempsey said, "I began jabbing him with my left. Before I knew what had happened Johnson caught my left wrist with his left hand, lifted it up and, with a right smash to the body, broke two of my ribs. He won the fight with that punch, because I couldn't straighten up again. I was in agony all through the fight. Now here's another way—jab me with your left again—"

Again young Baer did so. This time Dempsey took it, but as he did he brought his big right fist down upon the muscles of Baer's upper arm. Baer jumped back. "Wow!" he said as he grabbed his right arm. "It's either numb or it's broken."

Dempsey grinned. "Now you've got the idea. Two or three wallops like that won't help any arm."

"Here's another angle," Dempsey continued. "You've got to punch faster and keep on punching. Don't stop. If you miss with a left, throw in your right. You've also got to learn to use your body more when you punch."

"That's right," Baer answered. "I know I use my arms too much without bringing the shoulder and body to back them up."

"Here's the idea," Dempsey said. He stiffened his right shoulder and brought his right fist up and around with a quick turn of the right hip: "Start from the hip, but loosen it up and let it follow. Keep the shoulder and body weight back of the punch. You can knock down an elephant with what you have." Dempsey threw a punch in this fashion past Baer's chin. It whistled.

Dempsey by this time had become all worked up in his lesson. His eyes had the old glint. He was weaving in and out, shifting his attack, as deadly serious as he could have been in a ring. There at least has never been anything halfway about the Dempsey method.

The next lesson consisted of in-fighting. "Don't walk in facing your man. Come in with the right or left hip out, half-sideways. Try to spin in a clinch. If he spins you, then whirl all the way around but finish the whirl with a punch. When in-fighting, punch as if you meant to hurt somebody. You fellows all tap half-heartedly. Rip in hard with both hands and keep them busy."

"Here's another mistake you must

avoid: Don't start a punch with the idea of knocking a man out. Then you'll tighten up and press, or hit too soon. Hit naturally. Hit hard, but don't try to crowd in too much effort. Turn the punch loose, but don't feel you must knock somebody's head off every time you swing. I'd also work more for speed, speed of hand and speed of foot. Learn how to miss purposely with the right and then with your opponent off guard whip over that left so swiftly he won't know what hit him.

"Few young boxers realize all the things there are to learn about boxing and fighting before one is even a fair fighter. And most of them never even start to learn. They don't even know what it is all about."

"I've learned more today," said Baer, "than I ever dreamed was in the game."

All through this lesson the tall, lean Westerner, who still hopes to be a champion, never missed a word. His eagerness to get all the advice he could was almost pathetic.

A Vanished Breed

Baer is far from being the arrogant, headstrong fighter that so many believe him to be.

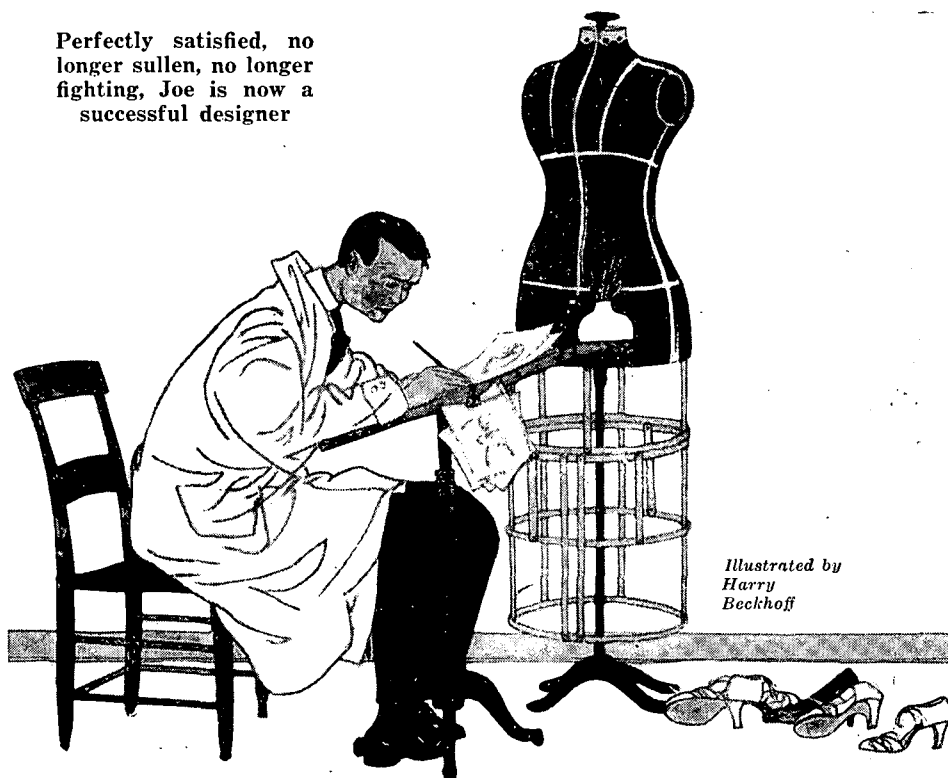
But, as Gus Wilson, who helped train Baer, remarked, "I only wish there were fighters today who would train the way Dempsey did. I never saw a fighter as keen to learn all he could, as willing to work long hours. He would go along until he dropped, if he wasn't stopped. You don't see many like that now."

Gus might have said: "You don't see any like that now."

Dempsey, weighing exactly two hundred pounds, just what he weighed when he started training for the Firpo match eight years ago, had moved around through this long lesson with all his old speed and lightness. It seemed a shame to keep those superb qualities out of action, but the legs would hardly last again. Baer can testify most of the old power was there, even in the pulled punches. For what Dempsey thinks are pulled punches would knock out most of today's crop of heavyweight aspirants.

He proved that in showing how he breaks up clinches while refereeing. "I just drop a hand across the clincher's back—like this"—WHAM—and that, I suggested after getting my breath, is all the evidence I needed.

Perfectly satisfied, no longer sullen, no longer fighting, Joe is now a successful designer



Illustrated by
Harry
Beckhoff

Jobs to Suit

How can we find the right occupations for our boys and girls? Knowing what training is needed, what the prospects are, and whether the youngster will fit the job requires more wisdom than most of us possess. But vocational guidance has come along to help us out. Its counselors study people, study jobs and fit the right ones together. They begin early, in the schools—and tell the parents to please keep out!

By James Hopper

OUR lives, for most of us, revolve about our work. If we like our work we may still be imperfectly happy; we may still fight with our wife or husband, now and then have a toothache. But we will be happier than if we loathe our daily toil and are inefficient at it and miserable in it.

Well, if you have a child, it may interest you to know that his chances, nowadays, to get started on the right track, to find himself in the occupation for which he is best fitted and which he likes best, are much greater than they would have been some years ago. This is because of the movement for vocational guidance which has swept the country.

It began some twenty years ago, largely through the efforts of one man, Frank Parsons, a professor of law at Boston University. He was interested in the Civic Service House of Boston, an institution started at first to help immigrants. He had been struck by the immense waste of human material and the large amount of unhappiness which exist in the world because so many people are in the wrong job. So he started a Vocation Bureau for the Civic Service House; a bureau which, by studying the boy or the girl entering active life, and studying all of the hundreds and hundreds of occupations afforded by our complicated industrial system, might help that boy's or that girl's first hesitant steps into the path

where he or she might find efficiency and content.

At about the same time vocational guidance was taken up at Wellesley, its first appearance in a college.

As it is now done through the land, by privately financed organizations or by the schools, vocational guidance may be viewed in three divisions. There is the vocational guidance of juniors, or minors. There is the guidance of high-school pupils and of college students.

Bewildered Job-Seekers

In New York City there is a privately financed organization, working both independently and through the schools, which is called the Vocational Service for Juniors. Its activities give a good idea of what is done in that division of minors—that sad division, it might be called, for it is sad that in this brilliant civilization thousands and thousands of children must go to work at the ages of fourteen, fifteen and sixteen uneducated, unequipped, in a daze.

The Vocational Service for Juniors keeps employment counselors in the city's continuation schools—schools where minor children who work must go for several hours every week.

The children who come to them for advice—they will be fourteen, fifteen, sixteen years old, they may have been through elementary school or have had only six years of it—are a bewildered lot. They know that they want a job;

OCCUPATIONS

ARCHITECTURE

CONSTRUCTION

CHEMISTRY

SCIENCE

NAVIGATION

AGRICULTURE

HORTICULTURE

ACCOUNTING

BOOKKEEPING

SELLING

SECRETARIAL WORK

PAINTING

ILLUSTRATING

CARTOONING

DESIGNING

ADVERTISING

LAW

TEACHING

MUSIC

ORCHESTRA LEADING

MINISTRY

EXPLORATION

TELEGRAPHY

RADIO

AVIATION

PRINTING

LITHOGRAPHING

PUBLISHING

WRITING

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and nearly always that is all they know. They have only the vaguest or the wildest ideas as to what job they want. Here is a list of reasons given by such children for going to work:

"I have to help my mother out," said one. "My father walked out on her."

"Need money at home. The delicatessen won't trust us any more."

"I was the tallest kid in school, so they laughed at me."

And here are some of the dim aspirations which questioning will bring out. "What do you want to do?" a boy was asked. "I want a job at boxing in a ring," he answered. Another wanted a job in a doctor's office so as to learn to be a doctor. One thought he wanted to be a beggar. "I been watchin' them," he said. "They make piles of money and they don't have to work." Then there is the case, become classic, of the boy who, questioned a long time for his occupational preference with no result, finally burst out—seriously and naively—that he wanted to be a retired business man.

School First

These are extreme cases, culled out of the wash of a big city, but they show something real—the helplessness of the minor who must go to work in this tremendously bewildering modern world. He is now being helped by organizations such as the Vocational Service, by the school. The child is studied, his family investigated. Then, first of all, every effort is made to enable him to go on with school. If this is impossible, then the counselors endeavor to keep him out of what are called blind-alley jobs, occupations which offer no chance of advancement. A search is made for his natural aptitudes and for an occupation that will fit them.

Often, the solution comes suddenly and almost by chance, as happened with a boy named Tony. His father had died when he was fourteen; he had gone to work uncounseled. He had gone from job to job; he was already what is called a drifter when a counselor got hold of him. His last occupation had been pasting labels in a factory. "Guess I must have pasted fifty million," he was saying bitterly, when it happened that into the office where the interview was taking place an assistant brought a dummy proof of a pamphlet being prepared for printing by the service.

The counselor saw that the boy's eyes flashed at the sight, that his eyes kept roving toward that desk where the assistant was working on the dummy, fitting pictures into the text. "Gee!" he said suddenly, "I'd like to be a printer!

Them printing machines, they're slick!"

He was placed in a printer's office as a devil. He is now a full-fledged printer. He goes to night high school and is extending his education through voracious reading.

But this finding of jobs for such young ones is something that should not be, so the vocational counselors feel. Their work should be to place these kids not in the right factory but in the right school.

So it is in the high schools that this new art of vocational guidance has found its most legitimate and important development.

After a certain amount of experimenting, the backbone of vocational guidance here has come to be a study of occupations, so that the pupil, when he makes his choice, will make it in clear knowledge and not in ignorance or mere fancy or illusion.

(Continued on page 38)



Illustrated by R. F. James

"I'm a big man. A fellow like you, new to the country, maybe I can help you. See?"

Just between Friends

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

A Short Short Story complete on this page

AFTER Luigi Vanetti had figured out a way to present the matter discreetly, he tried vainly to see the district attorney and present the evidence by which he hoped to send the murderer of his brother Vincente to the electric chair. Luigi was new to America; he knew little of legal procedure and less about how to engage the attention of an office burdened with criminal complaints. For several days he came and went; the district attorney was always busy. Finally, however, a third assistant volunteered to hear Luigi's story.

"Who's the man who saw this murder committed?" the deputy asked.

Luigi Vanetti became cautious; this was the question he had feared.

"I can't tell," he answered in his broken English, "until Joe Brunello is in jail."

"Oh, that's the way it stacks up? Now listen: if you've got somebody who saw the murder, produce him, then I'll talk to you. How do I know you're not trying to blackmail this Joe Brunello? You won't produce any evidence."

"Haven't I told you just how my brother Vincente was killed?" asked Luigi. "This Joe came into my brother's fruit store and called him names and shot him. I have an eyewitness who saw it all through a half-open door. This witness, he is scared until Joe Brunello is in jail. Then in the courtroom he will tell it all."

"Yeah, unless Joe Brunello pays some money to get him out of town. It's a racket."

"I am no racketeer!" shouted Luigi.

"Stop yelling! I'm not deaf. Your brother was a racketeer whether you're

one or not. He sold grapes, didn't he? And wine?"

"Just to his friends."

"No matter who he sold to, he stepped on somebody's feet, and got bumped off. Now, let's look at this thing sanely. Suppose you bring in your witness. Brunello's got money. He can hire good lawyers. Your evidence will be prejudiced; your witness is probably somebody who was in the same racket as your brother. One racketeer's word against another. It won't amount to a hill of beans. Ten to one Joe'll go free and then you can bet your sweet life your eyewitness will have something to be afraid of. Think that over. Now, about Brunello's causing you trouble, that sounds foolish, providing you're not in the booze racket too." He nodded toward the door. "When you want to produce that witness, let me know."

SO LUIGI VANETTI went away, somewhat dazed, and tried to figure it all out. After a while the third assistant district attorney left his office and dropped into Joe Brunello's speakeasy. They talked together over a drink.

"Why did you have to go so strong on this?" the third assistant asked nervously. "I don't mind fronting for you on ordinary stuff, but murder's out!"

Joe Brunello, fat, complacent, tipped back his chair.

"Nobody's going to stick me on no murder charge," he said.

"Suppose he comes back to the office with his witness and gets to see the Old Man?" asked the third assistant district attorney. "You know how the Old Man is—he'll take him right to the grand jury."

"Don't you worry about no murder charge," said Joe.

"To hell with the murder charge!" snapped the third assistant. "How about my job?"

"Oh, yeah?" asked Joe. "Listen, you ain't got nothing to worry about."

"Maybe not, if you stop bearing down on this sap. He thinks you're after him too. Why don't you lay off of him?"

"Sure," said Joe. "Sure I'll lay off. That's easy. He passes here every day or so. I'll kiss him like a brother until I find out who that witness is. Then I'll protect myself!"

That night Luigi left his fruit shop dressed in his best and very nervous. He was going to ask the aid of a great man, someone he had not seen since they had played together as children in Naples. But now he was a *grandissimo*, and few people called him anything but King Ferrari. Luigi told his story.

"Of course you are the man who saw this?" Ferrari asked.

"Yes, sir," said Luigi worshipfully. The king smiled.

"You should have come here in the first place. The other way here in America is too difficult—and it is not certain. I always liked Vincente. I like you. We were boys together. But

Brunello is a big man. That would cost more, because of his influence. I would have to bring in someone from out of town to do the machine-gun work. That is costly. Have you two thousand dollars?"

"No," said Luigi, "I am very poor."

King Ferrari shrugged his shoulders.

THEN I can only give you advice. Do not talk so much. And be careful when you see Joe Brunello. Pretend to be friendly. Otherwise, he might become suspicious and kill you too."

On the way home, Luigi thought it all over. King Ferrari was right. So the next noon when Luigi passed Joe Brunello's speakeasy he did not hurry by, frowning, as he usually did. Joe stood on the steps.

"Hallo, Luigi!" he said. "How's tricks?"

Luigi stopped. They talked together, about trivialities. Then Joe Brunello said how sorry he was to hear about Vincente's death.

"Why shouldn't I feel bad?" asked Joe. "We were friends. Don't think we wasn't. I been meaning to see you, Luigi, on account of that. I'm a big man. A fellow like you, new to the country, maybe I can help you. See? Any time you need a friend, you let me know. I mean a friend!"

"I need a friend now," said Luigi.

"Ain't you talking to one?"

Vanetti's eyes flashed.

"But are you friend enough, *mi amico*, to lend me two thousand dollars?"

Joe Brunello beamed, and drew from his pocket a roll of bootleg money.

"What's a couple of grand between friends?" he asked.

Gunsight Trail

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Matt Clark



The Story Thus Far:

CLAY HUGHES, a wandering cowboy, is asleep beside his camp fire near Gunsight Trail, when a shot awakens him and a stranger, mortally wounded, appears, gasps a few words and dies.

At the Lazy M ranch Hughes learns that the murdered man was Hugo Donnan, the sheriff, and that Dick Major, son of the ranch owner, Oliver Major, is under suspicion. Hughes pretends to know the identity of the murderer, but declines to reveal it. Whereupon he finds himself a virtual prisoner.

Dick Major's sister, Sally—a beautiful girl—gives him a revolver and tearfully begs him to slip away. . . . Almost immediately the weapon is seen and recognized. It belongs to the mysteriously absent Dick Major!

Sally, seeing that Hughes is now in grave danger, tells the truth about the gun; after which she admits that Dick is in hiding at the ranch and produces him. The boy swears he knows nothing about the killing.

Oliver Major now feels sure that neither Dick nor Hughes is guilty. He informs Hughes that a war—between the Lazy M and the Bar S, a neighboring ranch, owned by the Shaw brothers—is about to break out. The Shaws, it seems, had killed his brother years before, in another conflict. Now they're plotting to ruin him—with the assistance of a group of crooked politicians. "That gang killed Donnan," he says, "because they thought he'd come over to our side." Then—to Jim Crawford, acting sheriff:

"We're going over to Adobe Wells and arrest Earl Shaw and his brother on a charge of conspiracy to murder." Crawford, Bob Macumber, Bart Holt and Dick arm themselves and get ready. Hughes decides to cast his lot with them.

IV

THE surprising night chill of the desert freshened them as they stepped outside. Dick Major had not yet brought around the car his father had sent him for. Oliver Major went striding off around the corner of the house, mumbling something about "infernal delays," and Crawford followed him. Hughes loitered, buckling his gun belt; and in a

moment or two Sally Major joined him at the door. When he had fastened on the weapon she walked with him a few paces into the cool light of the stars.

The moon had set; but as Sally turned her face to the night sky the light of the near dry-country stars gave it a dim and lovely radiance. So still she stood for a moment that Hughes, watching her with his hat in his hands, thought that she had turned her face to the skies in prayer. When she spoke, however, her voice was prosaic and practical.

"Look here. Do you realize that you're the only one in this posse that seems to have his right senses left to him?"

"I don't get that, exactly," he drawled after a moment.

She made a gesture of impatience. "Dad is tied up, body and soul, with his dream of the Buckhorn water. It's bigger than he is, bigger than anything else in his life. If he's put to the wall, there'll be no chance too desperate for him to try."

"Yes, I see that all right."

"DICK—he's just a wild, crazy kid. He has all the courage in the world; but you never can tell which way he'll jump. Bart Holt sometimes gets pig-headed notions of his own, but mainly he's just a shadow of Dad. Jim Crawford will stand by Dad, but he'll never stop to think for himself. Bob Macumber—but I guess you know Bob better than I."

"Bob will play a game, steady hand," said Clay. "I don't know as I'd look to him to put in many new ideas of his own."

"But you," Sally went on, her words coming quickly now, "you're different. You've just come here. You're dragged into this thing almost accidentally, and with nothing in the world at stake. You can see things clearer than these

others, and judge them for yourself." "I don't know if—" Hughes began to protest.

"You do," she insisted. "You do know it, and you must make the most of it. I have no right to say it, but it's true: I'm counting on you for that."

"You're counting on me for—?"

"You're one of the hot-headed posse that's going to jump down onto Adobe Wells from the outside and try to make a round-up of some of the hardest men to handle in the country—men who hate us all from a long way back. There won't be a single lick of reason or common sense in the whole affair, and it'll turn into a shoot-out at a second's notice. The only hope that both sides won't stampede into something crazy and terrible is that you put a cool head into it."

"It's a big order," said Hughes.

"Sometimes a word, an interruption, will turn aside a shoot-out. If a chance comes—will you do whatever you can to keep the guns out of it?"

"I'll do what I can," Hughes told her. "I expect it won't be much."

"This is a dreadful thing," said Sally, her voice sounding dim and far away. He waited, watching her in the starlight. "You have your whole life ahead of you. When I think of that—I wish you hadn't ever come here at all."

"I don't," he said. "I don't wish anything like that."

She turned her face upward, and for a moment seemed to study him curiously. The starlight was insufficient to tell him what was in her eyes; but it made her face a delicate thing, like a flower, or like something half seen, half dreamed, in the mountain mist. She was no longer the spurred and belted cowgirl she had been that morning, but something unfamiliar and new. Her hair—it seemed the color of starlight now—was swept back from her face, dramatizing the fine lift of her head so that, delicate as she appeared, there was about her something of the look of conquerors. He was thinking, "This is a thoroughbred, if ever there was one in the world."

"MOSTLY," she said, an uncertainty in her voice that he had not heard there before, "I think I'm glad you came."

He suddenly felt very humble. "I want to tell you something else," he said. "I want you to know—"

The roar of an engine swept around the corner of the house and Dick Major skidded to a half-turn stop, reckless of his tires. It was a long touring car, topless, grease-streaked and in wretched condition as to paint, but its voice was a deep, smooth drone. Jim Crawford dropped from the running board, ran to his own car, and stepped over the door to the wheel.

Oliver Major sung out from Dick's



Fifteen or twenty wide-awake men were on that place. The Bar S had the look of waiting for something very definite

car, "Jump in with Crawford, Hughes! Bring Macumber. We're taking Bart Holt." Dick's engine roared; there was an angry smash of gears, and earth jumped from under the driving wheels as the car careened into the road.

Hughes swung aboard Crawford's car as it turned, and let himself be thrown into the back seat by the lurch. A light in the bunkhouse door showed them Bob Macumber running toward them, still trying to manipulate the buckle of his gun belt. Macumber made a final sprint and was with them as Crawford's car swung into the dust kicked up by Dick Major.

LOOKING back, Hughes caught a glimpse of Sally's white dress; she stood where he had left her, watching them go. Then, side-swinging crazily, they rushed booming through the night, hanging tenaciously to the dust-muffled gleam of the other car's tail-light a quarter of a mile ahead. . . .

Dawn was edging up cool and clear behind the black divide, dimming their headlights upon the road, as they neared Adobe Wells. And as the two cars wheeled into the stronghold of Earl Shaw they saw that, as far as the Bar S was concerned at least, the place was not asleep. Broad-hatted figures, gray and shadowy in the early light, were visible here and there among the out-buildings and the corrals and near Earl Shaw's house, before which Dick Major pulled up now.

"They're ready for us, all right," Jim Crawford grunted.

Apparently no less than fifteen or twenty wide-awake men were on that place, an extraordinary number for a supposedly poverty-stricken ranch. The Bar S, thought Hughes, had the look of waiting for something very definite, of which it had full advance information.

What struck Hughes most sharply, and gave their entrance the look of an anticipated and hostilely awaited invasion, was that no one walked forward to speak to them, and none flung up an arm or raised a hail. That silently waiting reception was different from anything Hughes had ever seen; it was the sort of

thing that puts a sarcastic jauntiness into a man's walk and makes him glad of the heavy swing of the gun at his thigh. Hughes jerked his disreputable hat over one eye and humorously returned the expressionless stares of a couple of the lounging cowboys as Jim Crawford, now taking the lead, walked stiffly to the door.

"Shaw here?" Crawford demanded. No one answered him. Crawford made a sound in his throat like a snarl, thrust open the door without knocking, and went in, followed by the others.

A tall square-set man sat sidewise at a table in the middle of the room, lean legs crossed, a steaming cup of coffee in one hand. It was Earl Shaw.

He was not alone. Four men were with him. They had got to their feet as the posse thrust its way in, but at a word from Shaw they drifted into the background, lounging against the wall.

Shaw alone had made no move at all. Setting eyes on him as he sat there, relaxed and waiting, no one would ever have needed to be told that this man was the boss here, master of everything within his reach. He was sallow than the others, as if for a long time it had been no part of his work to ride the range; his clothes were better, and he looked in every way better kept, as if he had never known defeat at all, but had only chosen to direct his efforts in new and more profitable ways.

YET there was great strength in that face: strength in the blunt, bony nose, and in the wide, heavy jaws; and the prominent eyes were very hard and keen. Those eyes were very wide apart, giving the man an extraordinary, bulldog look; and there were in them—this was the amazing thing—the marks of a sense of humor, harsh and rugged perhaps, but humor just the same. A formidable man, certainly, and a bad man for an enemy: for no one could look at him and picture his ever letting go.

But it was only as Hughes remembered the story of this man—of how he had always chosen to work in the background, preferring devious ways—that he sensed this man's full strength.

Add the cunning that prowls warily in shadows to the bulldog grip, and the result is a combination that better men may break their hearts against and never put down. This was the man who would make barren dust of the Buckhorn Valley itself rather than see it brought to fruition by an enemy whom he could not dislodge.

The keen, bulbous eyes were upon Oliver Major now, disregarding the rest; and there was a grim irony in the eyes of both as they met. It seemed to Hughes that now the whole story of these two men was visible in the look of them as they faced each other here: one the old wolf of the ranges, who, driven to the wall, could fight with a slashing cold fury of destruction not to be withstood; the other the bulldog who would always return to the attack, seeking a new angle perhaps, trying a new way, but never once considering that there was such a thing as giving up!

Certainly the war between these two could have no definite end while both lived. If they could have shot it out back in the beginning, so that one or the other was put out of the way forever, it would have been a far less expensive and perhaps a kinder thing than the long struggle which still prevailed, unassuaged, in their later years.

The lamp at Earl Shaw's elbow, still burning in opposition to the advance of the gray light outside, was backed by a tin reflector. Shaw reached out a deliberate hand and turned that reflector so that the light shone upon the faces of his visitors but not upon his own.

"Mr. Shaw," said Jim Crawford, "I am afraid I am going to have to ask you to come along with me."

Earl Shaw glanced at him then, and at each of the others in turn, but his eyes returned to Major and it was Major to whom he spoke. "You've got guts all right," he said, a touch of ugly humor in his eyes. His voice was hard and heavy, but had the quality characteristic of men who speak readily and well. "You certainly have got all the guts in the world."

The boss of the Buckhorn water

permitted himself a faint, ironic smile. "That oughtn't to be any news to you," he answered.

"Not exactly," Shaw admitted without expression. He turned his eyes to Clay Hughes. With the glare of the reflector against him, Hughes saw the face of Shaw only as a shadow in shadows, with an obscure dull gleam of eyes. "I take this to be the feller named Hughes," said Shaw.

"Right," said Clay.

"And just what is your look-in in this?"

"Cow hand," said Hughes promptly.

AND what else? -Riders don't blow in here from outside and jump the gun like you're doing, without some pretty unusual hook-up. What's your game, boy?"

"My game?" Hughes repeated. It seemed to him that Oliver Major's enemy knew a whole lot more about the affair than was to be expected in the normal course of events. He even knew Clay's name; and he had not so much as asked Crawford what had happened, or why he was wanted now. "Why, I reckon," Hughes answered, "my game is just to horn in freely where I'm not wanted. Where I come from it seems like there's been an awful shortage of trouble."

"You'll find it here all right," said Shaw. "Yes, I think you will."

Such a conscious menace had come into his tone that Hughes grinned.

Dick Major stirred restively, and Jim Crawford cleared his throat. "Maybe you didn't hear me," he said. "It begins to look like you already know what we're here for, Shaw. I was first deputy under Hugo Donnan. It's plain to see you already know he's dead. I've got reason to think you know a whole lot more. Anyway, I'm going to take you, and I'm going to hold you until I find out."

There was a moment's silence. Clay Hughes stepped forward and gently turned the lamp so that the reflector shone directly into Shaw's face. Shaw half rose, and out of the corner of his eye Hughes saw the nervous jump of Dick Major's hand; but Shaw only leaned over to blow out the light, and sat down again. The cool gray dreariness of early morning flowed in to fill the room with a new cold actuality, replacing the golden light of the lamp.

At this point a movement beyond the window caught Hughes' attention, and stepping close to the squared pane he saw that every man on the place seemed to have gathered in front of the house. They lounged against the wall, or stood in groups that covertly watched the door.

SHAW was talking as he turned back. "What makes you think you're acting sheriff?" he was demanding of Crawford. "What have you got to show for it? What have any of these fellers with you got to go on, except hearsay and your own fool notions?"

"It's registered," said Jim Crawford. "I—"

"Is it?" asked Shaw, a one-sided smile twisting his mouth. "Is it?"

He paused to let this suggestion soak in for a moment. In the brief silence Oliver Major was heard to say from the side of his mouth, "Watch Dutch Pete, Dick."

"It's a good, game bluff you fellers are making," Shaw went on. "I'll grant you that. But it's an almighty thin one. Now you want to ask yourselves a couple of things. How do you know you've got an acting sheriff with you? What have you got to show that Crawford was even a deputy at all when the sheriff, Hugo Donnan, met with his mishap? Suppose you start trouble here and something happens that has

to be investigated later. Ask yourselves what proof you're going to be able to show that you were acting for the law, or had any authority to act for it? What good are the suppositions of half a dozen cowboys, forty miles away, as against the board of county supervisors?"

"You know that I was first deputy as well as I do," said Jim Crawford. "I stand as sheriff until somebody else is picked."

"You can prove that, can you?" asked Shaw.

There was a brief silence. "I won't quibble with you," said old Major, stepping forward abruptly. "Crawford has full say until a successor is named, and I'm going ahead on that basis."

"And I," said Shaw, "don't accept him as acting sheriff, nor you as deputy—and I'm going ahead on that basis!"

"I'm not going to speak but once," said Major, his voice very low and hard. "Stand up and give over your belt."

There was a short silence while Shaw, teetering back and forth on the hind legs of his chair, made no move to obey. Already, in the exchange of a few sentences, they had reached a point from which there was no going back. Hughes knew that it was not within possibility for Oliver Major to back down and turn tail now; however great the odds; any more than it was possible for Earl Shaw to recede from the stand he had taken and submit to his enemy before his own men. In the taut stillness a clock somewhere in the room clicked slowly five times.

"JUST a minute," said Hughes. "Hold your horses, Major!" Behind Shaw one or two men stirred.

"Keep back," Major ordered him. "By God, I'll—"

"Be still, Major!" Hughes strolled casually between Major and Earl Shaw so that he stood by the table. He hunted about among the litter on the table. "You got a pencil here some place? Yeah, here's one."

No one moved nor spoke now as he scribbled something on the margin of an old newspaper, tore off the scrap, and handed it to Shaw.

Earl Shaw looked at the scrap of paper for a long moment; then raised calculating eyes to Clay Hughes, and the silence held while the two regarded each other. Clay's eyes were sober, but there was a grim self-assurance in the faint smile that twisted his mouth as he stared back at Shaw across the cigarette he had begun to roll.

"I don't see it, exactly," said Shaw at last.

"That's funny. I hardly supposed I would be suggesting anything new," said Hughes, "considering the question you just asked me, a little while ago." He took the scrap of paper from Shaw's relaxed fingers, slowly tore it to tiny bits, and thrust the fragments into a pocket of his vest.

"What do you want here?" said Shaw. "Naturally," said Hughes, "you can't hardly expect me to answer that, can you?"

The others in that room listened, waiting—there was not one of them who could know what was happening here.

"If you want to walk out of this," said Shaw, "you have my leave."

"Hell," Hughes answered contemptuously, "that's no good."

"It puts me in a very funny place," said Shaw, studying him.

"You must be crazy," Clay told him.

"Look at your cards, man! You know what's the only reasonable thing to do." Then while Shaw hesitated, Hughes added cryptically, "After all, it's probably for the last time."

"Yes," said Shaw, slowly, "it's probably the last time." He turned his eyes to Oliver Major, hard and expressionless. Then slowly he got to his feet, unbuckled his gun belt, and flung it on the table in a gesture of surrender.

DICK MAJOR'S car, with Bob Macumber at the wheel, plugged homeward a good deal more slowly than it had come, clinging to the twisted ruts. Hughes and Macumber were alone. The rest had remained in Adobe Wells, where Oliver Major was working hard to make the most of the short span of power provided him by Jim Crawford's temporary authority.

derstood, and get into more trouble than I'm in already."

"I'll be damned if you don't beat me," said Macumber.

"It'll come out in the course of time, I expect," said Hughes, "and you sure are going to be disappointed when you hear what it was. All I've got to say is that it was the damndest fool thing you can imagine, and nobody was more surprised than I was when it worked. But the old man is making a bad mistake in sending me back to the ranch. And it's pretty plain that he's sent you with me to see that I don't jump the range."

"I know," admitted Macumber, disconsolately. "You ought to realize that as long as you hold back what Donnan said, everybody's going to handle you like you was dynamite. I'm beginning to think you don't know what you're doing very good, Clay."



When he had belted on the weapon she walked with him a few paces

Macumber's face was worried and puzzled. Repeatedly he seemed about to speak; but when he at last was able to formulate what he wanted to say, his well-considered words were something of a disappointment.

"I guess you realize you got the old man ten miles in the air?"

"People sure do go up easy around here," Clay agreed.

"Why wouldn't they? You coming in with some private understanding with Shaw kind of took the wind out of everybody, I guess."

"There isn't any special understanding, Bob."

"I suppose not, but what do you expect everybody to think?"

"I didn't see a thing in that shoot-out," said Clay doggedly, "but a good chance to get hurt."

"Oh, sure," Macumber said. "We was all glad to see him give in. The queer-looking thing is how you done it. You've got the old man wondering what your inside hook-up is with Earl Shaw."

"That's ridiculous, Bob."

"I suppose it is, Clay."

"I have a good reason for not telling the old man what was in that note, nor anybody else either; and the reason is that I have a fine chance to be misun-

derstood, and get into more trouble than I'm in already."

"What you aim to do, Clay?"

"I aim to go to sleep." He pulled his hat over his eyes and settled himself in the seat.

BACK at the Lazy M, Hughes found that he was not so much in need of sleep as he had supposed. He had fully expected to sleep until the following day; but the morning was hardly gone when he found himself broad awake again, cool and clear-headed.

Grasshopper Tanner had come and gone while Clay slept. Hughes remembered dimly having half waked to listen to the mouthing and wailing of Tanner's dogs, that curiously stirring noise of casual voicings which forever follows a lion pack. Clay wished now that he had roused to talk to the old hunter, but Grasshopper had left for the Crazy Mule almost as abruptly as he had come, and as yet Hughes had not seen the old man at all.

As the afternoon wore on, and no word came from Adobe Wells, Hughes began to chafe at the turn of the luck which seemed to have shunted him out of the center of action. Then as he prowled the premises he came upon an ancient banjo, forgotten in a dusty

corner, and he appropriated it lovingly. It had been a long time since he had had a banjo in his hands; but he found that his fingers were still flexible and sure as he tuned the slack strings.

His first instinct was to seek a lonely spot on the top rail of a corral behind some barn. Then a speculative smile crossed his lips as an alternative occurred to him. He turned back and sought a shadowed bench in the patio of the house itself. Slowly, at first, but with sure, unhesitant rhythm, his fingers sought out the old familiar chords; and presently he began to croon to the beat of the strings. His voice was husky and low, but deep and sure in its tone, as he drifted into the lilting, swaying strains of the Mexican *versos*:

*"—Que toda la vida es sueño
Y los sueños sueño son . . ."*

He was singing in the manner of the *vaqueros*, the dark, reckless-riding cowboys who sometimes drifted into the northern ranges from old Mexico.

*"Ya se va, para donde ira,
Voy a buscar un fino amor—"*

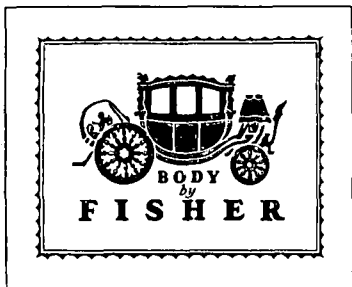
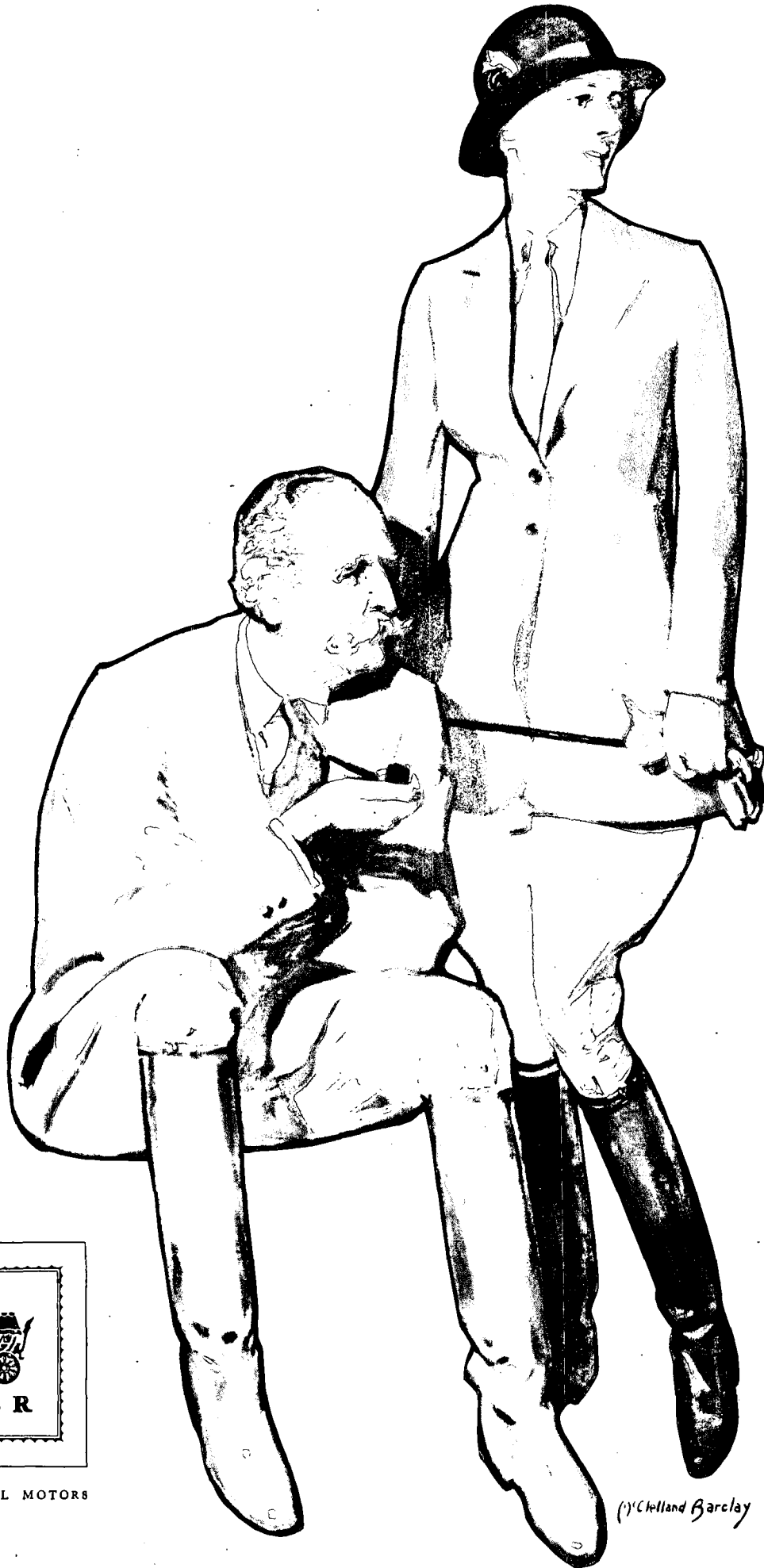
He was singing to Sally Major, whom he knew to be somewhere in the roomy ramifications of that great sprawling adobe. The syncopating plunk of the strings was gentle and his voice low; yet he was certain that she was listening somewhere within those cool adobe walls. Thus he boldly made love to her by broad daylight in the very heart of the layout which held him a virtual prisoner.

THE fact that she was a daughter of wealth and power, as that country understood it, bothered him not at all. Hughes came from a line of men schooled to think that one man was as good as another, if not a damn' sight better; and that no one knew what changes the turn of a year might make in the relative fortunes of men. Old Pony Hughes and the men before him—as far back as word-of-mouth history could reach—each had made his fortune and each had lost it again: some of them not once, but many times. And as for Hughes himself he had plans

which . . . From the Spanish songs Hughes drifted to others, cowboy songs that many a weary rider had sung through the long hours of night circle, quieting bedded herds. Mostly they were songs that hinted at stories, and the words were simple, bordering upon nonsense sometimes; the words of long-riding men who didn't know how to express themselves very well. But they were the heart of the West, unmistakable for anything else, and Hughes and his banjo knew how to make those songs their own. He had an instinct for putting blue harmonies into plain old tunes that had originally grown out of the creak of saddle leather and the jog of hoofs. The musical lilt of the Spanish melodies was not in them, but in their own way they had all the meaning that the *versos* of the *vaqueros* had, and something else, too, that the Spanish never understood.

He played for a long time, absorbed in the banjo which he had not fingered for so long. Then as he let the last chords of Twenty Miles from Carson die away, he became aware of a sense of incompleteness. He had been kind of half hoping, he admitted to himself, that Sally Major would come into the patio, and that he would get a chance to talk

(Continued on page 58)



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Sage of the Soo

You may be able to do some of the things Chase Osborn does. Perhaps this pampered and perfumed age hasn't turned your blood to benzine, and you're he-man or woman enough to bathe in an icy river before dawn. Perhaps you can sleep out in the rain, too, without getting the sniffles. Maybe you've even heard of a place called Madagascar and could write a book about its trees if you really made up your mind to. But there's one thing this seventy-year-old ex-governor of Michigan can do that you can't!

By James Derieux



"The last of the great American pioneers" at his Duck Island camp

IT IS a good two hours before sun-up, and all the world is sleeping the deep, sweet sleep that precedes the coming of dawn. Even the nocturnal animals have ceased from their stirring, and Duck Island, which lies in St. Mary's River near "the Soo," is blanketed in that intense silence so characteristic of the gothic, northern wilderness. The silver frost on the low, lush grass is barely visible in the cold light of the stars.

There comes a soft splashing in the icy river; a sound as if some large but agile body had slipped from a rock into the stream and was swimming swiftly about. . . . And that is just exactly what has happened. Chase S. Osborn, Michigan's famous iron hunter and beloved ex-governor, and America's most interesting "also-ran" has begun another of his matchless days.

"The last of the great American pioneers," a friend calls him, and it is a description which suggests the man. His people before him were pioneers, his mother being one of America's first women physicians. He himself was a pioneer in newspaper publishing in the Northwest, and a powerful force in cleaning up the Wisconsin mining camps in the days when they were sincerely tough; he was a pioneer among the iron hunters of Canada, where he discovered the Moose Mountain Iron Range, and he was one of the first, perhaps the only iron hunter, who ever visited every country on the globe in search of this most essential of all metals. In his method of hunting iron he was a pioneer, for while other explorers traveled up and down streams, he struck out across country from stream to stream. The neglect of the between-rivers country by others left the door of opportunity wide open for this robust, happy adventurer.

An Unusual Adventurer

Into his seventy mighty years Chase Osborn has crammed several careers, innumerable adventures and strange achievements in unassociated fields. His friends all agree that they have never known anyone else even similar to him. He has thousands of friends, by the way, and at one time or another has quarreled with nearly every one of them, but has rarely lost one permanently. He is militantly, sincerely, angrily dry in his personal habits and in his politics, but he claims to have traveled, in his drinking years, a greater distance than any other man ever traveled for a drink—all the way across Siberia. He has earned millions

of dollars by the discovery of new wealth, and has given his fortune away. Fifteen million dollars is an estimate of his gifts to his family, relatives, friends and to institutions. He lives now on a modest annuity which he bought for himself at the time he distributed his money. "I did not care to be bothered with a fortune," he says. "I wanted freedom. And I wanted to give back what I had gotten out of life. A man who takes too much is a hog."

But to get back to the beginning of his typical day. Out from his swim he emerges and rubs himself down with a bath towel as big as a horse blanket. In camp and out of camp he is the most meticulously clean man I have ever known, several baths a day being not unusual for him. Into his log cabin he goes, and there in the black dark he shaves while standing on one foot, so as to practice muscular coordination. He says he is the only man in the world who shaves while standing on one foot in the dark, and if you try his plan just once, you will agree that he is welcome to his record. After his shave he is likely to walk about, still clothed only in his hearty, weathered skin. Then come his chores in and around the cabin. He is an expert axman, and cuts his own wood. He makes his own fire, does his own housecleaning and washes his own clothes. The idea of being dependent upon anyone for any of the necessities of life is abhorrent to him. He is proud to take care of himself now as he did in his prospecting days. He is a little afraid, at times, that age will eventually tell on him, so he is constantly checking up to be sure that he is as able-bodied as he was forty years ago—and abler-witted. So far, he has made a monkey out of Father Time.

Next after his household tasks, he turns to his letter writing, his reading of

Nature does not abhor a vacuum any more than Chase Osborn abhors drabness. If nothing is happening, he stirs something up

newspapers, magazines or books, and perhaps will work upon a chapter of the book which he is writing—all this before breakfast. He is a respected writer on such widely differing subjects as birds, earthquakes, Madagascar, religion, the Andean country and the movements of the earth. His latest major work, a book called *The Earth Upsets*, puts forth the theory that this globe is forever slowly toppling, and that in consequence every part of it

has at one time, or many times, been tropical and every part frigid. How else did coal deposits come to be in the Arctic? His mind is forever racing here and there, speculating on the possibility of vacuum tubes for the transportation of passengers in cartridge-like cars at fabulous speeds, or on the need for a world tariff conference. This tariff conference idea is his latest mental hobby. He argues that it might do much more for peace than a disarmament conference, for wars are the result of economic conflict, and tariff is at the moment the sorest of economic battle grounds. "It is more important," he says, "for nations to understand one another's economic plans than it is for them to know how many fighting ships are to be built."

Breakfast-Time Energy

After an hour or two of tossing thoughts here and there in letters or in manuscript, the ex-governor is ready for his breakfast, and it is a hearty meal. At his summer camp on Duck Island there are two log houses, one for himself and a larger one for his guests—Big Duck and Little Duck, these houses are named.

In Big Duck are the dining-room, the kitchen and the bath for women guests. No men are permitted to use this bath; (Continued on page 33)



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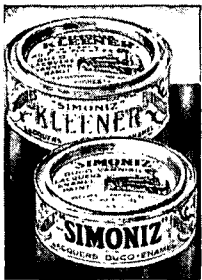
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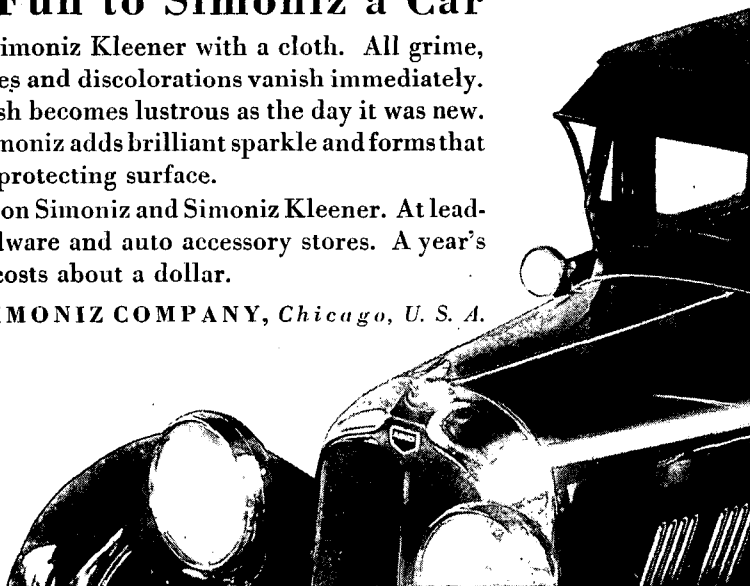
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"Sure, take it—Sadie can give it as a bridge prize"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North		East	
S.	7-3	S.	K-9-2
H.	7-5-3-2	H.	Q-10-8-4
D.	A-K-9-5-3	D.	8-6
C.	A-K	C.	10-9-7-6
West		South	
S.	A-Q-10-8-6	S.	J-5-4
H.	None	H.	A-K-J-9-6
D.	Q-J-10-7-4	D.	2
C.	8-5-3	C.	Q-J-4-2

South would have rebid Hearts, calling three; and then North could have bid four.

West, not wishing to lead from his double tenace in Spades, opened his Diamond sequence suit. As a rule it is better to lead from Queen-Jack-Ten than from Ace-Queen-Ten, although the reverse turned out to be the case here. If North had bid Diamonds, it is quite likely that West would have led his Spades, making two tricks immediately.

With the Diamond led, North won with the King and led a Heart. With nine in the two hands, closed hand played the Ace, West refused and Queen-Ten-Eight was marked in the East hand. Declarer's play now called for some maneuvering.

To trick 3 South led his Deuce of Clubs and North won that and the following trick with the King and Ace. North's next play was the Ace of Diamonds (South discarding a small Spade), followed by a Heart on which East played the Eight and South the Nine. South then led his Queen and Jack of Clubs, on which North discarded his two Spades.

After the Jack of Clubs won, the sailing was smooth. South led a Spade to trick 9, which North ruffed; and then North led a Diamond to trick 10, East discarding and South ruffing, reducing his trumps to two—the number held by East. To trick 11 South led his last Spade, North getting in his last trump on it; and then North had the lead and South held the King-Jack tenace in Hearts over East's Queen-Ten and scored a grand slam.

It is obvious that not even a small slam was in the hand had West opened with a Spade, and that lead was to be expected from the bidding; consequently the small slam bid was not justified.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North		East	
S.	Q-10-8	S.	A-7-3
H.	Q-J-9-8-7-6-5	H.	K-3
D.	None	D.	A-K-9-8-4-2
C.	9-7-4	C.	A-K
West		South (Dealer)	
S.	6-4-2	S.	K-J-9-5
H.	4-2	H.	A-10
D.	Q-J-7	D.	10-6-5-3
C.	8-6-5-3-2	C.	Q-J-10

WITH the above hand at Auction Bridge the bidding would run: South one Heart, West one Spade, North two Hearts, East and South pass, West three Diamonds, North double, East three Spades, South and West pass, North four Hearts, all pass.

It was played at Contract and South bid one Heart. It pays to bid a five-card suit headed by Ace-King, and South had two Jacks plus a Queen-Jack as additional strength. A light one-bid may be very advantageous when partner understands that the hand making it does not contain six tricks and therefore will not go game without considerable assistance.

In this case West followed South's one Heart with a bid of one Spade, and North then had two possible declarations. He could have bid three Diamonds, which, being a jump-shift, would have compelled South to keep the bidding open and would have shown North's Diamond strength; but it rarely is beneficial to jump-shift into a minor when holding such enormous assistance for partner's major. In this case North bid four Hearts. He was just short of a slam-inviting five-bid, but by jumping all the way to four he could show great strength and ask South to bid five if South had more than minimum strength for his one-bid.

East passed, and South hesitated; he had a little more strength than his one-bid announced; viz., the Jack, as well as the Ace-King in his five-card Heart suit, the Queen-Jack and two other Clubs, and a singleton Diamond. South felt that he could venture five Hearts and, thus encouraged, North said six. With three losing Spades, South should have passed North's game bid.

If North had bid three Diamonds on the first round (a perfectly sound bid),



"I TOOK A TRIMMING IN THE MARKET"

"But I'm glad I did. It forced me to look for value in small, everyday purchases"

"I was quite a boy with the pennies, B M and B C. Before marriage. And before the crash. Just sort of threw my money away. Bought \$4 ties, \$3 socks, \$5 shirts, etc. Never stopped to look for real value—kind of afraid of what some snooty clerk might think of me, I guess.

"But when I married Julia, and little Juliet came along, I kind of waked up. Right away I learned that the old saying of Confucius about two living cheaper than one was approximately 108% boloney.

"Right on top of that I took a little trimming in the stock market. International Hay went down to 9. And then just to make things sweeter, I took a little trim in salary. We were faced with the problem of cutting financial corners, and cutting them quick. I was in a hole—but I think it did me good.

"I began to ask the value of things, not the price. And so did Julia. We began to figure where and how we could save money.

"Julia, for example, found that she'd been paying about 31% too much for her clothes. A little shop taught her that. They had the same models in the same

materials, thread for thread, that the old place had—at about a third less.

"As for me, before I'd make a purchase I'd ask first 'Is it really worth that much?' I became, in short, a 'value hound'.

"Even Tooth Paste came under my scrutiny. I had never given it much thought before. Just vaguely assumed that in order to get results you had to pay high prices. Any dentist could have told me that I was wrong; that as far as results went all tooth pastes were pretty much alike.

"To make a long story short, Julia and I quit buying fancy priced dentifrices and started in on Listerine Tooth Paste. I'd seen it advertised at 25¢ and knew that if made by the Lamberts it must be good.

"Well, my eyes were certainly opened. So were Julia's. So were the cook's. We had never had a tooth paste that tasted so pleasant. That left the mouth with such a wonderful feeling of cleanliness and invigoration. Or that brightened our teeth so beautifully. They fairly seemed to sparkle.

"And we accomplished a saving of around \$15—cut our tooth paste bill practically in half. That was a year ago. And we are still using it. And still saving money. And, believe me, Julia and I are pretty fussy about what we use on our teeth."

There isn't much more to add except that Listerine Tooth Paste is used constantly by more than three million critical men and women. They have compared it with other dentifrices at high prices and are won to it because of the brilliant results it accomplishes.

Get a tube yourself. Try it thoroughly. And you, too, will be convinced of its superiority. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC-TOOTH BRUSHES



THE QUALITY DENTIFRICE AT 25¢

ESSEX

The Finest Performing Six
Hudson Ever Built

\$ **595**

FOR THE COACH OR BUSINESS COUPE • F. O. B. DETROIT



Competes with the *Lowest* in price Challenges the *Finest* in Quality

Essex challenges the performance of *any* six, regardless of price! It introduces fine-car style and Super-Six smoothness to the lowest price field. It is strongly built to assure lasting satisfaction and utmost dependability. It matches the economy of cars most noted for low operating cost. It gives you *Rare Riding Comfort* for the first time in a car of its amazing low price.

All seats are wide and deep—with lots of room for comfort while riding. Head-room and leg-room are greater, doors are wider, bodies are insulated against weather and noise. All controls are easy to reach and operate. Your nearest Hudson-Essex dealer is ready to give you a demonstration. Go test its challenging performance and *Rare Riding Comfort* yourself!

The Value Sensation in a Year of Sensational Values

Sage of the Soo

Continued from page 28

the river for them, rain or snow. Breakfast is served at a fixed time every morning, but just what time that is, nobody knows, for ex-Governor Osborn lives according to his own time system. It isn't standard and it isn't daylight saving—it's just Osborn time, and it varies with the seasons. (At his winter camp in Georgia his time is more than two hours ahead of ordinary time, but the variant in Michigan is not so great as that.)

A breakfast with Chase Osborn in either of his camps, which are his only homes, is a rare experience. He is the noisiest host on the continent, and at the breakfast table all his boundless energy seems eager to explode. Sometimes he will throw his head high and yell as wild and hearty a yell as ever issued from the mouth of man; or sitting there at the table he will call for Wasai, his favorite Indian, and Wasai hears, no matter where Wasai may be. The ex-governor has electric lights, hot water, a fine library and most other modern necessities and conveniences there on his island, but he has no telephone and he doesn't need one.

When Ideas Fly

The arguments of the day begin at breakfast. They are likely to be on any subject, and they are equally hot whatever the subject. I have heard ex-Governor Osborn shouting at one end of the table, President Elliott of Purdue at the other, while several of the rest of us tried to break in from the side lines. It's a grand place, that breakfast table! The food is good, and everyone may have all he can eat, but he must eat all he asks for; if he does not, he will get less next morning. No waste is permitted. And the arguments are better than the food. Any question that cannot be disposed of satisfactorily at the table will be taken up again in the ex-governor's fire-proof library on the wilderness island. If the discussion cannot be terminated there, it may run on for a year or two by mail. I have had the ex-governor bombard me with letters long after everyone else thought the subject in dispute had been forgotten. His mind never turns a controversy loose. And his mind rarely loses a fact that once it possesses. His vocabulary is enormous. Much too big for the comfort of his readers, for he sends one to the dictionary every few pages. He knows the common and the technical name of every stone, tree, flower and bird in his community. He remembers not only every word he ever learned, but he knows the ancestry of each word. His is one of those prodigious memories that make the rest of us feel desperate.

It is not his habit to eat lunch indoors. Whether in Michigan or in Georgia, he eats his lunch anywhere except in the dining-room. At breakfast each morning every person present is given a small package in which there is a sandwich or two and maybe a piece of fruit. This is lunch, and you are free to go off to any spot that pleases you and eat it. The governor, meanwhile, may be studying, writing, fishing, hunting or just crashing around through the woods like a bull moose in his prime. When he hunts or fishes he will not take more game than can be used as food. His hatred of waste is so great that it even restricts his own conduct.

Dinner is ready before dark, and always it is a fine meal. This is a much

quieter meal than breakfast, for with the going down of the sun the powerful old Iron Hunter begins to get sleepy. As dusk settles you may at times hear him muttering to himself. He goes here and there to see that everything is as it should be; he closes the door to his library; he cracks and eats a handful of nuts for his dessert, and then he is ready for bed. Always when at Duck Island he sleeps out of doors on a bed of balsam boughs, which from time to time are renewed so that the fragrance of the sap is always strong. A canopy protects him from all but the blowing rains at night. But he doesn't mind a little rain or snow in bed with him.

Last September the ex-governor had a tough experience. He was defeated for the Republican nomination for United States senator by Senator James Couzens. The ex-governor doesn't like defeat. Few men do. But he had a good time in the campaign, for he threw himself into it with all his energy and enthusiasm. He accused Couzens of being a "hitch-hiker, who, seeing the Republican machine coming along, flagged it for a ride, and then stole it." He rushed around here and there in Michigan making speeches (he loves to make speeches) and he stirred up such a great noise that Couzens, exasperated at the attacks made upon him, confided to a friend, "That damned old man will kill me!"

"In all my life," Osborn wrote to me, "I have not had so many fine things written of me and printed and said. Nor have I had so few votes. The humor of it is so pervasive and abiding that I find myself in lusty laughter at many intervals in the waking hours. . . . And I shoot a bit better than ever; and handle the rod; and have written five thousand words today; and handle the ax; and walk; and get wet and dry off with my clothes on."

Explorer and Hunter

A mighty man! He hunted big game in Africa before there were any rotogravure sections or motion-picture cameras to glorify the hunter; he developed some sort of twist of the wrist that is said to be his contribution to the art of fly casting; he explored every mile of the shore line of Lake Superior, and he is the discoverer of the source of the firefly's light! He has the mental and physical energy of several normal men. When he comes into a group, everyone is conscious of his presence whether he speaks or not. He rarely spends more than an hour or two at a stretch with a friend. "A little bit of me goes a long way," he explains. But I do not know a friend of his who has not a tender affection for him.

By nature ex-Governor Osborn is a benevolent ruler. Perhaps that is why he has bought so many islands. They are better suited to his temperament than the mainland. He has bought them in many places and owns a considerable number of them now. He is the sole inhabitant of his wonderful Duck Island; even the Indians who work for him live over on Sugar Island. And they adore him. I have seen Wasai, somewhat seedy in paleface clothes, but none the less the hereditary story teller of the Ojibways, stand with a rapt look in his eyes watching the ex-governor as long as he was in view. And this same Wasai, reputed to be a great woodsman, says there is no Indian in all the North who is the equal of his white chief on the trail,

(Continued on page 36)



A message from du Pont, makers of Duco

NOW and then, people who have had their cars refinished with what they supposed was Duco complain to us that the finish is not "standing up."

In almost every case, investigation has proved that the finish was *not* Duco, but some other which may have been offered as Duco.

For this reason, in justice to you who will have some repainting done on your automobiles, and to ourselves, we feel compelled to issue this statement of fact:

There is only one Duco finish. It is made only by du Pont, who created it. Duco—genuine Duco—is the product which has pioneered in revolu-

tionizing the finishing of automobiles.

We do not say that no other finish is worthy of praise. But we do say that when you specify Duco—genuine Duco—for your car, you are absolutely sure of satisfaction.

Say "Duco"—insist upon Duco—when you have your car repainted. At the refinishing shop displaying the authorized Duco sign you can be sure that genuine Duco will be used. There's only one Duco, and it's made by du Pont.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., General Motors Building, Detroit, Michigan. Canadian Industries Limited, Flint Paint and Varnish Division, Toronto, Canada.



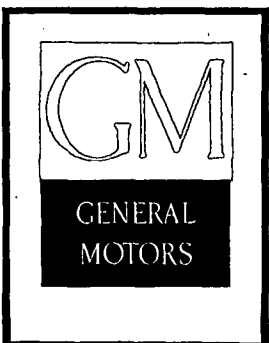
DUCO

MADE ONLY BY DU PONT

> > study

A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

Chevrolet Roadster	\$ 475
Chevrolet Sport Roadster	495
Chevrolet Phaeton	510
Chevrolet Coupe	535
Chevrolet Coupe (5 Windows)	545
Chevrolet Coach	575
Chevrolet Sport Coupe	595
Chevrolet 5-passenger Coupe	615
Chevrolet Convertible Cabriolet	635
Chevrolet Sedan	650
Chevrolet Special Sedan	675
Chevrolet Landau Phaeton	695
Pontiac Coupe	715
Pontiac Sedan, 2-Door	745
Pontiac Sport Coupe	765
Pontiac Sedan, 4-Door	785
Pontiac Convertible Coupe	845
Pontiac Custom Sedan	895
Oldsmobile Sedan, 2-Door	925
Oldsmobile Coupe	935
Oldsmobile Sport Coupe	960
Oakland Coupe	975
Oakland Sedan, 2-Door	995
Oldsmobile Sedan, 4-Door	1,025
Oldsmobile Convertible Roadster	1,035
Oakland Patrician Sedan	1,055
Oakland Sport Coupe	1,055
Oakland Sedan, 4-Door	1,055
Oakland Convertible Coupe	1,095
Buick Business Coupe "56"	1,285
Buick Sedan "50"	1,325
Oakland Custom Sedan	1,335
Buick Sport Roadster "54"	1,335
Buick Phaeton "55"	1,355
Buick Sport Coupe "56S"	1,355
Buick Sedan "57"	1,535
Buick Business Coupe "66"	1,565
Buick Sport Coupe "66S"	
Buick Sport Roadster "64"	
Buick Phaeton "65"	
Buick Sedan "67"	
Buick Coupe "86"	
Buick Sedan "87"	



In the markets of the world the General Motors Corporation is respected as a customer of importance, due to its large and varied purchases. This recognition assures choice selections of material, and quantity buying brings favorable prices. The purchasing activities of the Corporation are under the direction of experienced

business men, and suppliers everywhere adhere closely to specifications with high regard for General Motors standards of quality. Thus unusual buying advantages accrue to the General Motors Corporation, and are passed on to the public. They are sharply reflected in the outstanding values of General Motors cars.

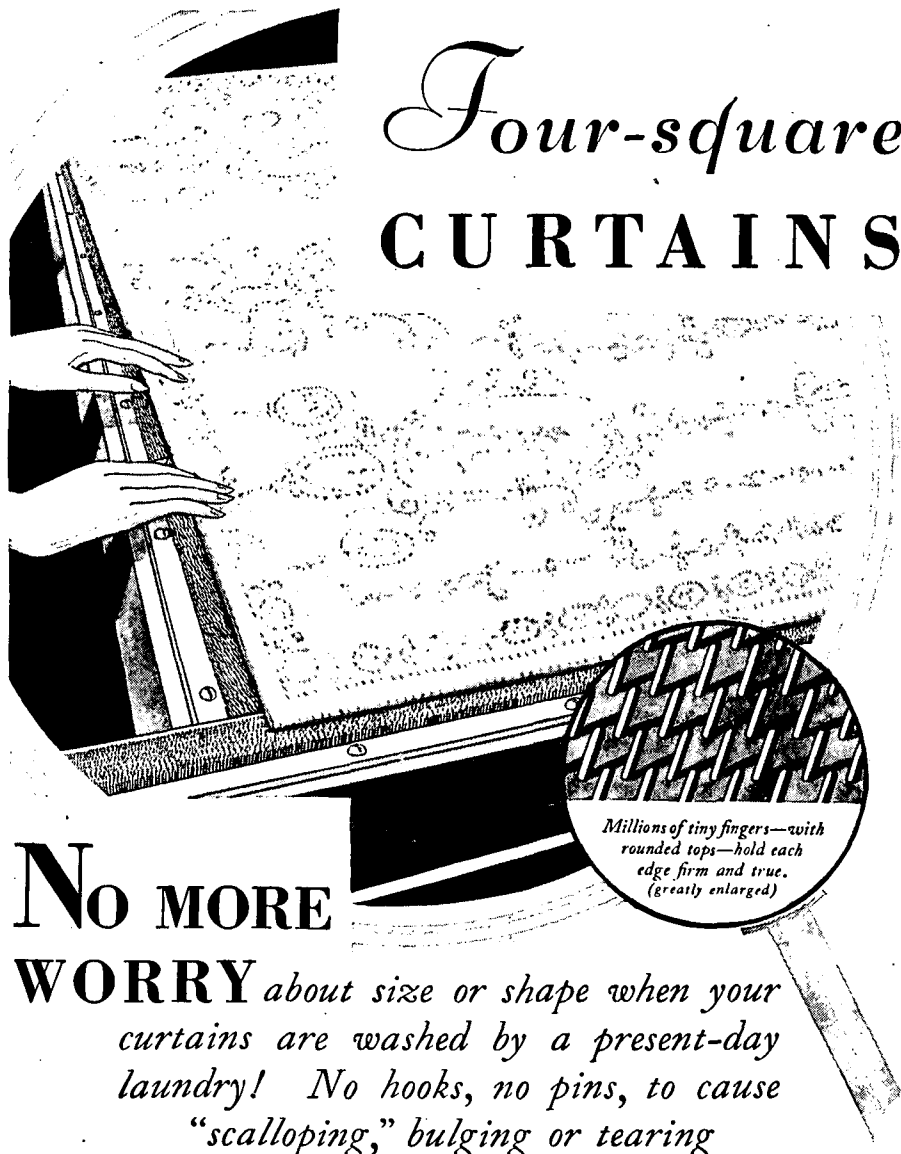
the value

A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

Buick Sport Roadster '94"	\$1,610
Buick Phaeton '95"	1,620
Buick Sport Coupe '96"	1,720
Buick Coupe '96"	1,765
Buick Sedan '91"	1,785
Buick Limousine '90L"	1,935
La Salle Coupe, 2 Passenger	2,035
La Salle Roadster	2,195
La Salle Convertible	2,245
La Salle Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,295
La Salle Coupe, 5 Passenger	2,295
La Salle Touring	2,295
La Salle Town Sedan	2,345
La Salle Sedan, 7 Passenger	2,345
Cadillac 8 Coupe, 2 Passenger	2,475
Cadillac 8 Coupe, 5 Passenger	2,595
Cadillac 8 Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,695
Cadillac 8 Roadster, 2 Passenger	2,795
Cadillac 8 Town Sedan	2,795
Cadillac 8 Phaeton	2,845
Cadillac 8 Convertible Coupe	2,845
Cadillac 8 Sedan, 7 Passenger	2,945
Cadillac 8 Imperial	2,945
Cadillac 8 Touring	2,945
La Salle All-Weather Phaeton	3,095
Cadillac 12 Coupe, 2 Passenger	3,195
Cadillac 12 Coupe, 5 Passenger	3,245
Cadillac 12 Sedan, 5 Passenger	3,795
Cadillac 12 Roadster	3,795
Cadillac 12 Town Sedan	3,895
Cadillac 12 Phaeton	3,895
Cadillac 12 Convertible Coupe	3,945
Cadillac 12 Sedan, 7 Passenger	3,945
Cadillac 12 Touring	4,045
Cadillac 12 Imperial	4,045
Cadillac 12 All-Weather Phaeton	4,195
Cadillac V-16, 31 Fleetwood Custom Models	4,295
Cadillac V-16, Special Custom Models	4,345
All prices f. o. b. factories. G. M. A. C. time payment plan	4,895
available on all General Motors Products sold to the public.	up to \$9,700
	up to \$15,000

GENERAL MOTORS CARS HAVE OUTSTANDING VALUE

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC • BODIES BY FISHER



Four-square CURTAINS

No MORE WORRY *about size or shape when your curtains are washed by a present-day laundry! No hooks, no pins, to cause "scalloping," bulging or tearing*

Millions of tiny fingers—with rounded tops—hold each edge firm and true. (greatly enlarged)

"Magical!" say women as they watch curtain driers at a present-day laundry. "Now we know why our curtains never have any scalloped edges, pinholes, or stretcher-tears when the laundry does them!"

It's fascinating, indeed, to watch the curtains go through. First the operator adjusts each side according to the exact measurements of the curtain before washing. Deftly

she fits the curtain into place. Millions of tiny fingers—with rounded tops—hold each edge firm and true. Soon the entire piece is secured. Then the curtain is fanned dry with warm

air currents. As a finishing operation it is pressed to wrinkle-free smoothness by a special ironer.

You want curtains that hang straight and square. Free from unsightly scallops and tears. And of course, spotlessly clean. That's why you will appreciate this service offered by today's laundries. It's thrifty, too! Telephone a laundry in your community this week,

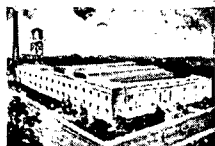
and just see how well it handles not only your curtains, but all your family washing. Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.



Soft-shirt ease and comfort in starched collars! Today's laundries make this possible by super-care in finishing.

Below, the Million-Dollar "Proving Ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Ill.

Let the **LAUNDRY** do it!



Sage of the Soo

Continued from page 33

in a canoe or about the camp. He can dance the Indian dances and yell the Indian yells.

Politically, he is a passionate advocate of the rule of the masses. He believes, sincerely, in the average man. As governor, he "opened" the Michigan primaries. But personally, he is an emperor. Had he lived in the Middle Ages he would have been a great king, and some smart courtier would have found a way to rule him. Yes, he could have been ruled, and a little child would have been all that was needed to make him turn over his crown for a hoop and his scepter for the stick with which the child might roll it.

The ex-governor is a sentimentalist, and he is also a profoundly religious man. He curses when the occasion calls for it, but he never blasphemes. His reverence for God is beautiful, and the prayers which he offers before each meal are magnificent, and no two of them are alike.

Prospecting Days

On his island, standing beside the trail which leads to the boathouse, are two upright stones, opposite each other. A friend, now dead, up-ended one of these stones, and though the governor passes that way scores of times a day, he always pauses, removes his hat and says a little prayer. These two stones are his shrine. His religion has that quality of earnestness which one sees now and then in strong men who have spent weeks and months in lonely places. He found much more than iron in the wilderness.

In many other ways, too, his early experiences in the wilderness have left their traces in his customs and beliefs. The fact that he does not like one to leave food on his plate is a carry-over from prospecting days. "Grub and life are the same in the big woods," he says. "No one has a right to waste what means life." In his own cabin there is firewood stacked to the roof along one wall. That wood has been there for more than twenty years. It is an emergency supply, such as an isolated trapper or prospector might have. The ex-governor has never rid his mind, completely, of the hazards he once endured. He has been without proper fuel when all the world was frozen and he does not intend to be caught that way again.

Also in this cabin there hangs such an assortment of clothes, as exists nowhere else in the world. Some of the garments are fifty years old. On special occasions the ex-governor wears the old felt hat which he wore the first time he ever ventured deep into the woods. This hat celebrated its fifty-first anniversary last year. Except for some of the more recent additions to his "wardrobe," one might think it had been assembled by the Eskimo Salvation Army. But the governor respects all those boots, coats, hats and pants. They have stood between him and death. They helped him to become rich. They talk to him now of great days north of Superior, of strange places in Lapland or harsh adventures in Siberia; of sweltering, sweaty, feverish times in Africa. They are a part of his diary.

But when Chase Osborn leaves Duck Island, or Possum Poke in Possum Lane (the name of his Georgia home), you see a different man. He dresses, when in conventional places, very conventionally and very expensively. Once in camp he counted up the value of all the

garments he had on, and the total was only three dollars and a half; but in his wardrobe trunk there was an evening suit made for him by the costliest tailor in New York.

There have been very few dull interludes in his seventy years. He began running away from his home in Lafayette, Indiana, when he was ten years old. He won local fame in Milwaukee when, as a young reporter, he never walked, but always ran to and from his assignments, and carried a hatchet in his belt. This for defense against enemies he had made. He was plotted against and all but murdered in the Wisconsin mining towns when as a newspaper publisher he set out to clear them of organized vice. He has defended nineteen libel suits and won them all. When he settled, finally, in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, he did so, he wrote, because "There is no colorless middle ground at the Sault. Winters of stimulating majesty by which men, women and children are made robust or driven away. Lazy summers of life and pure joy." He wanted a place that was like himself.

Nature does not abhor a vacuum any more than Chase Osborn abhors drabness. If nothing is happening, he goes out and stirs something up. One day at Duck Island he and some friends were standing on his dock looking over to the Canadian shore. Things were quiet that day, and might have remained so if Osborn had not seen a bear swimming in the river. Instantly he decided that he wanted that bear, and jumping into a rowboat he drew alongside the astonished animal. Osborn's plan was to put the painter around the bear's neck and then row ashore, the painter being long enough to permit the bear to swing along one side and astern.

Odds on the Governor

While the gallery looked on in astonishment, Osborn did put that line around the bear's neck, and was backing his boat off preparatory to turning and starting home. It was the bear that upset the rest of the plan. He insisted upon climbing into the boat, and Osborn, with his naked hands, threw the beast out. The bear came right back for more, and this time nearly upset the boat as he and Osborn wrestled. It was a two-year-old bear and it weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. Osborn was a lot older than that, and weighed fifty pounds more, but the bear had the advantage of being armed with claws. Osborn's neck and shoulders were lacerated badly. But he was now as mad as the bear, and so they went into the third round. This time as the bear started over the side of the boat, Osborn caught him by the neck and the rump and soused him under water. The beast lunged loose and again tried to scramble aboard. He had become badly entangled in the line, and Osborn couldn't row in now, for the bear had gotten 'round to the bow, so there was nothing to do but put him under water again.

The fight ended at last, with Osborn the victor. The poor bear had been drowned.

"I had caught bears alive before," Osborn said, "and I never dreamed that I'd have so much trouble with that one."

Obviously, life hasn't a chance to go stale on a man who is willing to hunt bears with his naked hands rather than endure a colorless day.

UNBALANCED RADIO MEANS DISTORTED TONE



BALANCED PHILCO MEANS TRUE CLEAR TONE



Above you see pictured the distorted tone that comes from a set whose units are but partially balanced. At the right is pictured the true, clear, undistorted tone produced by Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set

EVERY PHILCO RADIO IS THE BEST THAT CAN BE BUILT

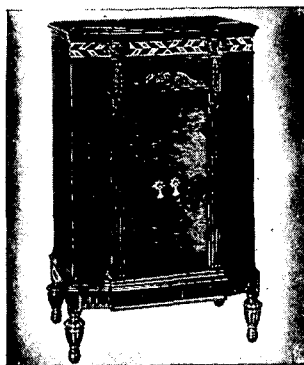
FROM 7-TUBE BABY GRAND TO 11-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE-PLUS



MASSIVE IN PERFORMANCE MODERATE IN SIZE

Philco Baby Grand, 7 tubes (3 Screen Grid)—All-Electric—Genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker, built-in—Illuminated Station Recording Dial—Philco Balanced Units—Walnut and Quilted Maple Cabinet, 16 ins. wide, 17 1/2 ins. high. . . **\$49.50**
less tubes

Sold with 7 Philco Balanced Tubes



11-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE-PLUS RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

11 tubes—Tone-Control—Automatic Volume Control—Screen Grid—Balanced Units—Illuminated Station Recording Dial—Gorgeous radio reception—And with Automatic Record Changer plays 45-minute program from records—Most wonderful musical instrument ever created . . . **\$272.00**
less tubes

Sold with 11 Philco Balanced Tubes

You can buy a big-performing Philco Radio for as little as \$49.50, less tubes. You can have a Philco Radio-Phonograph with the wonderful features described at the left for \$272. You can have a new Philco-Transitone Radio that will give marvelous reception right in your automobile as you drive through city streets or on country roads for \$65, tubes included. Consoles, Lowboys, and Highboys, with 7, 9 and 11 tubes—Screen Grid, Screen Grid-Plus or Superheterodyne-Plus sets—all are alike—all Philco—in this one outstanding feature: each is the best radio of its kind that can be built >>> What more natural, then, that this compact Philco Baby Grand shown here actually out-performs many "big" radios costing two and three times as much? >>> By performance we mean good dis-

tance; clarity and beauty of tone—Philco Balanced-Unit construction has eliminated radio distortion from all Philcos—and miraculous selection of just the station you want >>> So remarkable is the performance of this little giant of radio that it has become the largest-selling set in the world, just as the whole Philco Line has become the largest-selling and most complete radio line ever produced >>> Let the nearest Philco dealer demonstrate PHILCO to you in your home without obligation. In addition to models mentioned, he has 11-tube Superheterodyne-Plus Philcos at \$129.50 and \$155; 9-tube Screen Grid-Plus up to \$145; Radio-Phonographs, \$99.50 and \$198, less tubes; and Philco Balanced Tubes for better balanced performance in any radio. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.

ALL SETS SOLD WITH PHILCO BALANCED TUBES

STOKOWSKI — Outstanding Musical Broadcast — The Philadelphia Orchestra
EASTER SUNDAY at 5 P.M. E. S. T. TUNE IN—NBC Network. Watch radio page of your newspaper for local time and station

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

SIR, THE PARADE IS FORMING

And for Easter and the days that follow you will be doing

right by yourself

and your sense

of good groom-

ing if you line up

now on the side of

Walk-Over. Correctly

styled shoes...made of

quality leathers by our

own workmen, some of whom

have been fifty years at their benches.

Custom-like fit—an old Walk-Over custom—at your dealer.

WALK-OVER (HOES)



Illustrated: The COLFAX, imported black calf. Custom grade. \$10.
GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY,
Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts

Jobs to Suit

Continued from page 22

In a Boston school, lately, at the beginning of a vocational course, the girls were questioned as to their plans for the future. Eighty-five per cent of them, on written slips, said that they meant to be stenographers. A few days later they were asked to make a list of the qualities which they considered a good stenographer should have. The qualifications thus chosen by themselves were placed on the blackboard and allowed to remain there for some days in plain view. After a while the girls were asked to compare their own personal qualities with those thus confronting them. Other occupations meantime were being studied. At last a poll was taken. And now only eleven per cent of the girls still wished to be stenographers. The world had been spared a number of bad stenographers. That was one gain. But who could reckon that other gain in terms of personal happiness?

The teacher, in this case, was leading her class into a bit of self-analysis. For, while on one side the occupation is closely studied to see if it fits the child, on the other side the child is studied to see if he fits the occupation.

What the I. Q. Does

This bringing together of the right child and the right occupation is not always easy, and sometimes it is something that closely resembles chance which finally comes to the aid of the puzzled counselor. There was the boy called Joe, a sullen boy, always getting into fights, with whom the teachers could do nothing. He was finally transferred for special instruction into the department of maladjusted pupils.

The new instructor for three days left Joe completely alone, to do as he wished. And for those three days Joe drew pictures all of the time.

But the family's situation was such that there was no chance for Joe to go on with school. The counselor found him a job in a commercial advertising agency. Within a week, Joe had had a fight and had been fired. He took his bicycle and started to ride to California. Some sheriff along the way caught him and sent him back home.

The vocational counselor now did not know quite what to do. He was stopped. A chance remark gave him a new start. It came from Joe's mother. Said Joe's mother, "That boy should have been a girl. He used to love to sew on buttons."

The counselor grasped at this straw. He found for Joe a place in a woman's garment factory. And soon Joe, perfectly satisfied, no longer sullen, no longer fighting, was putting together the tastes displayed in a rudimentary way when as a kid he loved to sew on buttons, and when, at the counselor's, he had spent three days drawing pictures. He is now a successful designer of women's garments.

When the psychologists brought out their intelligence tests, vocational guidance leaped upon the invention with great enthusiasm. Naturally. For if a child's mind could be accurately measured as to capacity and quality, then to find for that child the correct cell in the human beehive would become an easy task.

Much less is expected of mental tests and intelligence quotients now. The plain truth is that we do not, as yet, know enough. In a hundred years, perhaps, we shall; but we do not now.

The tests do work, up to a certain point. In some occupations—few as

yet—tests have been devised which come very near telling whether such and such a person can or cannot succeed in that occupation. A successful test exists which measures musical gift. There is a test which tells whether you can be a typesetter or not.

But the one used most in vocational guidance is that which seeks to determine whether a pupil should go to college or not. This works with reasonable accuracy. The mark one gets in such a test is called the intelligence quotient, or, more familiarly, the I. Q. It has been ascertained that, of those whose mark, or I. Q., is less than 95, nine out of ten will fail in college. Of those whose I. Q. is 125, nine out of ten will succeed in college.

But whatever the value of I. Q.'s, observation of the child is one of the foundations of guidance. There was Mary, dawdling through high school, uninterested in her mathematics and Latin. Her mother was a widow, poor, but full of ambition for her child, and determined to make of her a high-school teacher. A little study of Mary showed that she was crazy about small children and loved to teach them games. A change was made in her courses; immediately she grew alert in the new studies—domestic science, drawing, music and sewing. And she now is a kindergarten teacher, efficient and happy.

The colleges are taking up vocational guidance—and they need it. The department stores of great cities are full of girls who have gone through college with a vague idea of a business career; they are now working behind counter or desk at derisive salaries. I am acquainted with such a one myself—a charming, intelligent young woman graduate of one of our best universities. A little while ago she was working in a New York department store for ten dollars a week. I saw her again later. She was no longer working in the department store. She had been fired. For inability to count!

The Parent's Part

And now, in all this, what can a parent do for his boy and his girl?

Well, he can do something. Whenever the child begins to talk of his choice in occupational life, he can go to work and get for the child all the information possible on this vocation. If it is a boy, and he speaks of becoming a street-car motorman, he can show him that the hours are long, and the pay not so big, and the driving of the car along the track not so interesting after all and the uniform not so brilliant. If the boy thinks he will be a radio expert, he can take him by the hand and lead him into shops and factories to see what really it is like. If the child is a girl and thinks she wishes to be a nurse, he can take her to hospitals so that she will have a clear idea of the hardships as well as the compensations of the work.

But mostly, the vocational guidance experts say, the parent should keep out of it! His tendency is to overinfluence his child. We all like ourselves fairly well, and we are apt to wish our children to do as we did—even though we have never achieved wild success doing as we did. Or we may influence our children the other way, through loud wailings over the path we have taken. I know, for instance, that all writers spend half their time warning their children never, never, never to write. Don't overinfluence your child, the vocational expert says.

VACATIONS, VIOLETS AND ULTRA-VIOLET



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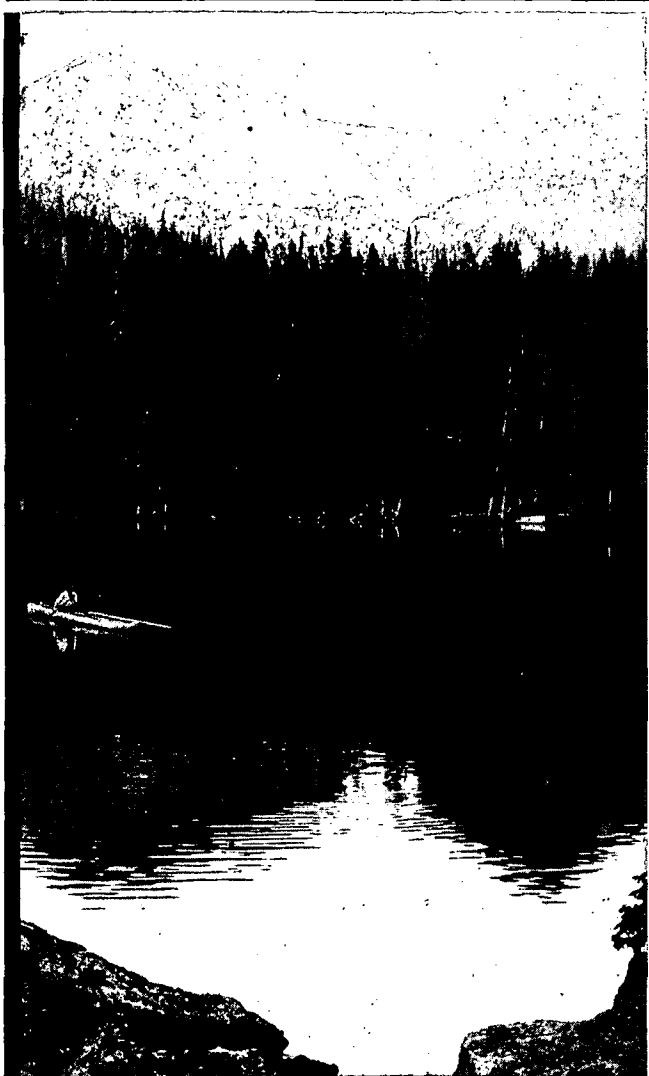
DO YOU LIKE to see wild flowers blooming by the millions? Of course you know the columbine, the wild rose, the mariposa lily—but did you know that scientists have classified 2,989 species of native wild flowers in Colorado?

You know of the Rocky Mountains, you know what glories and scenery and recreation lie in the great valleys sloping away from a 14,000-foot peak—but did you know that out of the country's 64 named 14,000-foot peaks 50 are in Colorado, and that magnificent highways run to the very top of two of them? And that there are *a thousand* peaks two miles high?

It's an old story by now—the healthfulness of sunshine. But did you know that ultra-violet rays are far more plentiful in higher altitudes? That Colorado's winter sun showers down ultra-violet at times when not a single ultra-violet ray reaches the streets of low-lying cities? That the sunshine, combined with cold nights and mineral soil, puts more flavor, more vitamins, more deliciousness into the Colorado fruits and vegetables which are so prized in every market? That Colorado offers rare business opportunities? That you would live better in Colorado—and live better longer?

Try a Colorado vacation—and investigate its advantages and opportunities at first hand. It will cost you less and give you more. Overnight from half the nation, two nights from almost anywhere, Colorado offers you the finest and most economical vacation. And send the coupon today!

C O L O R A D O



TOP: "Sunshine and Vitamins" caught by the camera. Cold nights, mineral soil and more abundant ultra-violet rays impart more hardiness, more deliciousness, to every growing thing in Colorado. Fruits, vegetables, meats all taste better.

ABOVE: Fern Lake, in Rocky Mountain National Park, is one of many hundred such lakes nestling below Colorado peaks and offering a lifetime of changing and endless vacation joys.

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OF



THE
NEW WEST



THIS VIEW, near Woods Lake, of columbine, paintbrush and other characteristic Colorado wildflowers, is repeated everywhere in the Colorado Rockies.



THIS HERD of jerseys is one of hundreds of herds of purebred dairy cattle thriving in all parts of Colorado.

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION, 361 Kit Carson Bldg., Denver, Colorado

Send me the free book "Colorful Colorado: Opportunity's Playground," illustrated with natural color photographs.

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ROAD MAPS *Revised!*



ACTUAL TESTS OF FREE-WHEELING HUPMOBILE SHOWS 20 TO 44% SAVING IN "WORKING MILES"

Chicago to New York . . . 946 miles. But only 600 to 800 in a Free-Wheeling Hupmobile. Why this amazing difference? The revolution-counter shows you why.

It clocks the car's "working miles" with engineering accuracy. If you drove a Hupmobile 7 miles in conventional gear, and then 7 miles with Free-Wheeling you'd find that the second 7 miles were only five "working miles." Maybe less. 20 to 44 percent saving. Conserving your energies. Delaying depreciation of your motor. Reducing your operation and maintenance costs.

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See the new Free-Wheeling Hupmobiles at your nearest dealer's. And take a demonstration—let road and traffic tell the thrilling story.

SENSATIONALLY REDUCED PRICES

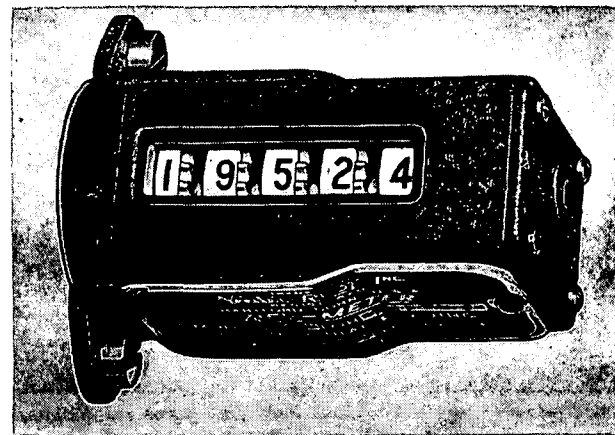
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	NEW PRICE	OLD PRICE
Century Six 70 H. P. Free-Wheeling Sedan . . .	\$ 995	\$1195
	Saving \$200	
Century Eight 90 H. P. Free-Wheeling Sedan . . .	\$1295	\$1395
	Saving \$100	
100 H. P. Eight Free-Wheeling Sedan . . .	\$1595	\$1695
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133 H. P. Eight Free-Wheeling Sedan . . .	\$1895	\$2080
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PRICES STANDARD EQUIPPED ARE F. O. B. FACTORY

Do you, like the average driver, roll up 12,000 miles a year? It will only be 9,600 . . . or less . . . in "working miles" with a Free-Wheeling Hupmobile. Actual road and traffic tests show 20 to 44% savings . . . and a pencil and a little multiplication will show how the savings mount up to real money as you drive.

This little truth-telling "rev-counter" backs up every claim and statement made in this advertisement. Engineers attached it to the motor of each stock Hupmobile used for the road and traffic tests which demonstrated such amazing "engine mileage." The savings of 20% to 44% quoted are accurate, absolute, scientifically correct.



Free-Wheeling **HUPMOBILE** *Sixes and Eights*

Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster

The number of aliens who entered this country in the last six months of 1930 was only 25.5% of the immigration quota, not a single individual coming from 15 of the 67 countries in which visas are granted.

The practice of wire tapping by prohibition agents, an act which is illegal and subject to heavy penalties in 28 states, has reached the stage where it is being investigated by the House Committee on Expenditures in Executive Departments.

Accurate predictions of weather conditions many months and even years in advance are believed to be possible by the Smithsonian Institution, based on the studies which it has been making of the daily fluctuations in the quantity of energy radiated by the sun and their resultant effect on the atmosphere of the earth.

Commercial blood donors of New York, who number between 5,000 and 8,000, are required now by law to be examined, registered and licensed by the City Health Department.

The minimum life of the average commercial airplane is now five years, according to revised estimates, which compares favorably with the average life of 6½ years for motor cars and trucks.

A new device, for testing the quality of cigars, registers their acid, nicotine and ammonia content and their burning characteristics as it automatically smokes them.



The wettest city in the world is Cherra Punji in Assam, a province of Eastern India, where the total rainfall in a year has exceeded 551½ inches, or 46 feet, and where a fall of 40.8 inches, or nearly 3½ feet, was recorded once within 24 hours.

Stuttering, which is four times more prevalent among boys than girls, has been found to result often from an inferiority complex which agitates the diaphragm and articulatory organs. It can be overcome sometimes by the development of the proper self-possession and self-assurance.

Electrocution is absolutely painless because the deadly current travels to the brain from 40 to 70 times faster than the nervous system can register a sensation, thus rendering the victim unconscious before he has time to feel it.

The costliest demolition job in the world was the wrecking of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, which cost \$900,000, due to its solid and tenacious construction.

In the walled city of Marrakesh, Morocco, no householder is allowed to go up on his own flat rooftop for fear that he will look over adjacent palace walls and cast amorous glances at the secluded ladies belonging to his rich neighbors.

The chief cause of blindness among the 3,000,000 sightless persons throughout the world today is trachoma, the result of unbalanced diet, insufficient food and insanitary living conditions; and about 65% of these unfortunates are natives of China and India, the total inhabitants of which comprise only 45% of the world's population.

In China, families are larger than in other countries because all the married sons live in their father's house and because all who are able keep legitimate mistresses, as the Chinese continue to measure their wealth by the number of their male descendants, born either to their legal wives or the other marital companions of their households.

Water is 26.6% heavier than alcohol, 13.6% heavier than petroleum and 8.7% heavier than olive oil, but 31.0% lighter than honey, 20.6% lighter than glycerine, 5.7% lighter than blood and 2.9% lighter than milk.

The body heat of the average person is highest normally between 5 P. M. and 7 P. M. and lowest between 4 A. M. and 6 A. M.

Fine perfume is expensive because the wholesale price of some of the essential oils used is as high as \$1,200 a pound, or \$75 an ounce, due to the fact that the distillation of 3,200 pounds of flowers is required to produce one pound of this essence.

Collier's will pay \$1 each for unusual, brief facts accepted for this column. Give source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

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A new retirement savings plan for men under fifty-five

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IT PROVIDES . . . an income of \$200 a month commencing at age 65 and continuing *as long as you live*. By this method a minimum of \$20,000 is guaranteed. Perhaps double that amount may be paid depending on your length of life. Or, if you desire, \$25,600 may be taken in cash at age 65.

IT PROVIDES . . . an income of \$200 a month in case you are totally disabled for a period of at least four months before reaching age 65. All premiums will be paid for you during such disability.

FOR YOURS

IT PROVIDES . . . \$20,000 in cash should you die before reaching age 65. An income for life may be substituted if desired.

IT PROVIDES . . . \$40,000, or double the face amount of the policy, in case death results from accidental cause before age 65.

FACTS ABOUT THE PROVIDENT PROVIDOR

The Provident Provider is the newest of Provident policies designed to meet a particular need. For the man who wishes to make a definite saving each year, the Provider offers an ideal program of careful investment combined with complete family protection. Through its provisions you can arrange for an income of from \$50 to \$1000 a month as your circumstances require.

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Just fill in and return the coupon and we shall send full particulars.

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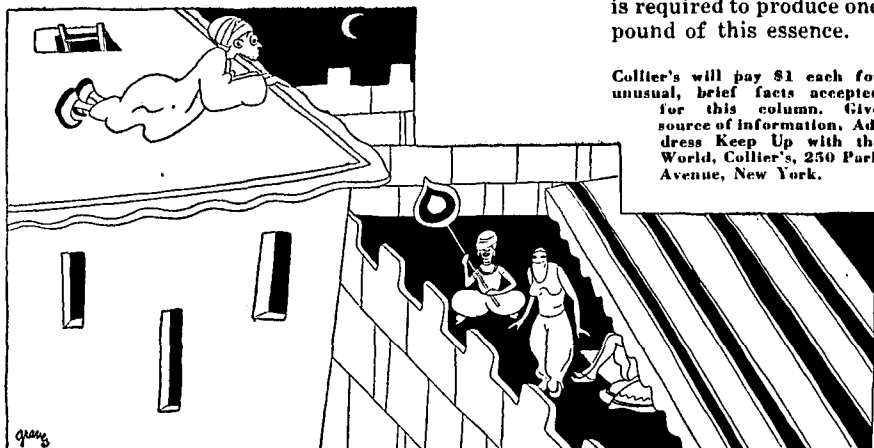
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Chesterfield



"I'd rather have a Chesterfield"

Only when it comes to taste do cigarettes differ. Chesterfield too is mild; but it is wholly different in taste. "A character all-

its own," say millions of smokers. You will find the change to Chesterfield a *real* change—and a mighty welcome one!

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Leave it to Venus

Continued from page 15

went swimming alone in the ocean and then lay down in the shelter of a sand dune and thought about the night before. Then a beach ball bounced off my midriff, and I looked up and there was Flick in part of a bathing suit and a smile.

"Welcome, stranger," I said. "Aren't you up early? It isn't noon yet."

Sinking down on the sands beside me, she said, "I've been looking everywhere for you, Terry."

"It must have made you absent-minded," I said. "Go back and put on the rest of your costume."

"There isn't any more," she said. "You're an old fogey. You ought to get married."

"Is that what you came down to tell me?" I asked.

"No. Do you think it was nice to run off the way you did last night?"

"Why not? You had the Swami, didn't you?"

"Terry," she said, getting very serious all of a sudden, "you ought to take up astrology."

"What for?"

"So you'll know what to do."

"I know what to do," I said, "without doing any stargazing."

"Do you know what you're going to do?"

"Sure. I'm going back in the water again."

She shook her head impatiently and then said, "You're going to get married!"

I sat up.

"Yeah?"

"You're going to get married," she repeated, "inside of a week."

"Thanks," I said. "I like you—"

"You're not going to marry me," she interrupted.

I said, "Oh. I didn't understand. Would you mind telling me the lady's name?"

She lighted a cigarette before she answered and then said, "Kara Vania. It's all arranged."

"Who arranged it?" I said.

"The stars," Flick said seriously.

"The hell they did!"

"Our lives," she went on, not paying any attention to me, "are plotted in the course of the stars. . . ."

"What's that got to do with my marrying Kara Vania?"

"Your horoscope. We had it read last week, and yours and Kara's coincided, and they both say you're going to marry."

"Well," I said, "my little red date book doesn't say so, and that's what I go by."

JUST then Dora Judson, Betty Williams and John Cabot Adams appeared over the edge of a neighboring sand dune, and we all went into the ocean.

After a while I managed to corral Betty to one side so that there were six or seven waves between us and the rest of the gang, and said, "What are you going to do this afternoon?"

She said, "Nothing."

I said, "Can't we sneak away somewhere?"

She laughed. "That seems to be the best thing you do."

"You haven't given me half a chance yet," I said. "How about it? I'll borrow one of Flick's cars and meet you at the inn right after luncheon."

So she laughed again and said, "All right."

"On second thought," I said, "we'd better make it before luncheon."

So she said all right again, and then I went back to the house with Flick

and dressed, and sneaked down the back way and got into the garage, and got into a roadster and drove over to the inn. And pretty soon Betty appeared, looking very ingénue, and we drove over to Chadsford and looked at the surf, and after we had looked at it a while I decided she had sherry-colored eyes, and that there was a lot of gold in her hair, and after we had discussed that and one or two other little by-products, including the possibility of a moon that night, I took hold of the steering wheel again and we drove back to Fairview and weren't more than half an hour late for dinner, which was at the Fearings'.

I WAS placed between Flick and Kara Vania again. Kara said, "Did you know that we were both influenced by Capricornus?"

"I'm not," I said. "I always know when I've had enough."

"Joan of Arc, Gladstone and Woodrow Wilson were all born strongly under the influence of this sign," she went on.

"Is that a fact?" I said, motioning to the boy with the decanter.

"Capricornus rules India, parts of Persia, Afghanistan, Bulgaria, Brussels, Oxford, Port Said and Mexico."

I said, "Well, well. I'm glad I was born in Boston."

Kara looked at me darkly and said, "We can't escape our destinies. . . ."

I caught Betty's eye at the other end of the table and said, "No. I guess that's right."

"What's that about destinies?" John Cabot Adams asked, and then everyone started talking at once about fate and kismet and stars and what the Swami had said the night before, and what he hadn't said, and then we all percolated into the living-room for coffee and what not.

Luella Ransome grabbed me by the arm, and sat down beside me on a lounge and said, "You're not going to run away tonight."

"That's all right with me," I said. "Where's the little playmate from the East?"

"He'll be here later. He always dines alone."

"That's thoughtful of him," I said. "Isn't this something new?"

"What?"

"Hitching your tea wagons to the stars?"

"Terry," she said, looking at me seriously, "it's the most important thing that's ever happened to me."

"I always thought bootleggers were," I suggested.

"To know myself," she went on dreamily, "to be thoroughly in tune with my individual being."

So I just said, "Yes," and let it go at that.

Then Kara Vania coiled up at the other side of me and said, "The stars have decreed it."

I said, "What?"

She said, "They have brought us together. It was written before we were born. It was inevitable."

I looked around at Luella, but she just sat there with a far-away look in her eyes, nodding her head. I said, "It's pretty warm in here, don't you think?"

Kara placed a hand on my knee. "It was written," she said, "that my third husband was to be of the Venus type. . . ."

"That lets me out," I said, trying to laugh it off. "I've got both arms."

"The higher nature," she said, "is

(Continued on page 44)

THIS WORST OF LOAFERS, MR. WATER-THIN, IS THROWN OUT OF QUAKER STATE



● He collects a fortune every year, yet he never does a lick of work. He's Mr. Water-Thin, a useless quart or more of waste oil that's found in every gallon of ordinary motor oil. A quart so thin and shiftless that Quaker State engineers have dubbed it "water-thin."

● Ordinary refining doesn't get "water-thin" out. Ordinary refining can't get it out. But Quaker State has found a way to remove this useless stuff. In every one of Quaker State's refineries—the most modern refineries in the world—special processes remove it and replace it with rich, full-bodied lubricant.

● And right there you have one of the greatest achievements in the oil industry. Years of refining experience produced the idea and worked it out. Tremendous expenditures for exclusive refining equipment put the idea into operation. As a result, Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubrication in every gallon

—instead of three quarts and a quart of waste. That's why we say "You get an extra quart in every gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil." That's why, to-day, Quaker State is the largest selling Pennsylvania Oil in the world!

● And remember this: Quaker State is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it doesn't require acid treatment in refining. That's mighty important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● One dealer in every four in the United States sells Quaker State Motor Oil. Drive up to the nearest green and white service station sign and ask for Quaker State. It costs 35c per quart—a bit more in Canada and at some points in the West. By the mile it's the biggest bargain in oil. For you get an extra quart of heat-battling, wear-easing lubrication in every gallon!

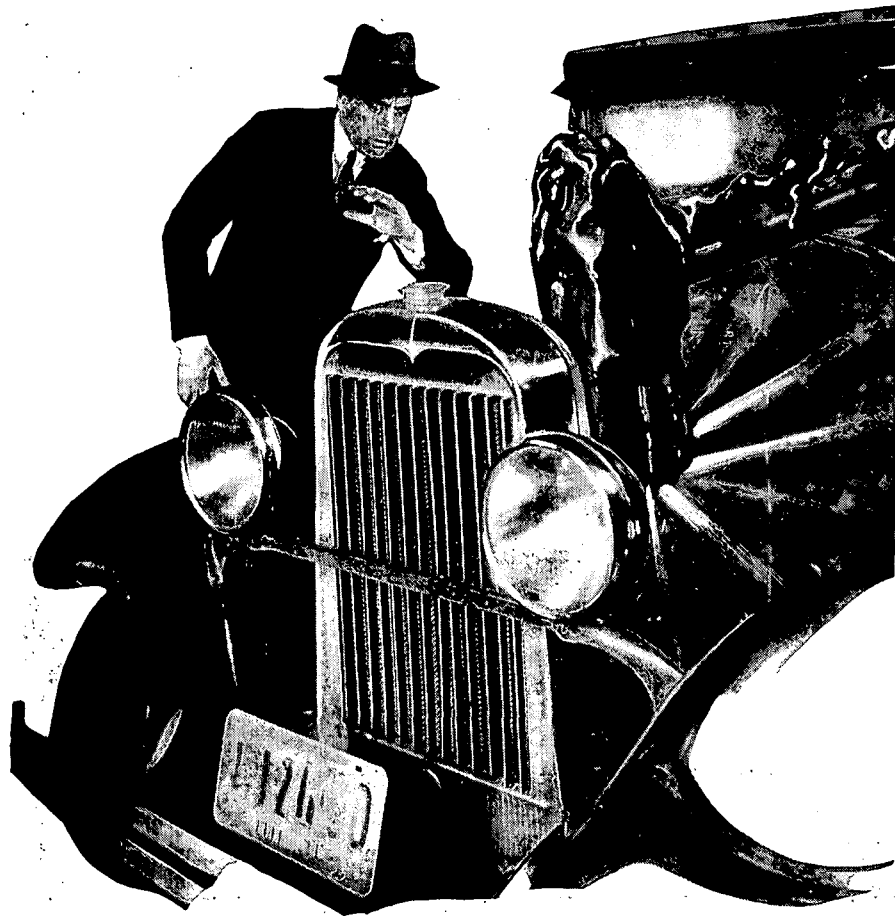
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Protect your motor from this hidden danger with a Purolator Oil Filter

IF you think your engine receives proper lubrication simply because you use the right quantity and quality of oil you're due for an expensive shock.

Dirt, grit and metal particles are continually working their way into crankcase oil, regardless of brand or grade. They form a destructive sludge—an abrasive compound that circulates to every part of the engine, grinding and scoring cylinder walls, pistons, bearings and gears . . . causing the most costly kind of engine repairs.

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insurance against breakdowns and repairs, has come to stay. Practically every 1931 model except those in the very low price range will have their engines protected by an oil filter.

If your car isn't equipped your nearest repair garage can fix you up—and the few dollars invested now will mean a lot—in good motor performance, in repair bills and the trade-in value of your car. Ask your garage man. He'll tell you what a Purolator means—and he knows. And be sure to accept no substitute for a genuine Purolator.

The importance of 8000 miles on your speedometer

For 8000 miles of driving, the Purolator removes all harmful substances from the oil . . . keeps the lubricant clean and effective. But by the time you have gone this distance the Purolator cartridge is full of the sludge that it has kept from damaging your engine. Then it's time to re-cartridge the Purolator.

A new cartridge replacement is inexpensive. It takes a garageman only a few minutes. But it's vitally important, for it gives your engine filtered, clean oil for another 8000 miles. Motor Improvements, Inc., 354 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, N. J.

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR
LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

(Continued from page 43)

ruled by love, and through love the soul opens up to the highest in life. It is through this Venus influence in the house of marriage that the most in this respect is accomplished. The nature can be led through love as in no other way. You believe that, don't you?"

"Sure," I said, looking around for Betty. "Sure."

"And the past. You believe in the past, don't you?"

"You bet I do," I told her, thinking of all the bills that came in on the first of the month.

"The House of Karma," she said. "I didn't read it," I said. "It must have been banned in Boston."

This time she laid both hands on my knees and a lot of rings and bracelets besides, and she opened her black eyes very wide, and looked at me with a funny expression.

"The House of Karma," she said, "shows what we have done and what we bring with us to the present life. Our houses show an important heritage from the past. We have lived many times together on earth in other bodies."

I said, "Yes," again, and stopped a boy with a tray filled with glasses. "It's pretty warm here," I said.

Just then the Fearings came in with the Swami, and they came over to where we were sitting, and I thought maybe I could get away then, but it was no go.

The Swami fastened his beady eyes on me and said, "Young man, do you know what your aspect was at birth?"

I got kind of red in the face and hot under the collar and said, "I don't know as it's any of your damned business."

He glared at me in a disgusted way and turned on his heel just as John Cabot Adams joined the ring, swaying a little.

"Where have you been?" Luella asked.

He said, "I've been studying starsh. Three lovely starsh o' Mish Hennessy." He looked at me, "You know anything about starsh?"

"No," I said, "but I'd like to meet yours personally."

"Run away, John," said Kara, giving him a dirty look that didn't seem to have much of the influence of Venus in it. Then she turned to me, "Don't you want to be initiated into the Higher Mysteries?"

"Not particularly," I said. "I joined the Elks once and it took a week to recover from the initiation."

"You should have everything in tune with your individuality," she went on. "Colors, number, jewels, names, everything. . . ."

"And starsh," said Mr. Adams, who had decided not to go away.

THEN Luella broke in and said, "It was written in the stars. And you'll be very happy, I'm sure."

I said, "What the . . ." but just then John Cabot Adams lost his rigidity, and while they were picking him up I made for the doorway. One of the Japanese boys stopped me and said something about a telephone, so I followed him out into the hallway and picked up the phone.

A voice said, "Is that you, Terry?" I said, "What's left of me."

"I'm over at the hotel," the voice continued.

"Deserted!" I said.

"I didn't. I did it so I could call you up and give you an excuse to get away."

"I don't need any excuse," I said, "just the opportunity. Pick me up on the road."

Then I went into the butler's pantry and out of the window, and pretty soon a couple of headlights picked me out in the road, and Betty picked me up.

And after we had parked the car and looked at the moon, I said, "My horoscope says I'm to be married."

Betty said, "Does it?"

I said, "And Flick Ransome says so, too."

Betty said, "Does she?"

"And so does Kara Vania."

Betty said, "That makes it almost unanimous, doesn't it?"

Then we sat and enjoyed the moon some more, and made a lot of plans, and then started back towards the Ransome wigwam.

All the lights were still on, so I went in the back way and up to my room, and packed my bag and dropped it out of the window. Then I started down the back stairs, and when I finally got to the bottom, there was Kara Vania.

She let out a gasp when she saw me, and cried "My lover!"

"Listen," I said, "can't we go somewhere and talk this over quietly? Let's make an appointment for tomorrow morning."

BY THAT time she had draped herself around my Adam's apple, and while I was trying to come up for air and give it to her at the same time, Flick and Luella burst into the place, with the Swami tagging on behind.

"Oh," Luella cried, "I thought you'd run away again."

"No," I said, "not yet. Can't you persuade Kara here that this isn't a love sequence featuring Clara Bow?"

"My lover," said Kara again, from the vicinity of my front collar button.

I leaned back as far as I could and said distinctly, "I'm nobody's lover. Let me go."

"You can't tempt Fate, Terry," Luella said darkly.

"I'm not trying to," I said, still struggling. "I never tempted anyone. I'm not that kind of a boy."

Then Kara let loose for a minute and stepped away, and pointed a finger at me dramatically and said, "You can't escape. Venus is dominant."

"Can't I?" I said, starting for the door.

"Terry. . . ." Flick wailed, and then a hand spun me around and I found myself facing the Swami.

"You are to marry," he said. "It is written in the stars."

I said, "It's all right with me, brother, but would you mind getting out of my way?"

"You scoff," he said, not moving any, "but you cannot alter the destiny allotted you. I know all. . . ."

"Do you?" I said. "Then let me by."

"The past," he said, still hanging onto me, "and the present are an open book. And the future. . . ."

"Can you see into the future?" I said.

"I can. . . ." he started, but I interrupted him.

"See if you can see this," I suggested, but he didn't. He went backwards into John Cabot Adams, who was making an entrance just then, but there weren't any serious casualties other than the two glasses—and their contents—that Mr. Adams was carrying at the moment.

I slammed the door behind me and sprinted around the house, picked up my bag and kept going.

Betty was waiting about a hundred yards down the road in one of Flick's cars, and I got in, and she stepped on the gas.

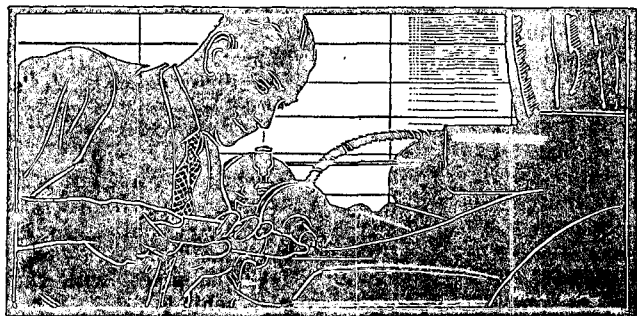
"What kept you?" she said, after we had put about ten miles of the future into the past.

"The Swami," I said, "among others. He still maintains that I'm to marry."

"I'm no seeress," Betty said, "but if that oily bird's got any money, he'd better bet that he's right for once."

And, at that, he was.

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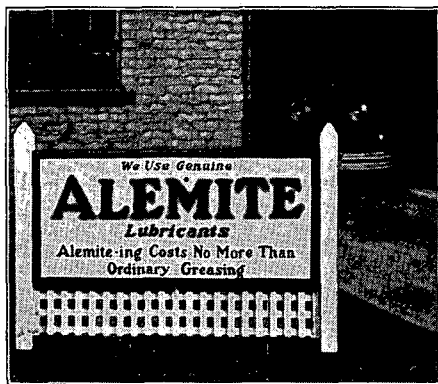
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need must be thoroughly met with the special type of lubricant it requires.

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It has therefore selected

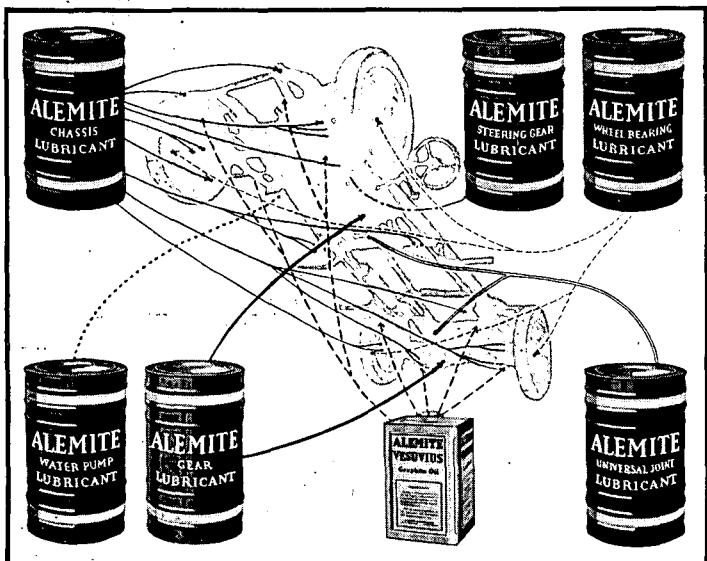


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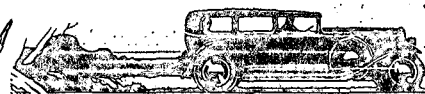
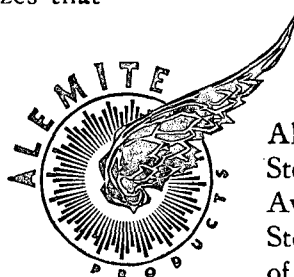
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The Imperfect Crime

Continued from page 17

bar, and afterwards we'll come back, and we'll have a drink together quietly."

A few minutes later, a very different-looking young man walked boldly by his friend's side back to the bar, and sank into an easy-chair in the annex.

"Now, Clive," Hames enjoined, "explain to me just why you went to Dumesnil's office, found him dead there, and came out without giving the alarm. We are all your friends, and we want to get you out of this without any trouble."

"I suppose," the young man groaned, "it seems to you like the act of a madman to have kept my mouth shut, but just consider this: Everyone knows I haven't a bob, and that I've got one of my gambling crazes on."

"ANYWAY, in I went to that office, and I honestly believe that I had some sort of an idea of taking old Dumesnil by the throat, and frightening him if he refused to let me have a few francs. However, when I got there, Dumesnil was crumpled up in his chair, drops of blood were falling from his shirt front onto the carpet, and his face—well, you've seen dead men before; I hadn't. I stared at him and my first impulse was to rush out of the place shouting. I wish to God I had done so. "What really happened was that, with my hand on the door knob, I looked back. I seemed to take in the whole ghastly little scene. Dumesnil was dead, with a dagger sticking out of his shirt front. All those piles of notes and chips with which he is always surrounded were gone too."

"For a second or so I seemed to see things quite coolly. I've actually been fool enough to talk about what I was going to do to Dumesnil if he wouldn't advance me more money. I imagined the expression I would see on the faces of everyone I met if I rushed out and announced that Dumesnil had been murdered. I would have read the thoughts in their eyes. I was suddenly afraid, Hames, as I have been afraid of nothing else before in my life. I opened and closed the door, and I staggered down the passage. I wasn't sure whether anyone had seen me or not. I struggled downstairs, and outside into the fresh air. I think I was half inclined to make a bolt for it. Then I realized how damnable foolish that was, so I came back, climbed onto that stool, and I've been there ever since, drinking."

"You'll come straight with me to Monsieur Perault, and the commissaire of police," Peter Hames insisted.

"I'm quite ready," the other assented, rising to his feet.

The two men passed out of the bar, and there were very few who did not guess their errand. An attendant outside, in response to Peter Hames' inquiry, ushered them into a room at the end of the corridor. Monsieur Perault, the manager, with two of his subordinates and an official of the police, were seated at a table.

"Monsieur Perault," Peter Hames announced, "our young friend here, Mr. Clive Densham, wishes to tell you what he knows of this affair. He was in the office before your croupiers."

"Ha!" Monsieur Perault ejaculated. "We have heard something of this. Sit down, Mr. Densham, if you please. Monsieur Cheval, the Chef de Sûreté, will doubtless like to ask you a few questions."

The latter, a short, military-looking man of middle age, with a heavy mustache and gold pince-nez, addressed himself at once to his task.

"You then, apparently, Monsieur Den-

sham," he said, "were the first to discover that Monsieur Dumesnil had been murdered?"

"Apparently so," the young man admitted.

"Will you tell me why you did not at once give the alarm?" the Chef de Sûreté asked.

"I cannot answer that question even to myself," Densham replied. "I simply don't know. I was horrified at what I saw, in the first place, and in the second, it seemed to me that everyone knew I was poor and had gone to borrow money, and that I should be accused of the murder."

"I see. And did you murder him?" the Chef de Sûreté added sharply.

"Of course I didn't."

"Where did you go when you left the office?"

"To the bar."

"Nowhere else?"

Densham hesitated.

"Yes," he acknowledged. "Before I went to the bar, I went downstairs and out into the street."

Monsieur Cheval made a note.

"Out into the street? Why?"

"I don't know. My head was going round, and I wanted some air."

"Perhaps you don't know where you went either?" his questioner suggested.

"As a matter of fact I don't," Densham maintained. "I don't think I was quite conscious. I walked some distance up towards the casino, but how far I don't know. I realized suddenly how foolish I was to leave the place. I came straight back, and remained in the bar until Mr. Hames came and spoke to me. He advised me to come here with him, and I did."

"It seems rather a pity," the Chef de Sûreté remarked, peering through his pince-nez with narrowed eyes at the pallid young man, "that you did not come here before you took that little stroll outside."

"Have you any objection to being searched, Monsieur Densham?" Monsieur Perault asked.

"None whatever."

Monsieur Cheval shrugged his shoulders.

"That will probably come later," he pointed out, "but if my friend considers—"

HE WAVED an acquiescent hand. One of the gendarmes, standing at the door, took Densham into a corner. He returned in a few minutes with a miscellaneous lot of articles which he laid upon the table. The money amounted to less than five hundred francs. The other things were the usual bits which every man is supposed to carry with him.

"What was your object in going into the office?" Monsieur Cheval inquired.

"To borrow money from Monsieur Dumesnil," was the frank acknowledgment.

"You were in need of money, then?"

"Desperately."

There was further discussion and whispering between the Chef de Sûreté and Monsieur Perault. Finally the latter made an announcement.

"It is to be understood, of course," he said, "that proceedings in this room are entirely informal. If you, Mr. Hames, will undertake to remain with Mr. Densham for the next hour and make no attempt to leave the buildings, you are both at liberty to depart."

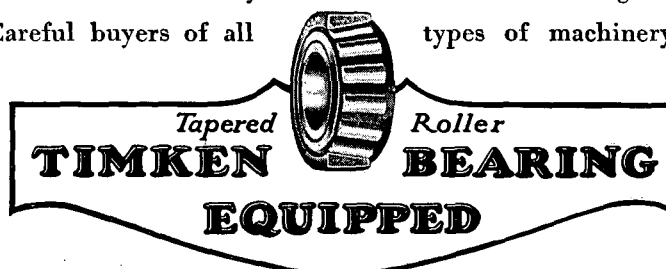
The gendarme opened the door. Peter Hames and his companion made their way back to the bar. . . .

(Continued on page 48)



TIMKEN HAS A BEARING ON YOUR TELEPHONE . . .

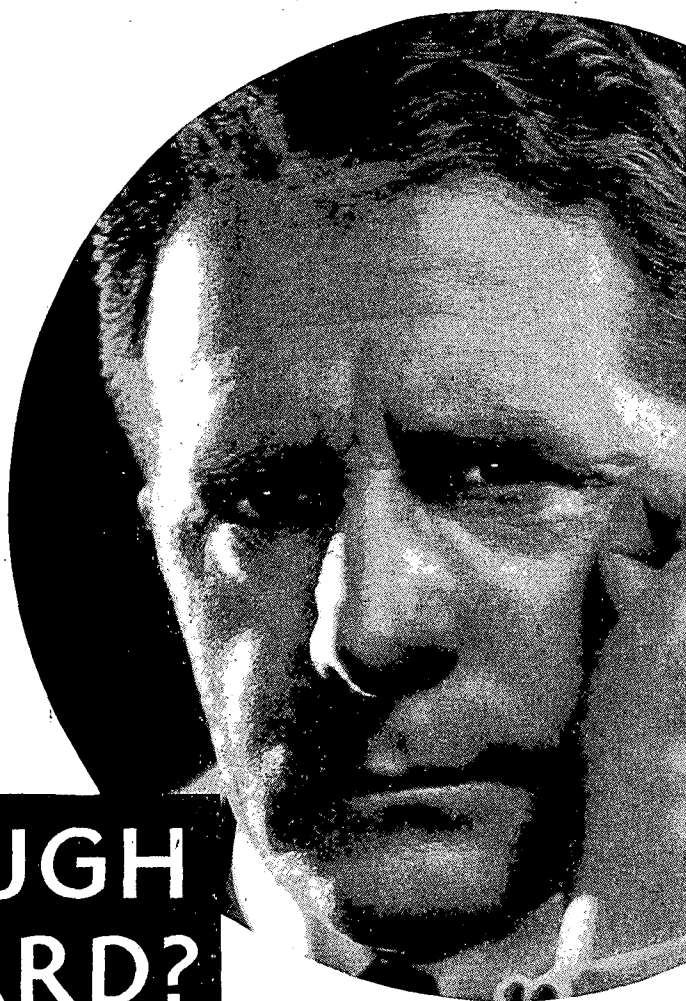
The telephone rings. Quietly you pick up the receiver. Your mother's voice! "Hello, Mother—I'm glad you called because" and so it goes, country-wide, millions of times a day. Whether half way 'round the block or half way 'round the world, the clear transmission is invariably the same In the mines where the ore is obtained, in the rolling mills where countless miles of cable are produced and in the fabrication of the innumerable and intricate parts that enter into telephone apparatus—Timken Bearings are employed to keep costs down For one of the greatest problems of industry is power waste, mechanical inefficiency and crippled production due to the ravages of friction Timken Bearings mean a new era of friction freedom. And with this follows the elimination of much of your lubricant expense—high upkeep costs vanish—your full battery of machines operates at high productiveness for a longer period of years Timken Bearings are a first aid to shop efficiency because of their Timken tapered construction, Timken positively aligned rolls and Timken-Made Steel. The ability to resist shocks of radial or thrust loads or any combination of both is designed into these advanced bearings. Careful buyers of all types of machinery invariably specify "Timken Equipped." The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton, Ohio



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The Imperfect Crime

Continued from page 46



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ARE YOU one, too? One of those morning martyrs who has to shave a tough beard over a tender skin?

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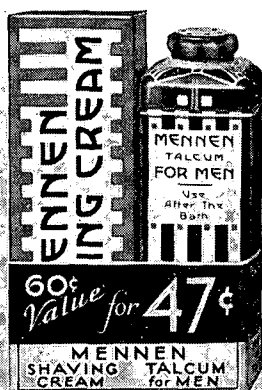
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25¢ TIN MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN

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Acting upon Peter Hames' advice, Densham decided to face it out amongst his friends, and he was very soon surrounded. The general opinion was that he would hear no more about the affair except that he might have to give his evidence before another court. Just as they were leaving for a stroll in the roulette rooms, however, Monsieur Perault himself entered. He was looking a little harassed.

"We shall have to ask Monsieur Densham to spare us one more minute," he regretted. "Monsieur Hames can accompany him if he wishes."

In silence the three men returned to the room at the end of the corridor. The Chef de Sûreté waited until Densham had approached within a few feet of him. Then suddenly he flung upon the table before him a 10,000-franc chip, and pointed to it with a dramatic finger. "Do you recognize that?" he demanded.

"It's a 10,000-franc chip, obviously," Densham replied. "I don't recognize it particularly. Why should I? I don't play so high myself."

"You say that you left this place immediately after the murder was committed, which must have been at about ten o'clock. That chip was picked up in the street between here and the casino. People don't throw those chips about, as a rule, if they are sane. Listen to me, young man: I suggest that you left this place, dazed with horror at the deed which you had committed, and that, in your excitement and natural nervousness, one of the chips which formed part of your booty slipped from your pocket. There it is. What have you to say?"

"Only that it's all rot," Densham insisted indignantly. "I've never handled such a big chip in my life."

The Chef de Sûreté cleared his throat, and referred to some notes he had made.

"Clive Densham," he began, "you were the first person to be seen coming out of the office after the unfortunate Dumesnil had met with his death. With that terrible tragedy actually before your eyes, without warning to anyone, you crept from the place, and wandered aimlessly out into the street, where this chip from Dumesnil's office was later picked up. The law gives me no choice in this matter. I am compelled to place you under arrest. You will be taken down to the gendarmerie now, and formally charged."

The young man bore himself bravely enough this time, although the color seemed to have been sucked out of his cheeks.

"I never touched Dumesnil," he declared doggedly.

The Chef de Sûreté rose to his feet. "The informal part of the proceedings is completed," he announced. "It is now an affair for the recognized authorities."

PETER HAMES began by changing a thousand-franc note into hundreds, and, with these in his pocket, he commenced a series of friendly and gossiping conversations with the attendants who had been on duty just before the opening of the club. At the end of half an hour, he had made slight but definite progress. He had ascertained, first, that from the time of Monsieur Dumesnil's opening his office and establishing himself there at about twenty past nine, no one else had been seen to enter or leave it except Clive Densham. Second, there were only about a dozen people in the club, most of whom were having a scratch meal in the bar and did not leave it until after the tragedy.

The exceptions consisted of two elderly ladies who made a nightly habit of standing out in the corridor or in the doorway of the bar, watching for the opening of the *salles de jeux*; an elderly gentleman of fabulous wealth, who could only walk with the help of crutches; and a young man known to most people—a great gambler, but a most agreeable player at *chemin-de-fer*, Prince Krotzsky, a Hungarian Pole, whose family before the war had been socially famous in Paris and London. His presence there was accounted for by the fact that he had dined downstairs in the restaurant at his favorite corner table alone, and had come up before the club was open to drink a glass of brandy at the bar, and secure his place at *chemin-de-fer*. As soon as he had done this he had left the building for an hour, and was now established at the place he had reserved, and was apparently winning heavily.

PETER HAMES' next move was more difficult. He sought out Monsieur Perault, with a request. The manager was doubtful. He was as anxious to help the young man as anyone could be, but a gendarme stood outside the office; strict orders had been left by the Chef de Sûreté that nothing should be touched there until the arrival of a fingerprint expert and a detective from Marseilles. Nevertheless, Monsieur Perault compromised. He produced the key of the office, whispered a few words to the gendarme on guard, and himself accompanied Peter Hames inside.

"Don't let your hand rest anywhere," he begged. "I expect we shall get into trouble about this, but to me it is incredible, as it is to you, that that young man, beloved of everybody, could have committed a crime so horrible."

He turned on the light with shaking fingers, and gave only one shuddering glance in the direction of the dead man. "I beg that you will hurry, Mr. Hames," he whispered hoarsely.

Peter Hames wasted no time. He went down on his hands and knees upon the floor and searched every inch of the carpet. Then he stood up and made a thorough examination of the mahogany desk. Finally, setting his teeth and struggling hard against a fit of revulsion, he bent over the crumpled form of the murdered man. He drew from his pocket a seldom-used magnifying glass, and made a close examination of the dead man's shirt front. Finally he turned to the manager.

"Monsieur Perault," he begged, "there is a small article, probably without the smallest significance, of which I wish to possess myself. It is resting at the present moment upon the waistcoat of Monsieur Dumesnil."

"It would be better to touch nothing," Monsieur Perault faltered.

"On principle, I quite agree with you," Peter Hames acquiesced. "But for once, Monsieur Perault, I beg of you to grant a little latitude. The French law is a magnificent thing, but it has but one idea—the criminal. This trifle is probably not of the slightest importance, but I want to remove it myself. Will you be my witness?"

Monsieur Perault demurred, but stepped reluctantly forward. His companion leaned over and removed from its resting place, at the bottom of the dead man's waistcoat, a speck of something which seemed to have a blue tinge. He dropped it into an envelope, which he thrust into his pocket.

Monsieur Perault opened the door.

(Continued on page 50)



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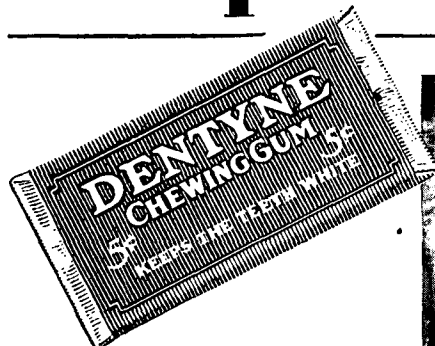
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The Imperfect Crime

Continued from page 48

"You will come, now, please?" he insisted.

The gendarme, who had disapproved of their entrance, saluted reluctantly as the two men passed down the corridor together. Peter Hames asked his companion one more question.

"Monsieur Perault," he said, "you report a large number of high-priced chips missing. I presume that if the thief held these for several days it would be possible by entering the casino in the morning, say a fortnight later, purchasing a chip and studying it carefully, to detach the gummed-on labels from the old ones, and bring them up to date?"

Monsieur Perault grudgingly admitted the fact.

"Now, will you do one thing more for me?" Peter Hames begged. "It is for the good of us all—and myself included. Will you send across with me to the Salles Privées someone who shall authorize the various officials there to answer any questions I may put?"

"With the utmost pleasure," Monsieur Perault approved. "But from henceforth the office must be considered sealed."

IT WAS barely one o'clock when Peter Hames, a little tired but filled with a queer, tremulous kind of exultation, returned to the Sporting Club and made his way to the baccarat table.

"Very high play tonight, monsieur," one of the chefs whispered. "Monsieur le Prince had won at one time ten millions. He loses now heavily."

Hames found a place opposite Krotzsky. He studied him with fixed and curious expression for several minutes. He was a young man of medium height, absolutely pale, with hollow eyes and the long, nervous fingers of the gambler. He was taking a bank at baccarat, and Peter Hames watched him deal the cards. For a moment he felt a little catch in his throat. The night had been overfull of events. The atmosphere of the place itself seemed charged with emotion. He set his teeth, and moved with difficulty to where Sybil Christian was standing amongst the spectators.

"Your friend Krotzsky seems to be losing," he remarked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I suppose he can afford it," she observed. "They say that he had an enormous win at Nice recently."

"Do you know him well enough to ask him to have a drink with us?"

"I think so," she assented.

"I'll meet you at the door of the bar, or in the annex," Peter Hames suggested.

"I'll bring him along," she promised.

"Any news?" she added wistfully.

"There may be later on."

PRINCE KROTSKY was at any rate a fine gambler. Notwithstanding an hour of tragic losses, he was bending over Sybil Christian as they emerged from the room, like a man who had no other thought in life than to win a smile from that very difficult young lady. She laid her hand upon Peter Hames' arm.

"Prince," she said, "I want to introduce a friend of mine. Mr. Peter Hames—Prince Krotzsky."

The Prince, who had apparently contemplated a tête-à-tête, responded courteously but without enthusiasm.

"We are going in to have a drink," Sybil continued. "Will you join us?"

"With great pleasure. But first of all, Prince, have you noticed that you have lost one of those small but very beautiful turquoises in your ring?"

The Prince raised his shapely hand and glanced at the disaster which had befallen him.

"Bad setting," he murmured. "I bought the stones in Colombo last year, and was stupid enough to have them set there."

"Well, you're luckier than you deserve," Peter Hames remarked. "Come with me a yard or two and I'll show you the missing stone."

The Prince agreed, apparently without demur. They walked down the corridor together. When they reached the room with the gendarme stationed outside, however, the Prince stopped suddenly.

"My God," he exclaimed, "that's the room in which poor Dumesnil was murdered!"

Peter Hames nodded.

"Yes," he said, with his hand upon the knob of the door. "We are going inside."

An earthquake rumbled and swayed under the feet of the Prince. There was a throbbing in his ears. He took a quick step backwards. Somehow or other the gay throng of people ascending and descending the stairs, passing into the rooms or out into the bar, seemed to consist of gendarmes—a gendarme to his left, another on his right.

"Well, it's a queer place to bring me," he commented, smiling. "I've no fancy for horrors, and it would scarcely have been here, Mr. Hames, that you found my stone."

He entered the room firmly enough, Peter Hames' hand in friendly fashion upon his shoulder, and with a click the door was closed. The Chef de Sûreté, his anger at being dragged out of bed suddenly dispersed, rose to his feet.

"This is Prince Krotzsky," Peter Hames explained. "It seemed to Monsieur le Prince here that he might be able to help us in this matter of poor Densham. One finds over at the Salles Privées that a considerable number of chips which might have come from Monsieur Dumesnil's evening store were changed there, and, although they are, of course, almost impossible to trace, one of the officials of the place believes that it was the Prince who changed them. Furthermore—"

PETER HAMES paused. The Chef de Sûreté drew an envelope from his pocket, and shook a small object out on to the counter.

"Furthermore," the latter continued, "this fragment of stone, Prince, was found resting at the bottom of the waistcoat of the murdered man. Will you permit me to see whether it fits with the empty space in your ring?"

The Prince drew his ring from his finger and laid it upon the counter. A little exclamation broke from the lips of the onlookers. The stone fitted exactly.

"You are willing, Monsieur le Prince," the Chef de Sûreté asked, "to submit yourself to an interrogation?"

The Prince's long fingers were again busy. Peter Hames was within a yard of him, but he acted upon one of the principles of his life, and he moved neither hand nor foot. The gendarme stood with his back to the door, and the Chef de Sûreté was on the other side of the desk. So Prince Krotzsky blew out his brains, and Clive Densham slept in his own bed after all.

Another romantic adventure of Peter Hames will appear in an early issue of Collier's.

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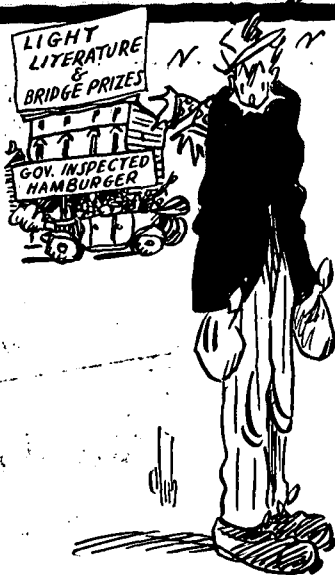
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BATTERIES

"AS I
WUZ SAYIN'"



"Used to be a time, says Al Mopps, when anyone who wanted to amount to anything, had to leave fifty-cent magazines lyin' around.

"Jest so long as they could be seen by visitors you didn't have to read 'em.

"Today we all read nickel magazines from the college dean down. An' the best writers are only too anxious to write fer 'em.

"The same with cigars. Many a man who used to pay a quarter for the name on the band has discovered that a rocky ford gives him everything he wants . . . for a nickel.

"An' many a maker of expensive brands would like to know how it's done."

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25¢ for a trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Company, Inc., 119 West 40th St., New York. Cigars cannot be mailed to addresses outside U. S. A.



WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF
© P. Lorillard Co., Inc. . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

Charlie - as ever was

Continued from page 18

back yard to yours, I here report on the latest installment of a saga told in another idiom by another Charles. This other Charles learned his humanity also in the same streets of London through which he, too, once wandered ragged and hungry as a child.

It has often been said of Charles Dickens (not quite accurately, by the way) that, though he created scores of immortal characters, there was not a gentleman in the lot. It must be said of Charles Chaplin that he has created only one character, but that one, in his matchless courtesy, in his unflinching gallantry—his preposterous, innocent gallantry, in a world of gross Goliaths—that character is, I think, the finest gentleman of our time.

The Hero Advances

In the latest chapter of this gentleman's adventures he has his full share of the anguish of this world. This time his vagrant steps bring him across the pathway of a blind girl who must sell flowers all day long on a street corner. At first sight he is sick with love and pity and from that moment he must needs be her knight-errant, emptying her flower basket with his lavish purchases and luxuriating in the stolen sweetness of her romantic belief that he is some rich and handsome gallant who will one day carry her off on his milk-white steed.

To pay the overdue rent of her tenement home and to buy the surgery that will restore her sight he steals and goes to prison. It is a pretty forlorn knight-errant who creeps out of jail some months later. The shabby elegance is in tatters. The once incorrigibly cheerful face has lost its fine defiance. Newsboys pelt him with their bean-blowers and he can only drag himself along. Then he sees her—her sight restored, her flower-basket expanded into a resplendent shop, her loveliness become radiant. She is the work of his hands—the oblivious work of his loving hands. And at the sight of the little hobo she cries out: "Did you ever see such a spectacle?" and goes into gales of laughter.

As the picture was originally made, Charlie gave one terrified look at this toppling of the tower his dreams had built, then tipped his eternally propitiatory hat and, with his secret locked forever in his heart, went shuffling off into eternity. But now a pang of pity sends her flying after him with a flower for his preposterous buttonhole and a bit of silver for his hunger. As her hand touches his, by a sense far quicker than her new-found sight, she knows him. And the end of the chapter is just the incredulous wonder in his eyes as he looks at her. You do not need sound effects to make you hear the thump of his heart against his ribs, and the glory that shines round him is not made by any lights that electricians can devise.

The picture, of course, is a history of his struggles to fend for her. For her sake he is decoyed into the prize ring for a couple of nightmare rounds that constitute as mad a ballet as ever witch danced on a blasted heath in the dark of the moon. For her sake he goes to work as a street-cleaner. His fastidious displeasure at the goings-on of a single horse lends point to his nimble avoidance of the next street, down which a pack of mules chance to be jogging. He seeks refuge around the corner, only to be confronted there with a sight that discourages him utterly. A moment later the plausible cause of

his discouragement lumbers into view. It is an elephant.

But his great hope is pinned to the singularly intermittent generosity of a rollicking old sport who, when in his cups, has a maudlin passion for Charlie, but on sober reflection next day cannot recall ever having seen the fellow before. Thus is Charlie again and again lifted to the stars only to be cast down next morning. The distaste with which the recovering Mæneas discovers his erstwhile protégé in bed with him cannot be expressed in such poor things as words. And a moment later Charlie, who in last night's debauch had been promised motor cars, a home for life, the kingdoms of the earth, finds himself out on the doorstep in the morning sunlight with nothing to show for his recent dizzying good fortune except one banana, salvaged from the wreck of his hopes as he was in the act of being thrown out by the butler. Well, at that, a banana is something. You can imagine how smartly he peels it as he steps forth once more to make his fortune, somehow imparting to the homely process of peeling a banana the elegant nonchalance of a duke drawing a monogrammed cigarette from a platinum case.

Some will rejoice most in the moment when the sadism of an Apache dance so outrages our Charlie's sense of chivalry that, with dignity but firmness, he kicks the Apache in the stomach. Others will chuckle reminiscently over the episode of the spaghetti course, when Charlie must eat endlessly because his fork has caught up by mistake an interminable paper streamer. But I suppose City Lights will be remembered longest for the mishap of the penny whistle. You see, at a party, he is blowing it in a resolute attempt to partake of the general gayety. When some jocund reveler slaps him on the back he swallows the whistle. Thereafter he is most unhappy. The newcomer does not rest easy within him. He begins to hiccup and, at each surge, the whistle within lets out a little, persistent cheep.

Deep-Seated Woe

This grows embarrassing. Guests draw away from him. A baritone, who is determined to sing, cannot get started. Always his impressive preliminary pause is disturbed by the whistle invisible. Finally, with the feelings of a leper, Charlie staggers out into the garden to be alone in the moonlight with his unhappiness. Just when he thinks he has conquered it, he hiccups again. A taxicab responds, and when it is silently waved away, the driver departs cursing. Another pause. Another hiccup. Several colliers respond. When Charlie comes back to the party he is followed by all the dogs in the neighborhood.

All of which is pretty comical, and each audience in which I have (with the aid of a shoehorn) imbedded myself for a glimpse of City Lights has rocked with laughter—your correspondent doing a tidy bit of rocking himself. Mr. Chaplin's comedic gift is at high tide. Quite as if he thought of City Lights as a gauntlet thrown down to all of Hollywood, he has taken pride in cramming this cake with the richest plums of his invention. Yet when, as has occasionally happened in the past fifteen years, someone says to me (just for something to say, I suppose) that this or that new-risen comedian is "funnier than Chaplin" I am always taken by incurable surprise. But only



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU

Nothing to disturb his walk until—

"Put 'em up, brother!" . . . a gun in his ribs . . . stripped of watch, ring and wallet . . . not a scratch to show for it.

Most of his money was saved. For he carried A. B. A. Cheques, and the money represented by the cheques was refunded.

A. B. A. Cheques are the modern way of protecting your money against theft, loss or destruction in any way.

Invaluable when traveling, A. B. A. Cheques are equally useful at home. Use them instead of cash, everywhere.



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OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF
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ITCHING FEET AND TOES

This skin infection—known as "Athlete's Foot," "Gym Foot," also "Golfers' Itch" and "ringworm"—is quickly relieved by this new treatment—SOLVEX—perfected by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, recognized foot authority. At drug, shoe, dept. stores. \$1.00 jar.

For booklet write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX



because I never think of the dauntless Charlie as a figure of fun. Or at least not as primarily a figure of fun. Primarily Charlie is innocent courage, gallantry—the unquenchable in mankind—taking on flesh and walking this earth to give us heart.

A Great Actor

And if Chaplin, of whose incomparable art and winged imagination this insouciant tatterdemalion is the creature—as authentic a creation, mind you, as Falstaff or Don Quixote—if in our time he is the ultimate clown, it is because he is an artist whose craftsmanship is at once as sinewy and as exquisite as Heifetz's, and whose secret of the sorcery of motion is the same that transformed Pavlova into thistledown. I would be prepared to defend the proposition that this darling of the mob is the foremost living artist. There could be no conceivable need to defend the proposition that he is the foremost living actor. It so happens that he drifted into the movies as a medium, and whenever the world's first actor makes a picture that matches the best work he has done—City Lights belongs in the gallery of immortals with The Kid and Shoulder Arms and The Pilgrim—why, surely some such immoderate fandango in the streets as this discourse involves is, as they say, indicated.

But just as no one can rely on the grandfather's clock in the hall who does not keep in mind that the creaky old timepiece is always about half an hour fast, so, perhaps, you ought to know something of the predilections of your oracular correspondent. For one thing, I suppose I should break down at this point and admit that if there is one thing I cannot abide in this raucous age it is the transient monstrosity known as the talkie. This aversion is essentially undebatable, just as I could never explain to the manufacturer who put out a Venus de Milo with a clock in her stomach that he had, to my notion, got

hold of a bad idea. His dashing invention won first prize in the Bad Taste Exhibition held in New York twenty years ago, and yet it seems to me, as I look back on it, no uglier a piece of fancy work than this idea of a talking photograph.

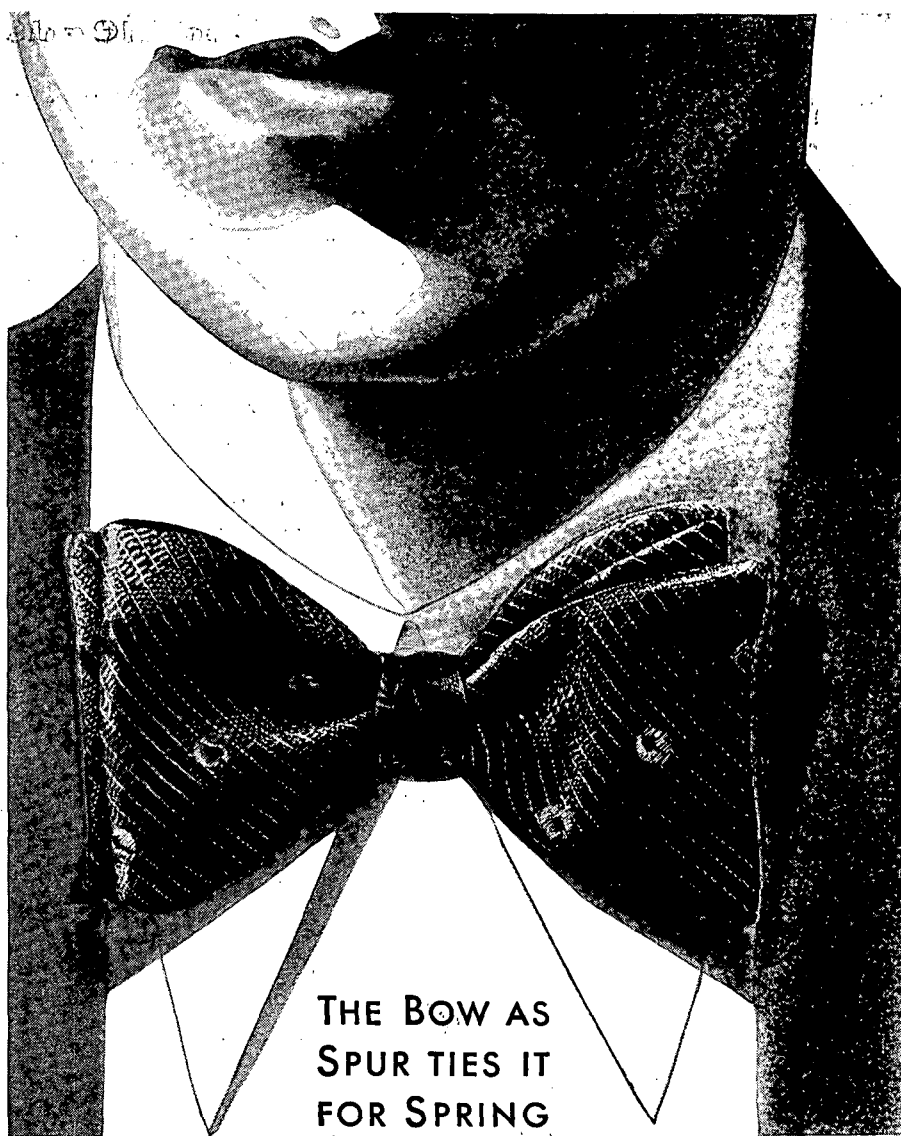
I have made this avowal thus far down on the page, not to be furtive about it, but only because it does seem to me irrelevant. Chaplin is Chaplin, and nothing can be proved by him. The fact that the public has clasped to its multitudinous bosom this movie without a single spoken syllable in all its crowded length is no proof that the talkie is doomed or even on the wane and no proof that any other player would be thus accepted at his face value.

So much for City Lights. So much for Charlie. Please think of my testimony as one of thankfulness. I sometimes wish I had lived in my grandfather's time instead of today. The pattern of life was less complicated then. This was a cleaner, greener land, and a man who took to the highroad might breathe, instead of gasoline vapors, a forgotten boon called air. But there are times when I would not swap places with my grandfather, and one of those times is when there is a new chapter of the Charlie saga to be seen in town.

The Last Chapter?

I wrote that last sentence in the present tense. But that was bravado. For there is no use pretending that we can count on such chapters as an endlessly recurrent phenomenon. Indeed, there must, I think, fall across each screen on which City Lights is shown a shadow not cast by any of the properties or puppets of the Chaplin lot. It is the shadow of a foreboding, an uneasy feeling that in this visitation we are seeing our Charlie for the last time.

Well, that is as may be. At all events, his like has not passed this way before. And we shall not see his like again.



THE BOW AS
SPUR TIES IT
FOR SPRING

You style it for yourself

Here is the smart new shape of bow that will be worn by well-dressed men this spring. Spur ties it with square ends, slightly flared, in heavy silks of small, clean-cut pattern.

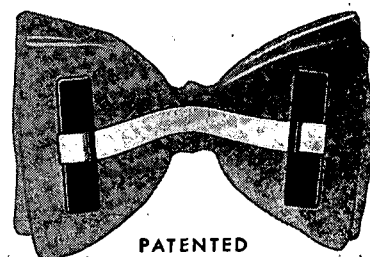
But, like all 'Spur Bows, its individual style is what you put into it with your own fingers by cocking the ends forward, flattening them down, or angling them to suit yourself over the patented Spur Innerform.

You can feel the flexible H-Shaped Innerform inside the silk of any Spur Bow when you're buying it. And be sure you find it, if you want this smartest of spring tie shapes to look its best on you. Your haberdasher will also show you the new Spur 4-in-Hands which, like Spur Bows, are "all tied for you."

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FREE TO MOTHERS — Write for the handsome, helpful style book for boys: "Boys' Clothes and How to Buy Them."

over this H-Shaped Innerform



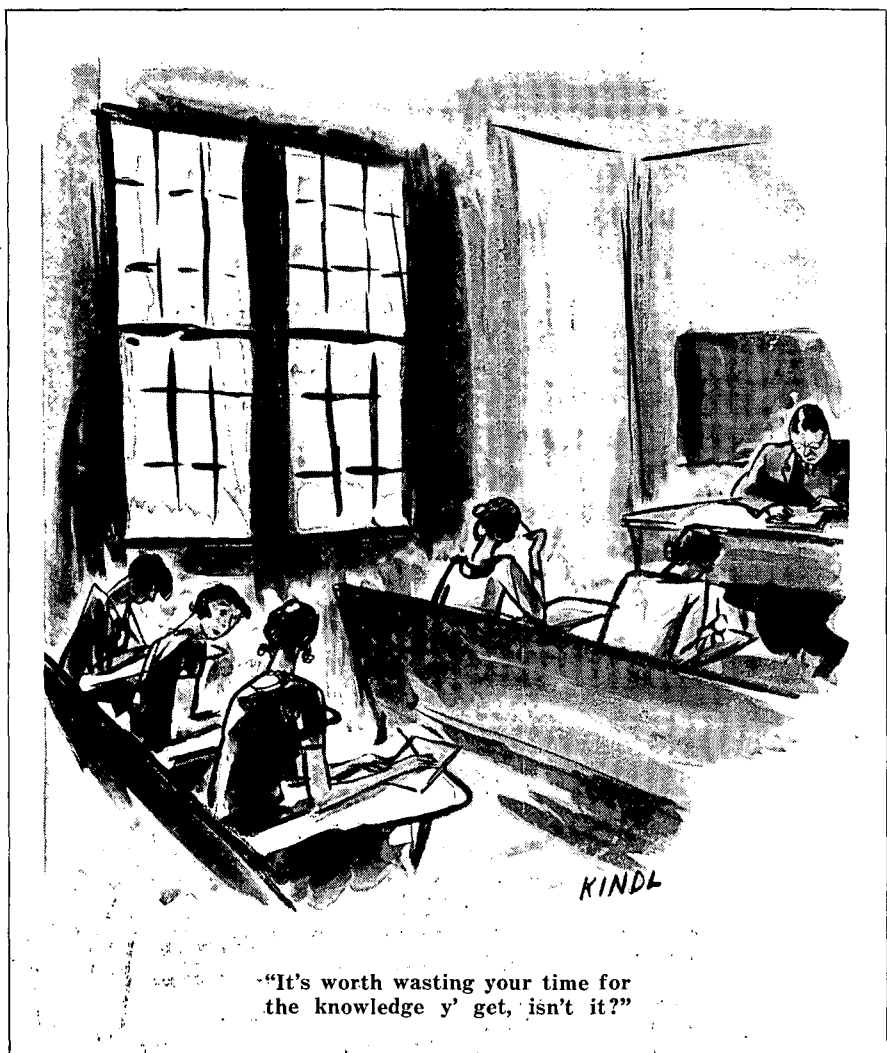
PATENTED

This H-Shaped Innerform sets and holds the bow the way you like it . . . and identifies every genuine Spur Bow.

Chicago Stock, 412 South Wells Street; New Orleans Office, 608 Canal Street; Denver Stock, 1604 Arapahoe Street; Pacific Coast Stocks: San Francisco, 120 Battery Street; Los Angeles, 426 So. Spring Street. Yap Bros., 71 North King Street, Honolulu, Hawaii. In Canada, Tooke Bros., Ltd., Montreal. In Australia, Wallace, Buck & Goodes, Pty., Ltd., Melbourne, Sydney.

Spur Bow

ALL TIED FOR YOU . . . 50¢ 75¢ \$1.00



"It's worth wasting your time for the knowledge y' get, isn't it?"

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 11



*"I hate him
he coughed me
into a Cold"*

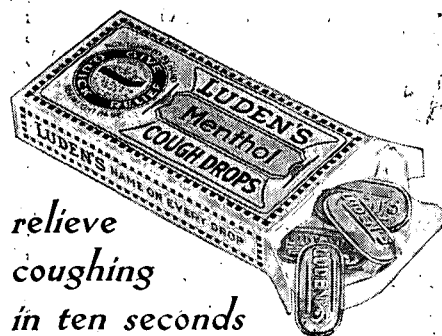


Often the tiniest sneeze or a careless cough will harm the health of others. There is no telling how far the contagion will spread—what discomfort it will cause. The safe way—for yourself and for others—is to keep a package of Luden's always handy—for quick relief.

The exclusive Luden's Menthol Action soothes the throat—clears the head—comforts the irritated nerve-ends that cause the cough. Relief comes quickly.

Everywhere—in the familiar yellow package—5¢. (In Canada 10¢.)

LUDEN'S



relieve
coughing
in ten seconds

return had interrupted the intruder, as all sorts of papers were left strewn upon the floor, indicating a hurried retreat.

The steward could throw no light upon the matter but was in a position to prove that he had not entered the cabin during this time. Mr. Len Chow desired to know what the purser proposed to do about it.

Winter, the purser, was never in top form in the early morning. Pipe in mouth he stared at his visitor; and:

"Will you please take a seat, sir," he said wearily. Drawing a pad of paper towards him and taking up a pencil: "Can you give me a list of the missing articles?"

MR. LEN CHOW, his spectacled face unemotional, replied that none were missing.

"What! Nothing at all?"

"Nothing."

"Then what's the row about? I suppose you think the thief was looking for money or valuables but failed to find any?"

"Certainly. He must be apprehended. He has rifled my papers."

"Your papers? Any reason why he should do so?"

"I cannot say," the Chinaman returned. "They are of great personal value."

"But of no value to anyone else?"

"No."

"Are any missing?"

"No."

Winter dropped his pencil and turned again, staring at Mr. Len Chow. There was silence for some moments, except for the automatic creaking of the rings on the curtain rod above the purser's door, corresponding to the movements of the Wallaroo as she rode an easy swell. Finally:

"I'll make inquiries, Mr. Len Chow, naturally," said Winter, "but, as you say he has stolen nothing, I really don't know how we are going to identify this person. Do you?"

"I cannot say. But I must be protected from such visits."

"Quite!" said Winter, standing up. "I'll see what can be done. . . ."

At about which time Dawson Haig, with his cabin door locked, was rapidly making pencil notes, whilst his memory served him. He had been unable to complete his investigation, owing to the unexpected movements in the cabin which immediately faced that of Mr. Len Chow. He much regretted the disorder, in which he had been compelled to leave the latter's apartment. It had been this or discovery, however.

Briefly, he had learned that Mr. Chow, according to his passport, was an American citizen, and that he could only have been in England for a week, or possibly less, at the time that the Wallaroo sailed. The only light cast upon his movements during that week came from an unexpected but welcome discovery. In the ticket pocket of an overcoat he found a receipted bill from the Grand Hotel, Birmingham. It was sufficient to convince Haig that Mr. Chow had been engaged in the frustrated dope-smuggling enterprise; had probably been responsible for safe delivery in Sydney, to which port, apparently, he was booked.

A puzzling feature of his passport, which spoke of extensive traveling mostly in the Near East, was a visé, bearing yesterday's date, by the Egyptian consul in Marseilles, which strongly suggested that Mr. Chow's plans had been changed and that he was going ashore at Port Said.

Haig determined to question the purser on this point.

He presently presented himself in the captain's cabin. There he remained for a whole hour, busily transcribing from the borrowed Marconi books a number of incoming messages and outgoing messages received or dispatched by the suspected five.

It was a tedious job. While some of the messages seemed innocent enough, others, notably those sent by Dr. Oestler, although on the face of them harmless in character, quite obviously were compiled in some sort of code.

Haig had rolls and coffee brought to his cabin and settled down before the little table to see what he could make of this new material.

The half-caste woman known as Miss Ednam and supposed to be a vaudeville artist, Mr. Len Chow and Dr. Oestler were the suspects whose names appeared in the Marconi books.

Studying a list of telegraphic addresses, which the captain had borrowed from the wireless-room and which Haig had taken to his cabin, he discovered that Mr. Chow's first two messages had been addressed to "Lilung Causeway London."

"Excellent," he murmured.

"Lilung Causeway London" was the telegraphic address of Jo Lung's establishment in Limehouse!

The messages themselves were simple enough. They were these:

One: ARRANGED TO TRANSFER O. K. CHOW

Two: YOUR FRIEND IS ON BOARD CHOW

"That's clear enough," Haig mused. "He is informing friend Polodos that he has arranged to cancel from Port Said to Sydney and is leaving at the former. He later sends the information that there is a 'friend' on board, meaning Durham, of course. Durham thought he was spotted. He was quite right."

Then, in order of date, was an incoming message which read:

MEURICE PARIS SIXTEEN TO EIGHTEEN PASCAL

Mr. Len Chow's third message, addressed to "Pascal Hotel Meurice Paris," read:

YOUR FRIEND LEAVING US AT MARSEILLES CHOW

At which moment came the sound of a loud rap on the cabin door. Dawson Haig hastily adjusted his tinted glasses, stood up, crossed and opened.

Eileen Kearney stood outside.

HE PAUSED for a moment, staring at her. In a green jumper suit and beret, her cheeks freshened and her eyes brightened by sea breezes, she looked absurdly young and disturbingly beautiful.

"You positively startled me, Eileen!" he said. "For heaven's sake, cut in quickly. Did anybody see you?"

"No!" she said breathlessly. "But I heard someone coming along the main alleyway and had to run!"

She stepped inside and closed the door, as:

"It's good to see you," Haig declared. "But, according to our arrangement at Marseilles, I'm not supposed to know you yet! What's happened?"

"This," Eileen replied, speaking very rapidly: "Last night I was awakened



For the last eight years more people have crossed the Atlantic on Cunard ships than on any other line or group of lines. Consistent patrons these . . . whose names reappear again and again on Cunard passenger lists . . . there must be a reason!

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CASLON BOND

by someone banging at a near-by cabin door. I distinctly heard him say, 'Marconi message.' . . ."

"That would be Dr. Oestler's cabin," said Haig reflectively. And as Eileen watched him intently: "Let me see."

He stooped over his notes, scanning them rapidly until he came to the last of several messages received by Dr. Oestler.

"That must have been about half past three this morning?" he suggested.

"It was. Do you mean that you have the message there?"

Dawson Haig smiled wryly.

"I certainly have it here," he replied. "Shall I read it to you?"

"Yes; please do. Then I can tell you if . . ."

"Tell me what?"

"If it's the same."

Haig stared at her in a certain bewilderment; and then:

"This is it," he said:

"OESTLER PASSENGER RMS WALLAROO
BJH KEEPER SEARCHLIGHT NEAR HOME
STOP KNOW TELL"

He looked up, smiling.

"Does that convey anything to you, Eileen?"

"No!" she confessed blankly, watching him. "It isn't the same. Of course, you can't possibly know what I'm talking about, so I must explain. While I was in the bath this morning that sudden squall of wind and rain came. Do you remember?"

Haig nodded.

"I had opened the porthole and fastened the door back to freshen the air in my cabin, and Dr. Oestler, whose cabin adjoins mine, must have done the same. Because, when I got back—I returned first—a lot of papers which had been lying loose on my table had been blown right out into the main alleyway, and my stewardess was picking them up as I came along. . . ."

DAWSON HAIG was thinking, "I have so little to offer this glorious girl. Yet if I lose her life won't be worth a hoot. It seems like Fate that we've been brought together again. . . ."

"I didn't realize, until I looked through them, that some of the papers didn't belong to me. There were sheets of notes in German, some sort of scientific leaflet, and one or two other odds and ends, which I gave to the stewardess, asking her to find out where they

had come from. I suggested, as his door was open, that they probably belonged to Dr. Oestler. I was right, and he sent a message back, thanking me. But later, when I was dressed, I found another fragment."

She slipped a hand into a pocket of her jumper, and produced a half sheet of thin paper.

"When I saw this," she continued, and her voice grew very serious, "I thought you ought to know at once. . . ."

Haig removed "Mr. Smith's" tinted glasses and took the torn sheet from Eileen's hand.

Scribbled in pencil upon the paper were the following words:

Haig Chief Inspector Scotland Yard on board. Identify and advise.

ALONE once more, but unaccountably happy amid his difficulties, Dawson Haig bent over his notes. Eileen had slipped out unnoticed. Sheer luck, and her keen wit, had come to his aid.

The penciled scrawl was obviously a translation of the message IBJH HEAD KEEPER SEARCHLIGHT NEAR HOME STOP KNOW TELL.

Its deadly simplicity betrayed genius. The IBJH was elementary, the letters being merely those next in the alphabet to HAIG, but the fact that "Head Keeper Searchlight" meant *Chief Inspector Scotland Yard* was one which no cryptographer could ever be expected to discover. "Near home" evidently corresponded to *on board*; "Know" to *identify*; "Tell" to *advise*.

It was a system of analogies and he proceeded to apply it to the other messages, with the result that by lunch time he was satisfied that at least the gist of these was in his possession.

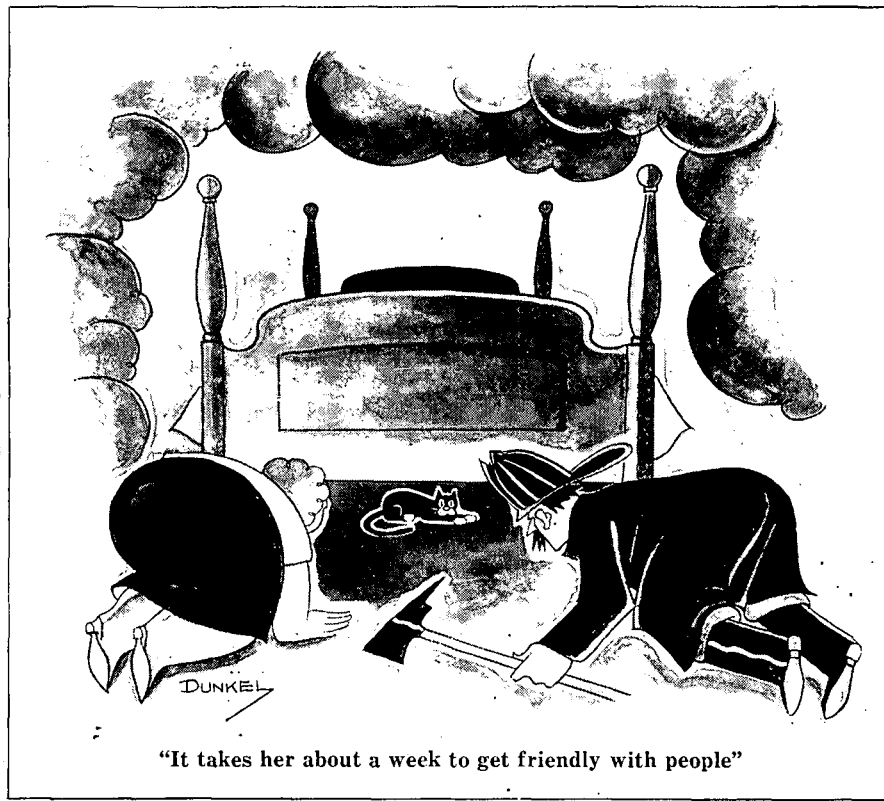
He bent over the messages. Those sent by the woman obviously related to the chief engineer, one of them reading:

ORGAN GRINDER SURE STOP BIG BOY
AND NEXT OF KIN NOT RUNNING VAL

This he had translated as follows: "Chief engineer captured. Commander and chief officer no good. Val."

That this meant that Corcoran had been bought over and become a party to some crooked deal Haig did not believe for a moment. He read it to mean that the infatuated engineer was playing into the woman's hands. He was to be used,

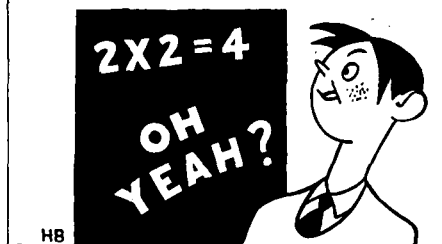
(Continued on page 56)



"It takes her about a week to get friendly with people"

ALAS! FOR SCEPTICISM

IT IS MELANCHOLY to think upon the degree to which scepticism has laid hold of this fair land. It has got so that even little children question the old maxims and the multiplication table.



With this low state of credulity, we have to be very guarded in stating the facts about the Enders razor. It is true that the great majority of men who use the little thing get a better shave than they have ever had before. It is true that the Enders has a cute and unique way of zipping off the toughest whiskers with more ease and pleasure than you ever thought was possible. It is true that Enders blades are so



sharp as to make most other blades feel like old gardening tools by comparison.

But there, you probably won't believe us! And because we are awfully sensitive about being believed we are going to ask you to step across to the nearest razor counter. Trade an old dollar for a new Enders with six blades and shave with it for a week at least. Ah, Ha! What did we tell you! Enders Razor Co., Inc., 105 West 40th Street., New York, N. Y.

Enders RAZOR

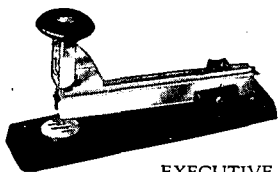


New
Enders Razor
with 6 blades,
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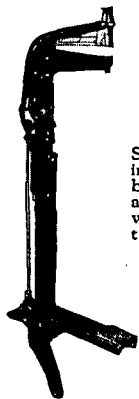
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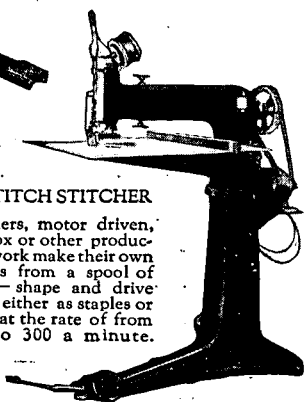
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(Continued from page 55)

in some way, without his knowledge. But—Haig stared up at the porthole and asked the question aloud: "In what way?"

Dr. Oestler's radio correspondence frankly defeated him. He could find no parallel amongst the ship's company to the strange names employed. And he had come to the conclusion that it related to something taking place elsewhere. Evidently Dr. Oestler was a sort of chief of staff; his outgoing messages took the form of inquiries as to the whereabouts of certain persons, and the replies presumably contained the desired information, which, however, conveyed nothing at all to Dawson Haig.

These messages were sent to a telegraphic address in Paris which he had no means of tracing.

It was all very maddening, because one fact emerged from all this mystification—a fact which refused to be denied:

This complicated conspiracy had nothing to do with drug smuggling. That enterprise had been merely a side line, abandoned at the first hint of danger. Nor could the presence of all these people in the Wallaroo mean that they were flying from English justice because of the murder in Limehouse.

What then did it mean?

He thought of that hurried removal of the crates from Birmingham—the crates which almost certainly had been in charge of Mr. Len Chow.

Dawson Haig sat, his head resting upon one upraised hand, for five minutes—for ten minutes . . . thinking hard—very hard.

How had Jo Lung, or the man of whom Jo Lung was merely a creature, learned of the instructions sent to Sydney? They had been sent from the Yard in code to the chief customs officer.

Haig suddenly stood up. And:

"By heaven!" he whispered. "They can't have known—they can't have known! It was a definite change of plan on the part of the gang. They removed their precious consignment because . . ."

Because of what?

THE night train from Cairo to Luxor pulled into the station at Keneh.

Only two first-class passengers alighted there, a man and a woman. The man, who wore tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses and who seemed to be very short-sighted, was enveloped in a blue traveling coat, the astrakhan collar of which was turned up around his ears whilst the brim of his soft black hat was pulled down. If his was a bulky figure, his companion's was extraordinarily petite; a small, very slender woman, also wrapped in fur.

Although dressed in the latest Paris fashion, she wore a blue veil which entirely concealed her features; so that an observer, noting the strange yellow skin of the man and the veiled face of the woman, would have been entitled to suppose that this was some strict Moslem who traveled with his wife.

Apparently they had no more than light hand-baggage, which was placed upon the platform by the car attendant. A tall and finely developed Nubian, wearing a *turbush* and a smart blue uniform, met them, taking charge of their baggage—and the party walked out of the station.

This was a brilliant night, the stars gleaming like crystals. But that chill was in the air which betrays the treachery of the Egyptian climate.

The woman shivered as they entered a large car which awaited them in charge of a Nubian chauffeur. The latter, a magnificent figure in his smart uniform, might have been twin brother of the other. They were driven through nearly deserted streets and on towards

a quarter where the streets were more brightly lighted; when:

"You shiver, little one," said Yu'an Hee See.

The woman leaned against him.

Where a large mosque grotesquely broke the continuity of these houses, so full of shrill life, with its unlighted frontage and half-defaced Koran text above the gate, they swung into a narrow side turning. The driver skirted one high wall of the mosque, came into the very shadow of the minaret and turned left again. Through an unpaved lane running parallel and behind the rowdy street they proceeded, slowly now. Twenty yards along they pulled up.

The Nubian groom was at the door in a flash. Deftly he unrolled a length of carpet and laid it from the step of the car across the muddy path to a gate which was suddenly opened in an otherwise blank wall.

AN OLD Arab, black-robed and white-turbaned, his thin feet thrust into yellow leather slippers, stood there, holding a lantern high above his head. Its yellow light fell upon a wrinkled face which had earned for its owner the title of Father of Cunning.

As Yu'an Hee See stepped out and assisted the woman to alight, the old Arab bent so low that his lantern touched the ground.

"Most mighty lord," he said in Arabic, "my heart leaps with joy to see you. I am lower than the dust—I kiss your feet."

"Lead the way," the Chinaman replied, also speaking in Arabic.

They passed across a roughly paved courtyard. Light shone out from rooms on the ground floor, and some echo of the din from the street beyond reached to that otherwise quiet spot. There was an outer staircase leading up to an illuminated balcony. This illumination proceeded from two fine-latticed windows which abutted upon the balcony.

One would have judged, and judged correctly, that this was an old Arab mansion, dating no doubt in part to those dim ages when Egypt was governed by the caliphs of Bagdad. Around it the sordid life of Keneh had crept, fungus-like, almost concealing, but not defacing, the home of some former merchant prince.

On the threshold of the lighted room, which was furnished with surprising elegance, they were met by Aswami Pasha. He bowed low over the extended hand of Orange Blossom, deeply saluting Yu'an Hee See.

"We have done our best, my lord," he said. "I trust you will be happy here for one night."

He clapped his hands and an old Arab woman appeared.

"My lady," he bowed to Yu'an Hee See's companion, "your apartment is prepared; Magrêba will attend to you."

With never another glance at the speaker or at Yu'an Hee See, Orange Blossom, her dainty footsteps seeming to disdain the choice rugs upon which she stepped, followed the aged attendant from the apartment.

Yu'an Hee See, his arms clasped behind him, stood just within the doorway watching the Egyptian; and:

"All are here?" he asked, upon a very high note, which betokened anxiety.

"All. I have the list showing where each man is tonight."

Yu'an Hee See waved a plump hand. "I do not wish to see it. Next?"

"The detective from Scotland Yard who is in the Wallaroo has been identified. . . . He is in touch with the American girl whom Your Excellency has taken under your protection!"

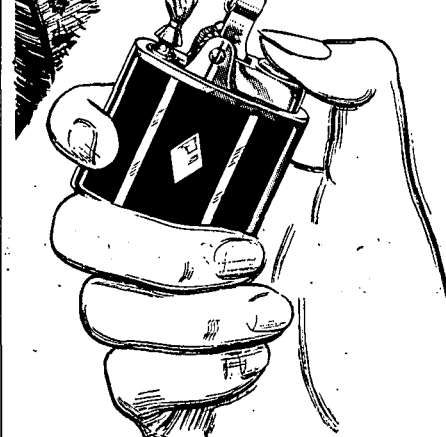
Yu'an Hee See began to hiss softly.

"It is almost certain, then, that this man had read the notes in my book, before . . . ?"

"TAKE THIS LIGHTER -for instance -"

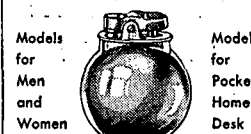


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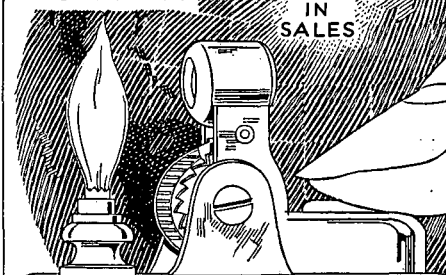
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"I fear so, Excellency." Yu'an Hee See, his eyes apparently quite closed, nodded slowly. "Even so," said the Egyptian, "alone he could do nothing."

"He has had time to inform others. But he cannot know all. Yet this man it was who followed me to Singapore a year ago... and has escaped me since—"

There was an interval during which the two men watched each other: the Egyptian with his fine wild-animal eyes, the Chinaman peering through oblique slits in his yellow face, for he had removed his glasses upon entering the room.

"The hangman is on board?" Yu'an Hee See whispered. "He is."

A pause, then: "Instruct Dr. Oestler," hissed Yu'an Hee See.

For five, ten seconds Aswami sustained the gaze of those eyes. Then his own bold glance faltered—he dropped his dark lashes and turned aside.

DAWSON HAIG sat in Jack Rattray's room, or, rather, he sat at intervals between his pacing up and down like a wild animal.

"It's a most unholy business," said Rattray. "The old man thinks it's a mare's nest. You've seen that?"

Dawson Haig, striding up and down, raised a clenched fist in the air.

"After all," Rattray continued, "you can't blame him. He's got a worrying job, this trip, and he can't get about as much as I do. I've been looking on and I've seen things. First thing: *you're spotted!*..."

"I know!—and I can't read Oestler's messages! They're in a perfectly undecipherable code."

"Second thing," Rattray went on: "Two members of this slimy gang are watching Eileen; meaning Dr. O. and Mr. Chow. What for? *She's not in their way, is she?*"

Dawson Haig turned and stared at the speaker. Then:

"You're right, Jack," he said. "I've seen them myself. I don't like it and I don't understand it."

"But what's it all about?" Rattray asked helplessly. "What are all these birds doing on board? They're a pretty unsavory crew in my reckoning, anyway. Oestler's plausible enough, but there's a nasty brute hidden under that amiable smile. As for the 'snake-charmer,' she'd drown her own twins in the bath as soon as look at 'em. Then there are the two Chinks on D deck. They appear to be on fighting terms, but I doubt it. The learned one, with the glasses—the little bloke I mean, Len Chow—doesn't seem in the Number One list to me. But his long pal with the strangled face ought to be put overboard, if I'm any judge. Then there's the big German, Hartog—he seems harmless enough and not in the same galley at all. I don't know what to make of it."

"And I," said Dawson Haig, continuing his restless pacing, "don't know what to make of my report to the chief. I must get leave to go on to Colombo."

"Why Colombo? Is there some clue leading to Colombo? Or does the climate of Colombo stimulate the old brain?"

"Ah!" Haig grinned guiltily. "I'm acting on information, Rattray, that this scheme, whatever it is, comes to a head before we reach Aden. I'm serious. And as I don't know what the scheme may be I can't reasonably expect Scotland Yard to go on granting me leave of absence and paying my expenses indefinitely. You see, I'm supposed to be in charge of the Limehouse murder case!"

"I know," said Rattray, and produced

his slow smile. "It's never been clear to me what the passenger list of the Wallaroo had to do with it."

"It isn't clear to me," Haig confessed. "But I know there is a connection. And I know I have my hand on the solution of the mystery if only I can grasp it."

He paced up and down a while longer, now busily loading his pipe, and then: "Do you remember, Jack," he jerked suddenly, "the loss of a big German freighter somewhere off Suakim about two years ago?"

Jack Rattray shook his head.

"I'm not Mr. Lloyd of Lloyds," he said. "And I wasn't on this run two years ago. Why?"

"Do you recall the wreck of the American steam yacht, Miss Minnesota?" asked Haig.

"Clearly! We were only forty miles off at the time! An aunt of Eileen's—Lady Dakenham—was lost in her. What's the chief idea grilling in your brain pan?"

"There are several ideas. But I admit they're a trifle hazy. Did you get an S O S from her?"

"Not a thing."

"Then how do you know you were forty miles off at the time?"

"Ran into bits of wreckage and figured it out."

Dawson Haig lighted his pipe, and: "Wasn't it funny they didn't send out a call for help?" he asked.

Rattray stared at him, and then:

"No," he replied. "In my opinion they hit a *dhow*, heavily laden, or some such small craft; and the pair of 'em sank almost at once."

"But was the weather misty?"

"No, not where *we* were, anyway. They may have struck the tail end of a sandstorm."

"Would that account for such a collision?"

"Every time, with knobs on! When *we* hit a Red Sea sandstorm the old man slows down to three knots with the whistle going!"

Following a short silence during which Haig pondered shudderingly over the fate of the crew of Miss Minnesota: "Is there much drug smuggling down that way?" he asked.

"Lots! Hashish for Egypt mostly. Also, the good old slave trade flourishes exceedingly. I'm told the poor devils are driven across the old slave routes by the time-honored methods. Right up from Central Africa! The caravans travel at night, of course, and dig in during the day. If you're hunting 'copy' for Matt Kearney, I can shoot you full of it!"

DAWSON HAIG stared at the speaker. His light blue eyes were dancing—but not with merriment.

"I know the slave trade is as big as ever it was," he replied—"and more shame to us and every other government concerned."

"They run motorboats across nowadays," said Rattray in his slow, deliberate fashion, "high-power craft developing forty knots."

"But where can the markets be?"

Jack Rattray selected a cigar, and: "There's Mecca," he answered. "That's still a closed city. Fez, up in Africa. And I'm told there's a small, sort of exclusive market somewhere on the Nile in Egypt..."

A rap on the door.

"Come in!" Rattray called.

The door opened and Eileen entered, closing the door carefully behind her.

"I've caught them," she declared, "at last!"

"What?" Dawson Haig demanded.

"I saw the 'snake-charmer' slip a note into the hand of Mr. Len Chow as they passed on the promenade deck three minutes ago!"

(To be continued next week)

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THO STIFF THE
BEARD

See opposite page →

Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 26

to her again. She had not come, and this fact gave the singing business futility, as if he couldn't play the banjo after all.

No one seemed to be moving anywhere in the layout. From the dry cotton-woods a locust droned metallically, like a coffee mill; and when this noise had ticked off into silence the place was as still as if it had been abandoned completely. Hughes snapped his thumb across the banjo in a discordant crash, and got up.

"Where are you going?" came Sally Major's voice, unexpectedly close behind him. He turned to find her sitting upon the inner ledge of one of those deep, recessed windows, almost immediately behind his bench.

"How long have you been there?"

"About half an hour. Go ahead with the serenade. If you want to know what I think of it, I think it's pretty good."

"Of course it's good," said Hughes, sitting down on the outer ledge of the window. "If I'd known you were there it might have been even better."

SHE studied him enigmatically. "I've been talking to Bob Macumber."

"Yes? He told you what happened at Adobe Wells?"

"His version of it."

She waited, and he knew that she was inviting him to tell her his side of the affair. He was not, however, accustomed to explaining himself to people, and he resented the circumstances which had seemed constantly to demand explanation from him ever since he had crossed Gunsight Pass. "I couldn't improve on what Bob would tell you, I guess," he said slowly.

"According to him," said Sally Major, "it was the strangest thing. By Bob's story, nobody was ever closer to a shoot-out than you people were. And then, he said, you wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to Earl Shaw, and Shaw folded right up."

"Well—the main drift sounds something like what happened," he admitted.

"So now you've gone and got yourself in trouble again?" said Sally.

"Have I ever been out of it?" Hughes grinned.

"Not since you've been here. And now Bob says Dad is all heated up. Very naturally, Dad would like to know what was in that note."

"Yes," said Hughes, "I expect he would." He tried to change the subject. "I've been wondering a couple of things myself. For instance, who ever let you out of that room I left you in last night?"

"Nobody."

"I'm surprised to hear it," he said. "In that case you must be in there yet."

"Not exactly. That room is the one Dad used to lock Dick up in when he was a boy. Those two are just exactly alike, but they've never understood each other, and Dad has always been awfully hard-boiled with Dick. Dick was just as rebellious and hard to handle as Dad was; and when Dick was a youngster, Dad used to punish him by locking him up, sometimes for a couple of days at a stretch. I always sided in with Dick a little bit; and we found a way to work loose a couple of those oak bars, so that a couple of them slide out of place. That was how Dick used to get out and in; and that was the way I got out last night."

"I sure worried about it for a while," he told her.

"You were sweet to worry; but I can usually take care of myself."

They were silent for a moment. He

was thinking that, in the difficult and complicated position in which he found himself, she was the only one in the Buckhorn who met him frankly and openly, seeming to assume that he was a friend and to be trusted as such. Not even Bob Macumber was sure of what to believe any more. Yet this girl apparently wanted to believe in him, and was ready to give him credit for playing a square game, no matter how curious things might look. The directness of her next question took him unawares.

"Don't you think," she said, "you'd better tell me what was in the note you wrote Earl Shaw?" There was no least note of appeal in her voice; as she spoke it, it was a simple question, raising a question of expediency, nothing more.

He hesitated. "That was a funny thing," he said. "I was just trying to carry out your orders in a way."

"My orders?"

"Didn't you tell me to keep things from coming to a shoot-out, if I could?"

"Yes, I did that."

"I suppose you realize that an order like that puts me in a kind of bad place? Like as if I was afraid of the shoot-out itself."

"It might look that way," she admitted, "to people who don't know the difference between a hard way and an easy one when they see it."

"I guess maybe," he told her, "you didn't expect me to take what you said as seriously as I did."

"Oh, yes, I did."

He looked at her curiously before he went on: "I couldn't think of any good way to do just that thing. I had to take a long chance, which took in the possibility of getting myself plenty misunderstood."

"Of course, it looks kind of funny to Dad as long as he doesn't know what was in that note," she suggested.

"Did you ever happen to think," he asked her slowly, "that it might look a whole lot funnier to him—to everybody—if they did know what was in that note? Sometimes it's better for things to look awfully queer for a man, rather than to have people dead certain of something else—something that isn't so."

"If a thing isn't so, you ought not to be afraid of it," she said, "at least—"

She left the sentence unfinished, and Hughes, letting his fingers wander idly upon the banjo's strings, tried to figure out what the rest of the sentence would have been. After a moment he thought he had it. "At least, with you," he guessed aloud.

SHE did not deny that his guess was right. For some obscure reason this girl believed in him and expected him to believe in her. Suddenly he felt again that unaccustomed sense of humbleness to which she sometimes reduced him. He stuck a thumb and forefinger into the pocket of his vest and drew out the little scraps of paper which had been his note to Earl Shaw: insignificant pencil-marked scraps—but they had prevented a shoot-out, and caused the unexpected surrender, in his own stronghold, of the Bar S boss.

"Here," he said, handing them to her. "It can be pieced together easy enough, I guess."

She held the scraps in her open palm, studying him. He said, "Try to remember this: I was trying to do what you asked me to—and the means at hand were few and poor." He turned back to the banjo.

"What's the matter?" She was still

looking at him across the fragments in her hand.

"Nothing."

"I think you don't want me to read this," she said.

"No," he answered, "I expect I don't."

She hesitated, puzzled. Then, "Here—take them back." She pressed the scraps into his hand.

He looked at her, but she had dropped her eyes. There was silence for a long moment. Then, "Thanks," he said, and slowly put the scraps of paper back in his pocket. He was acutely aware that he did not understand this girl as well as he had supposed. He stared at her wondering, but, since she did not meet his eyes, he was unable to read her quiet face.

He wanted to tell her that he was grateful, and that in returning to him, unread, the fragments of his note to Earl Shaw she had done more than he had expected or asked. He thought that developments would justify him, in the end. But just now he angrily resented the circumstances which urged him to withhold anything from Sally. He felt suddenly lonely, as if there had been a new gulf struck between himself and this girl, just as they were beginning to draw near.

THE unnatural strain upon the Lazy M distorted every relationship. What was happening in Adobe Wells—in Walkerton, the county seat? By what means had old Major chosen to carry on the fight, and how was the scrap going? As they sat there, now, in this very hour, the fortunes of the Buckhorn water might be swaying in the balance of finality. Whatever was happening today affected them all, yet they had no news, no means of communication. For all they knew, the guns might be speaking in Adobe Wells by now. They could only wait, each with his own special hopes and doubts. It could not last long; when word next came from down-country they knew that it would be definite, at once significant and prophetic.

"It won't always be this way," he told her. "Pretty quick, now, all this stuff will be sifted down and shaken out, and everybody will stand out plain for just what they are."

She did not answer him. Momentarily at a loss for words with which to accomplish the impossible, he turned again to the sounding strings. The banjo spoke softly, its cadences true and sure; and in a moment or two he began to sing to her, his voice hardly more than a whisper above the gentle minor thrum of the chords:

*"De la Sierra Moreño,
Cielito Lindo, vienen bajando . . ."*

He was looking at her as he sang. He and the banjo were talking to her as plainly as if he had found the words which had eluded him. "There are you and here am I, and that is all that matters," the throb of the banjo said. No vaquero had ever sung that sadly lilting song with a deeper appeal, nor with a plainer meaning to one listener alone; and there was the history of the world in the pulsation of the strings.

Looking up, Clay Hughes saw that Sally Major had covered her face with her hands. She faced him immediately, however, and he was rocked backward as he saw that her face, lovely still, was perfectly expressionless, and her eyes as they met his were as cool and hard as gray eyes may be. He had not realized that for a little while her eyes had been gentle—tender almost—until he saw

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them once more unyielding and aloof. "Look here," she said, "I've changed my mind again."

"You mean you—"

"I want you to get out and stay out: saddle and ride, and get out of this valley, and as far from it as you can; and if anyone follows to bring you back here—see that he doesn't succeed!"

"But—"

"It's Bob Macumber they've set to watch you now. I'll handle Macumber."

"Why?" said Hughes.

"Because I say so. I think you'll find out that that's reason enough!"

She turned abruptly to leave the window, but he caught her wrist. Someone was coming into the patio, but he was unwilling to let her go without one word more. "I suppose you know," he said, "that I won't do anything of the kind?"

"If you know what's good for you, you'll do exactly what I say."

The slow click of heels upon the patio tiles was very close upon them now. Reluctantly, Hughes released her wrist, and instantly she disappeared into the inner shadows.

He turned to face Bob Macumber.

(To be continued next week)

Just Dumb Enough

Continued from page 9

Five minutes later, noticeably hoarse, Dorner gave up the battle. Bert pocketed the fifty dollars and with duplicate head movements of farewell the twins departed. Then Dorner spoke:

"You're good, Finn! Of course it never struck you to make sure those yaps couldn't get hold of more stock."

Mr. Finn grinned comfortably. "I slipped up, George. I admit it. All the same, it's a good thing it happened just the way it did."

"Whadduyuh mean, a good thing?" Dorner demanded indignantly. "It's cost us an extra fifty—"

Finn chuckled. "Think it over, George. If things hadn't worked out just this way those boys might have believed they could get five dollars for every share they bring in, and again, maybe, they mightn't have. As it is, they don't have to believe it. They know it."

Slowly the aggrieved rancor faded out of Dorner's face. It was a countenance considerably thinner and less jovial than his partner's, but it managed, for once, to reflect even more contentment.

"WELL, boys, what is it this time? Got any more fake gold mines to sell me?"

Colonel Elwood chuckled. In solemn unison the twins wagged their heads.

"Bert and me figured we'd ought to tell you you was wrong about that there King Solomon stock, Colonel."

Elwood chuckled again. "What makes you think so?"

"Well, for one thing," Clem said, "Finn and Dorner give us fifty dollars cash money for our hundred shares."

"What?" Elwood sat up straight. The twins nodded gravely.

"Ought to have got five hundred," Clem said. "Finn and Dorner paid us five dollars a share for Hattie Duryea's stock."

"Five dollars?" The colonel stared. Slowly his face hardened. He rose and shut his office door.

"You'd better sit down and tell me all about it."

His frown deepened steadily as Clem told him about Finn's visit to the farm and about the telegram he had carelessly left behind him.

"I see. And so you soaked him five dollars a share for Hattie's stock, eh?"

Elwood's frown disappeared. He laughed grimly.

"Now I'm going to tell you what's going to happen next. One of these days you boys are going to get a visit from somebody who used to know your pa before you were born. He'll be in some kind of trouble, so he simply has to get hold of some money in a hurry, and all he'll have in the world will be about a thousand shares of this King Solomon What-do-you-call-it that he'll be real glad to sell for fifty cents a share, and then—"

He stopped. The Lebbeters were re-

garding him with twin stares of almost reverent amazement.

"Why, that's just what happened!" Clem said blankly. "Who told you, Colonel?"

"What! Already?" Elwood was on his feet. "Don't you see that the whole thing was just a trick? Finn and Dorner spend a hundred dollars to make you boys perfectly sure this worthless stuff is valuable, and then this other rascal just happens around with a whole lot of it, and of course you boys are just dumb enough to think you see a chance to make big money, and—"

He paused. Unitedly the twins had shaken their heads.

"Guess Bert and me must be dumber'n you think, Colonel," Clem said humbly. "Didn't either of us see any way we could make money. How could we?"

"Do you mean to tell me you never even thought of buying this stranger's stock at fifty cents so's you could sell it to Finn and Dorner for five dollars and put the difference in your pockets?"

The twins wagged their heads.

"Just what did you do, then?"

"Why," Clem said patiently, "we done the same as anybody'd do. We just told him Finn and Dorner'd give him five thousand dollars for his stock."

Elwood's eyes twinkled.

"I see," he said. "And what did he say when you told him?"

"Seemed to kind of take his breath away," Clem said. "Acted like he couldn't believe it."

"I'll bet he couldn't," the colonel said. "Now you boys listen to me."

Obediently the Lebbeters listened while he made the threadbare, sordid swindle so plain that even they could understand it. Convinced at last, they went out in thoughtful silence.

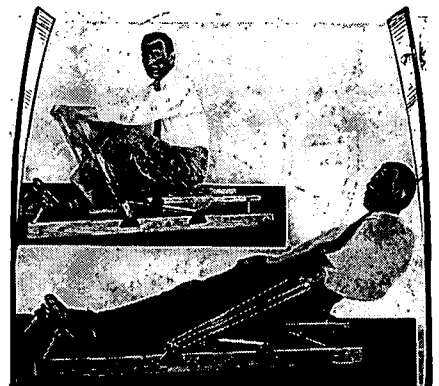
BERT unblanketed the team while Clem went into Sam Tift's store and came out with his arms full of groceries. He had to make two trips of it. Hattie Duryea's list had been pretty long. He tucked the tarpaulin over them and scrambled up to the spring seat. A spurt of fine, dry snow lifted his glance to the low gray clouds. As always, he sought hopefully for the silver lining.

"We didn't make out so bad," said Clem. "Hattie's got Tift's bill paid, so her credit'll be good till we can get some wood sold for her, and these here new coats'll certainly come in handy, kind of winter we're in for. Maybe we ain't so almighty dumb after all."

"Don't you go getting any such notion as that," Bert said. "We're dumb all right."

Unitedly the twins turned up the warm new sheepskin collars. Together their glances lifted to the windows of Finn and Dorner's second-story office across the street. Clem grinned.

"Yeah," he said, cheerfully. "Just dumb enough."



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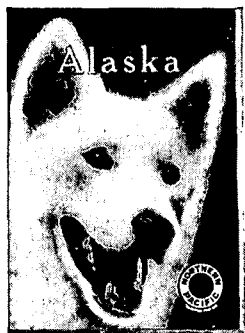
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Cont'd from preceding page

How to Cure the Blues

Continued from page 13

dreams; that the annual revenue would equal the principal of that debt which they considered an intolerable burden; that for one man with £10,000 then living there would be five men with £50,000; that London would be twice as large and twice as populous and that nevertheless the mortality would have diminished to one half what it then was; that the post-office would bring more into the exchequer than the excise and customs had brought in together under Charles II; that stage-coaches would run from London to York in twenty-four hours; that men would sail without wind and would be beginning to ride without horses—our ancestors would have given as much credit to the prediction as they gave to Gulliver's Travels. Yet, the prediction was then true."

That was Macaulay's story of depressions.

Therefore, to regain our common sense and recapture our courage, let us glance one by one at the major depressions which the United States has safely survived. Moreover, let us especially observe how each stretch of depression has changed into prosperity like darkness into dawn—with labor again fully employed, markets restored, trade active, and all branches of business thriving as never before!

Down and Up

1837. The year before had witnessed great prosperity, and the boom carried over into 1837. There had been a frenzy of speculation, and excitement was at high pitch in the first quarter. Then came the turn. Speculation collapsed into depression. On every hand business concerns went down in ruin. The specter of unemployment began to stalk. By spring the bottom dropped out of the cotton market; commodity prices tumbled; foreign trade was severely curtailed. In March, panic appeared in the far South and an even worse crisis developed in New York in May.

Specie payments were generally suspended and gold was at high premium. Bank failures were numbered by the hundreds; and the institutions followed one another in falling like a row of dominoes. A bumper wheat crop sold at a bottom price and a record cotton crop was practically given away. Troubles outside United States borders added to the general excitement. It was not until the following year that acute depression was succeeded by stagnation which finally yielded to improvement; but even the early stages of the revival were marked by scattering troubles such as dull commodity prices, further failures and continued slump in foreign trade.

Nevertheless, within a decade the country was engaged in a period of prosperity without previous parallel. The problem was not to find jobs but to find people to fill the jobs. Commodity prices were wending their way upward. Securities markets were rising. The whole picture was one of courage and confidence.

1857. Although the year started well, conditions turned dull in the spring and became actually depressed in the fall with falling commodity prices, business men going down in failure, and the disappearance of a very considerable amount of foreign trade. Money suddenly tightened up. In August the country was swept by panic. Banks were overwhelmed by runs and by fall were crumbling in fail-

ure. From October to December specie payments were suspended. The stock market spiraled downward, hitting a low in October. Simultaneously the bottom temporarily dropped out of the bond market. In wheat and cotton there was the same old story of generous crops at ruinous prices. The depression swung over into the following year and dullness continued. Business concerns closed their doors, commodity prices sagged, building and construction was at a halt and foreign trade was severely cut back. Hard times prevailed in England, France and Germany.

However, within less than two years credit conditions improved; business swung back to normal; and with the firming of commodities and securities the high tide of prosperity was once more rolling.

1873. The year opened with business fairly active, but by the last quarter conditions were bad. Business men threw up their hands in reorganization, receivership and bankruptcy. Ex-employees dotted the streets. After the second quarter of the year commodity prices cracked wide open. Land booms exploded on every hand. In September—fateful month—the Jay Cooke failure broke, railroad speculation went over the edge and the country writhed in panic. Banks and brokerage houses toppled. For ten days the stock exchange was padlocked. Money vanished; and clearing-house certificates alone kept business from stalling completely. Silver was demonetized. Railroads had their difficulties. England, France, Germany and Austria were beset with bad conditions.

This tough situation, however, could not last forever. The long stretch of poor years eventually passed into history. Business came back. Railroads and real estate began to boom. Foreign trade revived and flourished. The country was again riding the crests.

1893. The general drift at the beginning of the year was downward. The movement commenced slowly, gathering speed as business enterprises went on the rocks and railroads fell into receivership. Commodity prices made a last stand during the spring but were swept down in the general landslide. Again May proved a month of panic; but the most severe crisis came in August, together with the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act. Stock prices pitched downward, the industrials in particular hitting abysmal depths. The bond market collapsed during the summer, recovering but slightly before the year closed. Again, America's stage was set for a period of dismal depression. The more complete records available for this year show that in addition to the United States at least fifteen other countries were in trouble.

Nevertheless, the country managed to survive the bad years. The sun finally broke through the clouds. Exports soared. Concerns were hiring instead of firing. People were talking of positions and promotions. Big business men were planning combinations. Industry was in full blast.

The First Quarter

1907. Great prosperity marked the opening of 1907, the only threatening feature in the outlook being the extreme tension of money. In March, like a signal light turning red, active warning was given to the country in the form of a crack in stock prices. A sharper break occurred in August. Few observers, however, would have predicted the terrific upheaval that followed. The shock of the Knickerbocker Trust Company smash started the avalanche. Business was completely paralyzed; banks, caught in the maelstrom, were forced to suspend payments and clearing-house certificates were issued. Security prices swept downward, both



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bond and stock markets striking bottom in November. Commodity prices, which had been rising through 1907, dropped sharply at the close of the year. By the following year the world as a whole was widely swept by depression.

Two years of gloom, and then economic conditions mended and the country rose to a level of very fair prosperity. Once again it was demonstrated that in the dark soil of depression there are germinated the flowers of prosperity.

1914. Business conditions sagged from bad to worse throughout the first half of 1914. Unemployment again swept the country with its scourge; and new failures loomed blackly in the headlines of daily newspapers. When war was declared in Europe during the summer, the American securities markets, already weak, crashed completely out of sight into chaos. Exchanges were closed from July to December. The United States, declaring its position of neutrality, halted all immigration and prepared to watch, if not participate actively, in the European upheaval. Orders for war materials poured in and abruptly business indicators changed for the better.

Seldom or never has there been a more dramatic exhibition of how the United States can spring from the depths of dullness to the heights of activity. Scarcely a year elapsed before unemployment vanished in the feverish manufacture of war materials. Great trade activity and expansion swept the country. Commodities soared upwards to an unprecedented peak. It became evident that the country is proof against even the earthquake of world war.

All Is Not Crape that Crinkles

1921. For the first time since the World War a great net of depression spread itself over the country, and few were fortunate enough to escape its meshes. Industrial conditions slackened to the point of stagnation, resulting in one of the worst unemployment crises known in American history. Trusted and valued employees who had given years of service found themselves suddenly hunting desperately for work when there was none to be had. The crisis was reached in the summer, when business seemed at a complete standstill. Failures grew in number and immensity. Commodity prices evaporated. Crops were miserably poor. Foreign trade was hard hit. The summer stock market saw both rails and industrials smashing through to new lows during the second quarter and early third quarter of the year. Trouble reigned in almost every country for which information is available. Certainly the outlook was far from bright in mid-1921; and only a student of history could have anticipated the period of prosperity that was then being incubated.

What happened, however, when the shades of 1921 lifted? The country emerged and rose to peaks of prosperity which astounded everybody but students of history. Industry, trade and finance expanded beyond the dreams of optimism; and with them rose invention and discovery, employment, incomes and standards of living. A crowning proof was set on the fundamental truth that the United States is bigger than any depression known to economics. After a century of the severest testing conceivable, the country lifted into a veritable climax of prosperity.

From these annals of depression, two remarkable and inspiring lessons can be learned: First, all depressions are essentially similar; second, never once has the United States failed to recover from "all the dull, deadening pain, all the keen, maddening anguish"—and rise

from the desolation to new reaches of prosperity.

Therefore, what does history foresee in the years ahead? It foresees people busily employed, full time and overtime. It foresees factories and industrial facilities operating at capacity and expanding to meet unprecedented demands. It foresees stores crowded with customers and the customers endowed with unparalleled purchasing power. At present that is only a forecast; but it rests squarely on the solid facts of the recorded past.

There are two classes of people who suffer especially the delusion of depression: First, there are the young and green, the economic tenderfeet, who think the end of the world has come because this is their first experience. More than a year ago, after I had addressed a gathering in New York City, a young man came up with the question, "What is a bear market like? What happens in a business depression?" It was an entirely sincere inquiry and I realized that there were countless young people who literally had never participated in a practical way in panics and depressions. It set me to thinking and I laid out and published a dozen typical steps in a bear market. Bear markets and business depressions run so true to form that virtually the entire set of symptoms has been working out almost "to a T."

Secondly, there are the more intelligent classes. These know better but succumb to public sentiment. They realize theoretically that "everybody learns only by experience; but fools learn from their own experience, while wise men learn from the experiences of others." But even they become the prey of mob psychology. Although history teaches them to hope for the best, human nature makes them fear the worst.

Those people who in 1929 learned that all is not gold that glitters must now learn that all is not crape that crinkles. The greenhorns and the susceptibles should particularly read the lessons of history. The chamber of horrors they have recently been gazing upon in pop-eyed panic is the same show that has periodically been confronting the world since time began. No generation is exempt, no nation is immune. We can say of every depression, in the words of the philosopher, "This too will pass."

Specifically, then, if you take this view of things, you will see the recent situation as a generator of opportunities. The foundation of fortunes is not laid in the blue skies of booms but in the hardpan of depression. In a depression there are some sound stocks which sell at prices so low that they will never be reached again. In a depression commodities sag to unbelievable figures and it is usually many years before such quotations are repeated. Most families relax the purse strings and load up with all kinds of household gear and trinkets around the apex of a boom, at top prices; then they build homes and generally blossom out. The intelligent family, however, builds and buys in a depression, providing itself with equipment and laying in supplies at bottom figures.

Advice to Wives

The time to do your best advertising is in a depression. It is the time to accumulate physical wealth. It is the time to build moral character. All kinds of personal and business plans should be perfected and performed in a period of hard times. In September, 1929, when nearly everybody had his head in the clouds and was walking on air, it was the part of common sense to get down to earth. But now is no occasion for hanging heads and lagging feet. It is an hour for courage, confidence and conquest.

(Continued on page 62)



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(Continued from page 61)

I unqualifiedly disapprove of gambling, both on ethical grounds and because it is a losing proposition. But intelligent speculation is a different matter. Those of independent means and without obligations, who are financially in a position to speculate, can better afford to speculate in a period of depression than in a period of inflation. If you are going to risk your house and shirt, you take less chance on a cold day in spring than on a hot day in fall—because in the spring, summer is ahead and time is with you; but in the fall, winter is ahead and time is against you.

Therefore, I have a word to say to the wives who less than two years ago were begging on their husbands to play the market and take chances in business. Then your greed and folly helped to push your husband over the edge of the precipice. Now is your opportunity to redeem yourself. Help him keep up the courage and energy to rebuild. You tried to make him ambitious and enterprising at a time when the real need was to be cautious and conservative. Now is the hour to cancel your mistakes and his by enthusiastic, energetic activity, a stout heart and good cheer. In the days ahead there will be opportunities to recover in business the resources that were dissipated in the market.

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It is darkest before the dawn. Or, to make another comparison, when the defensive football team is pushed down the field, their resistance stiffens as they are crowded back towards their own goal line; the effect is like that of a coiled spring. The more it is compressed the greater becomes its potential snap-back. Thus in economics also, business can be compressed and depressed more and more; but with each deeper drop, the greater the latent recoil. History shows that never has the limit of elasticity been reached when business was permanently distorted and could not come back.

History shows that no forecast of prosperity has been comprehensive enough to include all the big things that the future has in store for us. Even the genius of a Macaulay, though visioning the development of railroads, failed to foresee the possibilities of highway traffic by automobile.

According to press interview, O. B. Hanson, radio engineer of the National Broadcasting Company, says it is within the bounds of scientific conception that a tube could be developed which would recover the age-old but imperishable light beams of by-gone days. In other words, it is conceivable that engineers will be able to capture the light-waves of the past and re-create for us in full detail before our modern eyes the burning of Rome, the sacking of Troy and other spectacles of antiquity. One of the most valuable purposes of such an invention would be to give dramatic proof that history is repeating itself. If this bringing of the dead past to life were already accomplished and we were now watching the resurrected movies of every year from 1837 to date, we would be greatly cheered up. We would more keenly realize that the only thing new in the 1930 depression was its date. We would see that prosperity not merely repeats, but repeats on an ever-rising scale.

By studying history we not only gain courage and fortitude to bear our troubles but we are shown the way out. The annals of the past plainly tell us that to cure depression we need something more than farm relief. Though agricultural recovery is vital, we need also to help the cities as well as the farming communities. I was brought up in a farming community myself, but my special

appeal to Congress at this time is to consider some relief for clerks, office employees and other urban groups.

If Congress wishes to restore business it must not limit its thought exclusively to farmers and road builders: The need of the hour is to get money circulating by getting goods moving. Before the railroads have goods to move, the industries must start up; before industries can start up, the retailers must order merchandise; before the retailers order merchandise, the office clerks, the mechanics and store help must buy. *Where are these prospective buyers?*

A study of the purchasing power of this country will show the center of it to be—not in Nebraska, Iowa or Minnesota or the central West—but in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and the East. The great bulk of America's purchasing power is found in the great cities such as New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia. The office clerks, mechanics and store employees of these great cities determine America's purchasing power—and there will be no real revival of business until they are again at work and happy.

I am glad to have Congress help the farmers of the West and South, but my special appeal is that Congress should not forget the unemployed of New York and other cities of the East. Moreover, to help these cities' unemployed we should not ask primarily for appropriations. Rather we should ask for a decent tariff, a revision of the anti-trust law, fair treatment of the utilities, a dictator to put through railroad consolidations, and some other constructive legislation. Whatever the Senate may think of financial centers, the fact is that any permanent business revival must start in New York City and pretty near Wall Street.

The symptom of modern depressions is overproduction. There are goods enough and to spare but they don't move from the distressed manufacturer who has lost his markets, to the distressed consumer who has lost his job. Technical factors such as tariffs and monetary systems do not wholly explain depressions, because depressions come and go under high tariff and low tariff and under all kinds of monetary systems. The underlying cause of depressions is a curtailment of buying power which soon breaks down business—thus causing unemployment, still further destruction of buying power and still worse business. This vicious circle whirls us downward to the bottom of depression. The only way upward is by the reverse circle of more buying power, more employment and more business.

Cut Price Values

That is one of the tragedies of depression, that producers are crushed by the weight of the very goods for which consumers are starving. Manufacturers and merchants have large stocks of goods which they cannot sell. Consumption declines not because of any lessened craving for the goods, but because people feel prices are too high or have decreased ability to buy, or are fearful and unwilling to spend.

But what decreased purchasing power? Payroll to workers of all sorts is the basis of "effective demand." That is, a person's ability to buy in distinction from his mere desire to buy. To buy, money is necessary. To get money, men must work and be paid. Money is the counter or chip. It is a receipt for labor. When finished goods cannot be sold it is no longer profitable to apply labor to raw materials. Industrial unemployment sets in, and spreads back through the basic industries. Lessened wage payments mean decreased general buying power, which in turn still further reduces manufacturing activity and in-

creases unemployment all along the line.

Unemployment upsets the proper balance between production and consumption, and is a major and fundamental factor in business depressions. We shall never get a thorough understanding of depressions and we shall never find a cure therefor until we grasp the full significance of the following fact: from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. most people are employees, but from 5 P. M. to 8 A. M. they are customers. A very large part of economic troubles are due to the mistaken idea among business men that they can shoot an employee without killing a customer.

To use human labor, retail prices of commodities, securities and wages must drop to a point where people will be tempted to buy or else new industries must be created and new desires developed. The buying of merchandise starts up factories and the buying of securities starts new building and other enterprises. Hence, lower retail prices are very important. *Every time a retailer marks down the price of any article he is bringing the next period of prosperity a little nearer.*

The Value of Faith

Every time a wage worker puts greater efficiency, interest and care into his or her day's work, the return of prosperity is hastened. Every new idea that is developed creates new desires, new demands, and hence brings back prosperity. An excess of inventions to eliminate labor tends to bring on a decline in business; but an equal number of inventions to create new industries will quickly bring back prosperity.

A new generation—too young to enter the war in 1914 to 1918—has now swamped the labor markets of every country; the rehabilitation work has

largely been completed; and owing to the reluctance of investors to buy foreign bonds, no money is available for new work. Hence, many people are now unemployed, are without money and don't know where to get it.

Unlike previous generations, a large percentage of these people, now unemployed or losing money in business, have no faith upon which to fall back. The old evils of depression fall upon a new generation weakened by a loss of the faith of their fathers. It is like an old disease affecting a race which lacks its ancestral constitution. When employed or making money, this younger generation did nothing to store up spiritual reserves and hence now has none to draw upon when employment and profits have vanished.

As a result great masses of people are discouraged and know not where to turn. The material wealth upon which they solely depended has gone. They have no spiritual wealth upon which to depend. They are tired out physically and barren spiritually. They are now beginning to appreciate the value of faith as one appreciates the value of health only when he is ill.

As a parting thought let us remember that in 1929 the greenhorns were saying there would never be another depression because we were in a new era of prosperity. The greenhorns are now saying that we are in a new era of adversity, with standards of living at permanently lower levels; with science, invention and discovery halted in their tracks; and with the American people poltroons instead of pioneers. When you hear such talk, you can set it aside as the chatter of ignorance and cowardice. What we are witnessing is not the new era but the old error. Delusions come and delusions go, but the law of action and reaction goes on forever.

ONLY A "BIRD" OF THE GILDED AGE . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



IT takes a lot to worry this boy. He has everything. Position, the finest of friends and plenty of time to enjoy the life of leisure. When he follows the hounds he does it with a field-glass. His friends ride his polo ponies and while he's kept pretty busy entertaining, his check book does most of the work.

Yes, he has everything—including "Athlete's Foot." Even while taking his tub this immaculate and gilded youth wonders where he got that red rash between the toes of his un-athletic feet. He's almost ashamed to admit that it i-t-c-h-e-s and, while Perkins raises sympathetic eyebrows, neither of them even knows that it's the ringworm infection which attacks people in all walks of life—now commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and

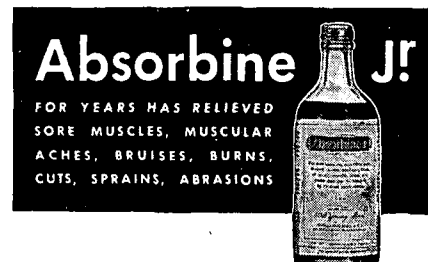
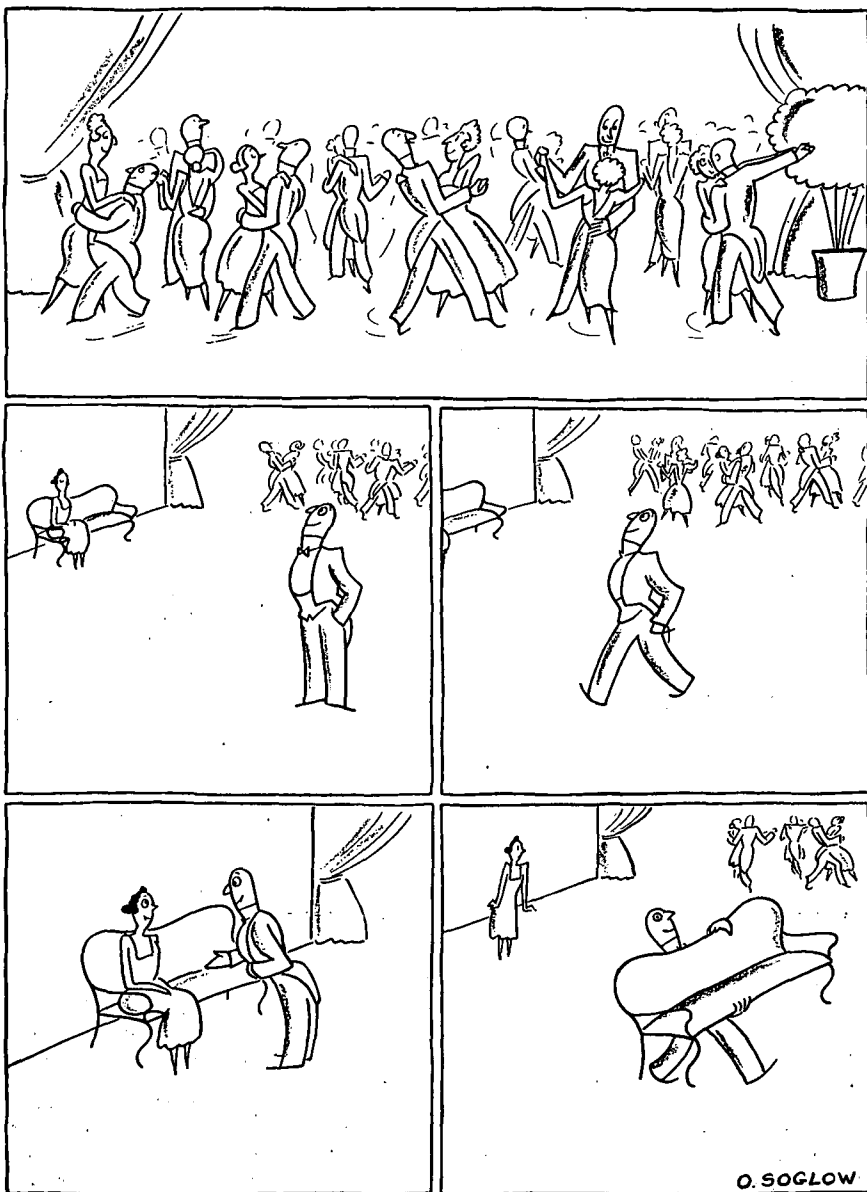
thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. The U. S. Public Health Service has even reported that "probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time."

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates flesh-like tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it kills this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors. If the case does not readily yield to this treatment you should see your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



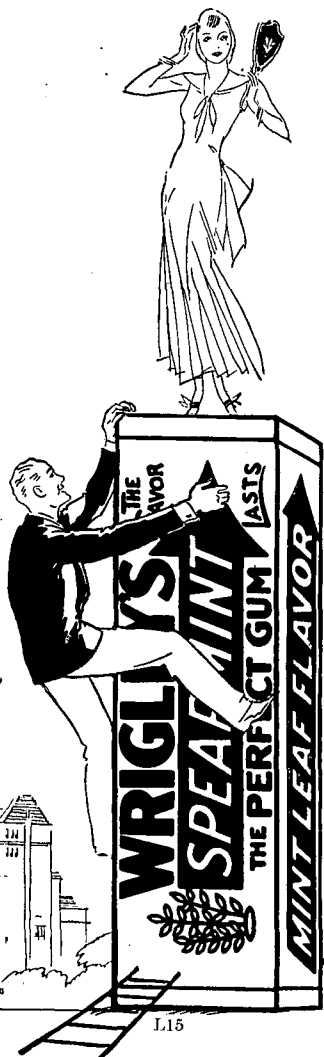
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Chewing WRIGLEY'S is a delightful way to get this exercise.



Votes and Virtue

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

A SHORT time ago the newspapers printed a feature story about the appearance of Mr. Joseph W. Tolbert of South Carolina at a White House reception without his necktie. The Mr. Tolbert in question was old Joe Tolbert, long Republican boss of the Republican organization in South Carolina. His appearance at the White House shows what an early frost nipped the budding hope of a respectable Republican organization in the South. Old Joe, organized out of power in 1929, is an honored guest less than two years later.

Let us go back and recall what President Hoover had to say about Joe Tolbert and two of his colleagues, Ben Davis of Georgia and Perry Howard of Mississippi, on March 26, 1929: "Recent exposures of abuse in recommendations for Federal offices, particularly in some parts of South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi, under which some of the Federal departments, mainly the Post Office, were misled in appointments, obviously render it impossible for the old organization in those states to command the confidence of the Administration. . . . If these three states are unable to initiate such organization through the leadership of men who will command confidence and protect the public service, the different Federal departments will be compelled to adopt other methods as to the selection of Federal employees."

Back at the Old Stand

These sentiments are among the noblest ever penned in the White House. In brief, the words quoted meant that Joe Tolbert, Ben Davis and Perry Howard had to go!

"In other states, including Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Florida, the Republican leadership . . . is now rendering able and conscientious service . . . wholesome organization . . . appointments . . . steadily improved . . . commended themselves to citizens . . . increased confidence. . . ."

I quote only the key words, but you gather that the Republicans have swell organizations in Texas, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida and Arkansas and had pretty punk ones in South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi. Incidentally Joe Tolbert, Ben Davis and Perry Howard inspire no confidence among our best citizenry, but they are pretty dumb anyway, for they all made the mistake in 1928 of thinking that maybe Calvin Coolidge would take a second elective term.

Let us begin with that sturdy Negro, Ben Davis, after whom the well-known

apple was named or who was named after the well-known apple. I don't know which. Ben succeeded that distinguished colored patriot, Henry Lincoln Johnson. The year 1928 was an awkward one in politics for the Republican leaders who command confidence in the South. If you took the money that was offered—for organization purposes—you might be beholden to the wrong person. If you didn't take the money that was offered you might not get any at all. Well, Ben Davis took about \$3,000—see testimony taken by the Senate Campaign Fund Committee of 1928—"for organization purposes" offered by some persons who were organizing the South for Mr. Hoover.

He's Still the Boss

But Ben felt uncomfortable over the fact that Dewey Hilles of New York, whom he regarded as a wise guy politically, kept saying that Calvin Coolidge was going to be the candidate. So it turned out that at the convention some of Ben's delegates, in spite of the fact that they had been organized for Mr. Hoover, were for Mr. Coolidge.

So Ben could not be elected to the Republican National Committee—the Georgia place is still vacant. And Ben was not recognized in the distribution of patronage. But Ben set to work and licked the new, sound leaders of the Georgia Republicans. He's the boss. He is recognized by that very practical Republican leader, Walter Brown. And in due time he may be Republican national committeeman.

The case of Perry Howard, the Negro leader of the Republicans of Mississippi, is even more interesting. Perry, like Ben, didn't think that an old hand like Dewey Hilles could be fooled about Calvin Coolidge's intention to accept a second elective term. Perry was for drafting him—"and, boys, you just watch! It'll be as easy as takin' candy off a kid."

When the first Southern delegate contest was decided adversely to the drafters and favorably to the Hoover crowd, Perry turned gray and said to his New York mentor, "Mistah Hilles, it don't look lak yo' got the delegates." Dewey told him not to pay any attention to appearances, but to keep cool with Coolidge. But there was a contest against Perry and all his delegates. He didn't want to get thrown out. So on the second contest Perry was found voting with the Hoover crowd. He had been "organized" for Hoover.

When the Mississippi contest came up, it was plain that Perry's delegation's title to its seats was as clear as the



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title to a mansion in the skies. Perry had legally elected his gang. You couldn't unseat them without doing violence to the Federal Constitution. The enlightened Hooverites, led by Lamont Rowlands, could not even be bootlegged into the convention. However, Rowlands and his crowd were assured that all they needed to do was to bide their time; an end would be soon made of Perry in the interests of that aspiration which was in the breasts of all good American citizens to see a sound Republican party in the South, inspiring confidence and getting more votes than you can count on the fingers of two hands.

When the contest against Perry and his delegates came up for action Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, the Assistant Attorney-General of the United States and chairman of the credentials committee of the Republican National Committee, suggested that there should be no roll call. People wondered why.

Perry Puts One Over

It soon leaked out that very shortly after the Kansas City convention was over Mrs. Willebrandt was going down to Mississippi to try to put Perry Howard in jail on the charge of selling a couple of postmasterships, this being one of the high crimes and misdemeanors now and then charged against Republican leaders in the South—that is, Republican leaders who do not inspire confidence. Mrs. Willebrandt did not want a record that she had voted to seat Perry Howard in the Republican National Convention introduced as evidence in a trial in which she was going to put him in the pen.

But others than the amused insiders learned how slick Mrs. Willebrandt had been. Perry Howard got wind of her intentions. So when Mabel brought him to trial her case was ruined. Perry produced two canceled checks showing that he had repaid the money that the two postmasters had put into his hands. He had a copper-fastened case, proving that the two postmasters had merely loaned him the money Mabel had charged him with having accepted from them in payment for office.

But the verdict of the twelve good men and true did not at once restore confidence in Perry as the kind of leader that Republican Presidents have been aspiring for for the last couple of generations. People chuckled over the slip-up of purification. However, Lamont Rowlands was recognized and handed the patronage for the state. But Perry remained national committee-man and state chairman, and was certainly going to read his title clear to seats for another delegation in the 1932 Republican National Convention.

Again the horse sense of Walter Brown and his young man, Durello Cheney, became apparent. The 1932 contest was approaching. Perry Howard, like Ben Davis and Joe Tolbert, was going to have a number of votes in the next national convention. If by any chance there should be a fight on Mr. Hoover it would be well to have all the Southern leaders, especially the Southern national committeemen, friendly. The 1912 fight was decided by the Southern national committeemen and the Southern delegates. A wise political manager does not take any political chances.

Practical fellows like Joe Tolbert, Ben Davis and Perry Howard harbor no resentment. Anyway, the selfsame Perry whom Mabel tried to put in jail and whose leadership the Hoover Administration refused to recognize appeared on the pay roll of the Republican Congressional Committee at one thousand dollars a month as an organizer of Northern Negroes. The stipend to Perry had to be approved by the

treasurer of the Republican National Committee, Joseph R. Nutt.

It is a little hard to guess just what favor Perry enjoys among the Northern Negroes, for one of Perry's recent employments was with the Pullman Company as a discourager of the strike of the Pullman porters. But anyway, whatever services Perry rendered for his one thousand dollars a month, his getting it may be taken as evidence that a very practical view now prevails regarding his continuance as Republican leader of Mississippi.

Charles W. Gordon, one of the three white Republicans whom the Administration recognized in Mississippi in place of Perry Howard, is head of a white man's organization whose purpose is to build up a White Man's Republican party in the South. So when he was recognized the Negroes not only in the South but in the North were offended. And when he was turned down in the end for Perry Howard, the White Republican movement in the South was abandoned on the dump heap.

Old Joe Tolbert, the White House guest, is another fellow who guessed wrong in 1928. He was "organized" for Lowden in that year. And he is the kind of fellow who, when he is "organized," stays "organized." Patronage in South Carolina was put into purer and loftier hands than his. But aspirations in this case, too, were deferred. Joe Tolbert is still on the National Committee and in spite of all the purifying he has been able to hang onto the organization in South Carolina. The lamp holds out to burn in his case, too.

One can't dispute the practicality of the reconciliation that Walter Brown is effecting with Joe Tolbert, Ben Davis and Perry Howard. After the Republicans surprised themselves by breaking the solid South and carrying Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Texas and Tennessee for Mr. Hoover, all kinds of visions of a real Republican party in the South dazzled the minds of the amateurs that surrounded President Hoover. And various canny persons saw an opportunity to acquire power by ushering in the new era in the South and especially by having the last word with the President on what Republicans were pure enough down there to get the patronage.

They Won't be Saved

So there was a great to-do about the reforms that were going to dazzle us by their splendor. But the South proved unworthy. Bishop Cannon and Bascom Slemp formed a combination to redeem Virginia. But Virginia declined to be redeemed. A Republican, even with all the pious exaltation that had been breathed upon him since 1929, smelled no sweeter to Virginians than he did in the benighted days of Harding, Taft and McKinley. Virginia refused to respond to the aspirations that were in the air. North Carolina proved equally wedded to its idols. Hard times came and Southerners who had voted for President Hoover in 1928 went around wearing signs saying, "Please kick me and kick me hard." The chances of redeeming the South are indefinitely postponed.

Besides, politics has to be practical. No one knows that better than Walter Brown, who now holds most of the patronage in the South. If, having the patronage, the purifiers in Georgia, South Carolina and Mississippi could not overthrow Ben Davis, Joe Tolbert and Perry Howard, then it was foolish to waste further time on them. The practical thing is always to make your peace with the fellows who can elect the delegates, and these fellows were emphatically Ben Davis, Joe Tolbert and Perry Howard.

"No, hearties!

here's a playboat for all hands"



IF a man has a bit of brine in his blood and if salty ways are his ways, he will thrill to the Sea Eagle... for here's a boat among boats... one to ride an even keel right into the heart of any sailorman.

The greatest playground in the world, the water, an uncrowded two-thirds of the earth's surface, is open for the fun and recreation of the inboard motorboat owner. All hands can be owners at the Sea Eagle's low price! It's all quality but sells like a moderately-priced automobile.

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They Can't Hurt Lincoln

THE first real attempt which anyone has made in a long time to belittle Abraham Lincoln has come from Edgar Lee Masters, Chicago poet, lawyer and Jeffersonian Democrat.



Abraham Lincoln's fame won't be hurt by this attack but Mr. Masters' reputation won't be helped by it.

Throwing mud at national heroes is an easy method of attracting attention but it is not the way to win approval.

We have had an epidemic of attacks on the famous and the great during the last few years but in no single case has the mud-slinger damaged his target. From Washington to Lindbergh, few have escaped. Washington's birthday, however, is still celebrated with enthusiasm and Charles Augustus Lindbergh is still the most admired young man in the world.

The would-be idol smashers in fact strengthen the heroes they seek to hurt by stimulating more normal people to take a fresh look at their leaders. Men whose fame has survived history generally have achievements which cannot be concealed even by the fiercest of mudslingers.

Edgar Lee Masters has a serious purpose in his campaign against Abraham Lincoln. That purpose is to argue once more the ancient Lincoln-Douglas debates and to uphold the side of Douglas.

In order to do this, he first tries to make Lincoln seem small. Many unpleasant and ungenerous things are said about the Civil War President. Lincoln was physically lazy and emotionally cold, according to Masters. He was an ambitious man and he favored the rich as against the poor, says his detractor.

Masters says that Lincoln's acts were against liberty and to the advantage of monopoly and privilege from the beginning to the end of his life. As a legislator Lincoln is described as faltering, and as a suitor in marriage offensively presuming. Indecision, delay and doubt were characteristics of Lincoln, according to Masters, throughout his life.

The publishers of this volume have taken the precaution to forbid any quotation from Mr. Masters' book. This is fortunate for the author. The book could not survive quotation of its malicious expressions.

Until Mr. Lincoln was assassinated many of his contemporaries, in Congress and out, thought of him as Masters has written. The Republican leaders of Congress and of the Senate plotted to frustrate his policies even to his death, and when he had passed, Andrew Johnson was impeached for attempting to put into operation Lincoln's plan for reconciling North and South.

Only after he was killed did Abraham

Lincoln come into his own. Since then his reputation has spread around the world. The Gettysburg speech was not even quoted in the New York papers at the time. Lincoln, though President, seemed less important than the forgotten orator of the occasion. Yet everybody capable of appreciating beauty now knows that the Gettysburg speech is one of the great and moving orations of all history.

The men who opposed him while he lived, and they were the most famous of that time, did not conceal their contempt for him. Edgar Lee Masters has taken up their story and tried to complete their argument.

Lincoln's supreme blunder, according to Masters, was in deciding to maintain the Union by military force. Lincoln's old antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas, favored letting the Southern states secede if they so desired. To Masters, Douglas, not Lincoln, was the wise statesman.

What might have happened had there been no war between the states is one of the fascinating questions of history. It cannot be answered and yet its possibilities can be explored by a robust and imaginative writer. If Edgar Lee Masters had not been so filled with malice, he might have written something on this subject of permanent interest to the world.

For such questions are forever arising in times of great emergency. Woodrow Wilson faced such a question in 1917 when the German submarine campaign was at its height. There will always be some who think that Wilson should have kept the peace at any cost. The world would have been a different place altogether in that event.

Washington and his associates might also have chosen not to break the ties with England despite their irritation at Parliament. Another decision by them, also, would have resulted in another and a radically different course of history. We might have developed as Canada has grown, or something altogether different might have evolved. Nobody knows.

So, too, nobody can now say what would have come about if Abraham Lincoln had elected to let South Carolina take over Fort Sumter and had acquiesced in the division of the states of the Union.

Whether the states had a right to secede was an open question in 1861. Northern and Southern states equally had emphasized the right of secession at various times when special interest seemed to demand it. Honorable men might, and did, differ on the subject.

Lincoln did not hesitate on that great occasion. He made a desperate decision and followed it through to the bitter end. Because of what he did and what he suffered, his countrymen and all the world have revered him as one of the finest leaders of mankind.

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pause that refreshes
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